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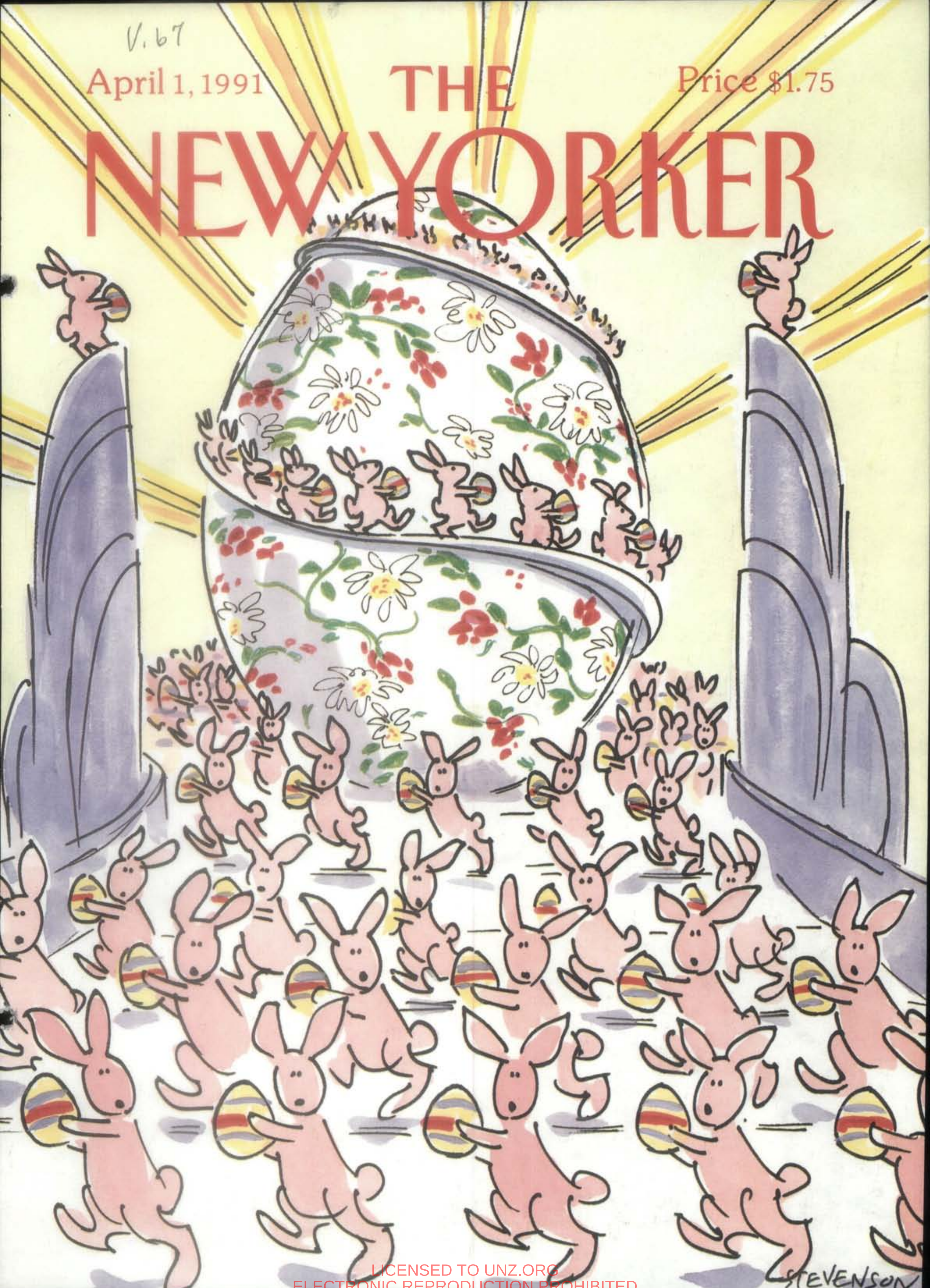

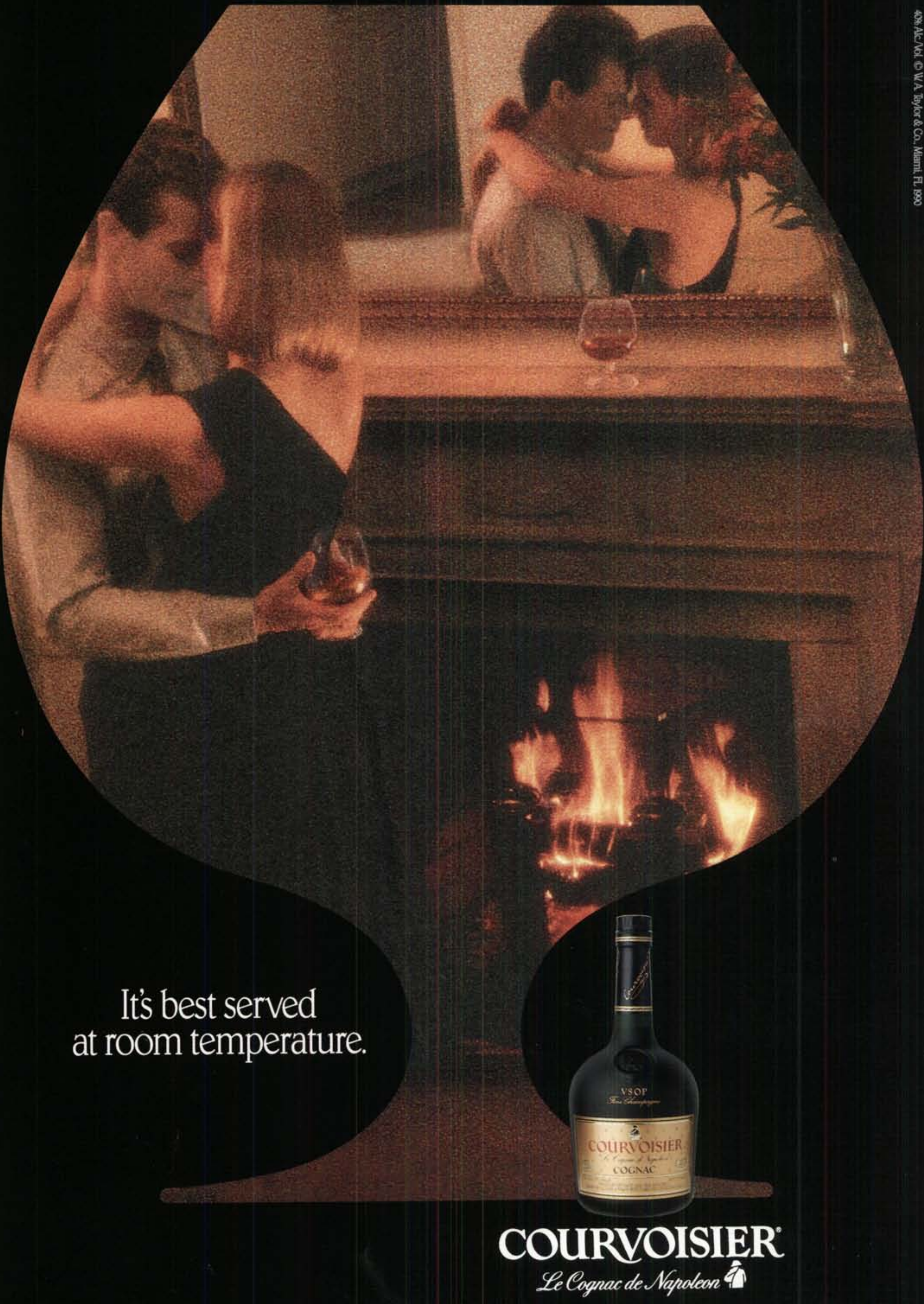
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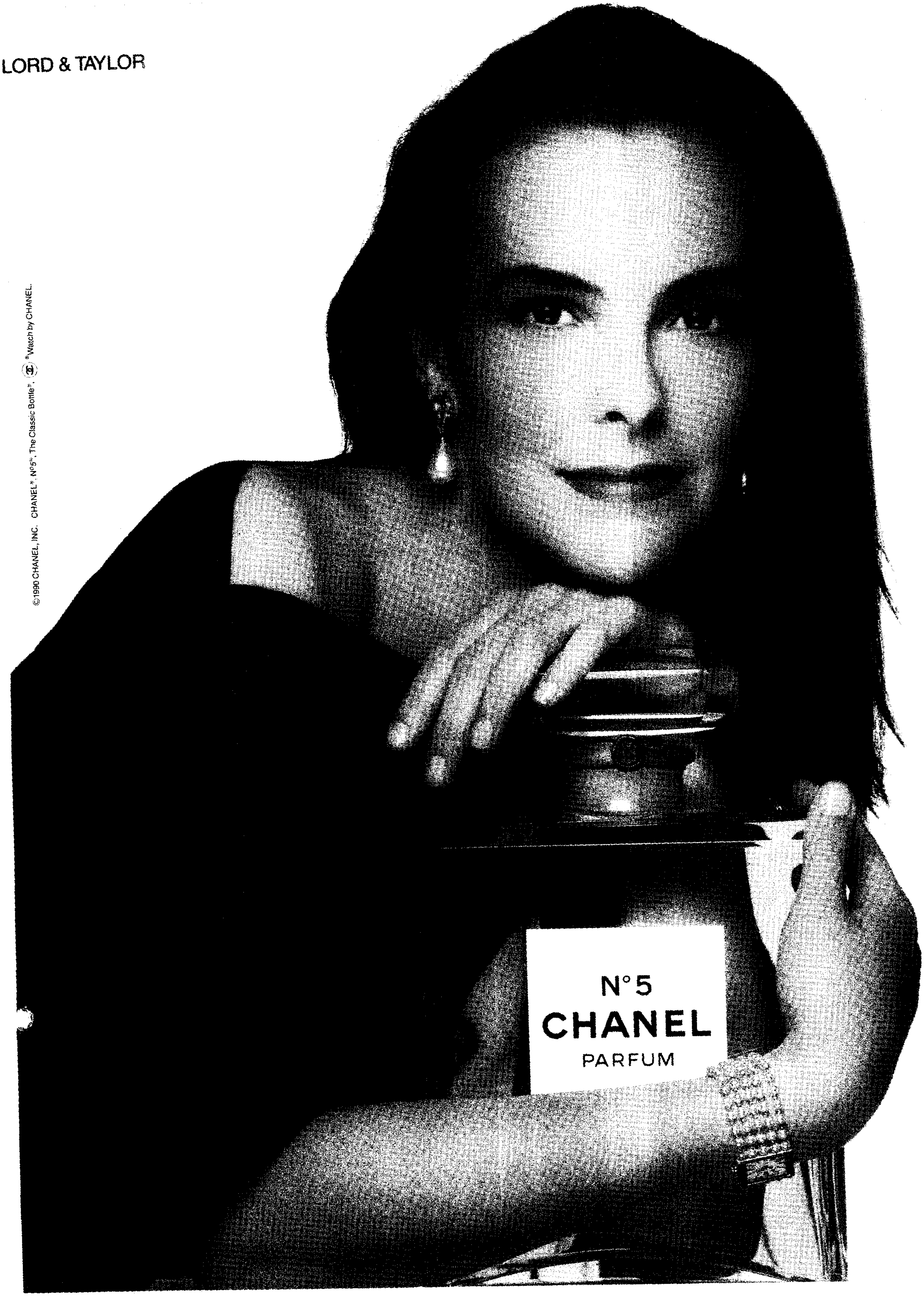
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

"I HAVEN'T done a lot of Kander and Ebb's stuff in my night-club act," says Karen Mason. "Their songs are so distinctly tied to other performers: Barbra, Liza, Chita. In a club you usually want to stay away from signature songs. Because when you do them the audience hears the well-known performers in their heads—*their* phrasing." How does Miss Mason explain, then, being part of a quintet that each night finishes "And the World Goes 'Round," a review of songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb (at the Westside), with renditions of "Cabaret" and "New York, New York?" "Well, at least we do those numbers in a novel way. With 'Cabaret,' for example, we just line up and sing in a Manhattan Transfer sort of way."

"And with 'New York, New York' who else would have done it the way we do?" asks her colleague Karen Ziëmba, a young woman with the sleekest pair of gams currently gliding across the boards. What the ensemble does is this: they crowd around an upright piano and each performer steps forward to sing a few words in a foreign language. The tenor, Jim Walton, holds forth in Swedish; the baritone, Bob Cuccioli sings in French; and the bravura soprano, Brenda Pressley, gives us—well, let that be a surprise. It's the funniest babel we've heard onstage since Patricia Norcia's rendition of Ruth Draper's "Four Imaginary Folk Songs," at Weill Recital Hall.

Did Miss Ziëmba, whose assignment is Japanese, have any trouble learning her lines? "Not really. I'm pretty good with dialects, and when I did 'Jerome Robbins' Broadway' recently, in Los Angeles, I learned a few words of that language—the company was going on to Tokyo." Miss Mason, whose lot is German, had little difficulty either. "I learned the song phonetically. The only words I knew before this were *danke schön* and *nein*. It would be fun, I think, to hear an entire one of John and Fred's musicals in another language."

"Das Rink," anyone?

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Good Times Are Killing Me—A play by Lynda Barry. Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson head a fourteen-member cast, and Mark Brokaw directed. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

I Hate Hamlet—Nicol Williamson, Celeste Holm, and Evan Handler in a new comedy by Paul Rudnick. Michael Engler directed. In previews. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Jeffrey Essmann's Artificial Reality—Mr. Essmann's latest solo show, presented by New York Theatre Workshop. Previews through April 2. Opens April 3 at 8, and runs through April 28. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

Lucifer's Child—Julie Harris in a one-woman play about Isak Dinesen that was written by William Luce. Previews begin March 30. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Miss Saigon—Jonathan Pryce, Lea Salonga, Hinton Battle, Barry K. Bernal, Liz Callaway, and Willy Falk in the musical by Claude-Michel Schönberg, Alain Boublil, and Richard Maltby, Jr. Directed by Nicholas Hytner. In previews. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 563-2266.)

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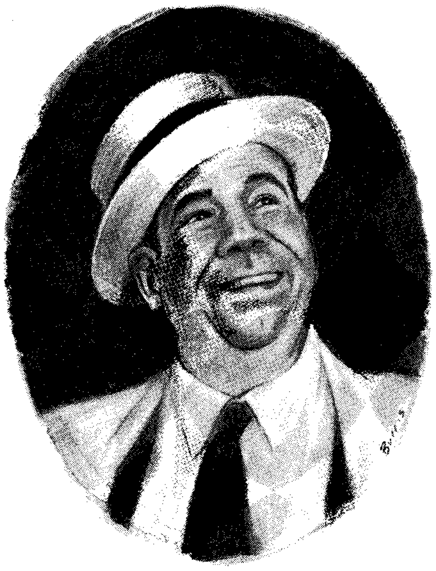

John McConnell in "The Kingfish"

Penn & Teller's Refrigerator Tour—The dynamic duo returns to Broadway. Previews through April 2. Opens April 3 at 6:45. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

Red Scare on Sunset—Charles Busch wrote and stars in this comedy about an actress battling Communism in nineteen-fifties Hollywood. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

The Will Rogers Follies—A new musical starring Keith Carradine. The book is by Peter Stone, the score by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. Previews begin April 1. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

And the World Goes 'Round: The Songs of Kander & Ebb—A musical revue, with Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Brenda Pressley, Jim Walton, and Karen Ziëmba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 246-0102.)

The Balm Yard—A play by Don Kinch, with Roxie Roker. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. Closes April 14. For reservations, call 869-3530.)

Belle Reprieve—A version of "A Streetcar Named Desire," with the Split Britches and Bloolips ensembles. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway, entrance on North Moore St. 274-1450. Closes March 31.)

The Big Love—You could do a good deal worse than this one-woman show, in which the accomplished mimic and comedienne Tracey Ullman impersonates Florence Aadland, the mother of Errol Flynn's teen-age lover, Beverly. There's nothing in it to engage the mind and nothing about it stays with you, but there's nothing phony about it either. What Jay Presson Allen and her daughter Brooke have fashioned out of Aadland's tell-all memoir is simply a good old-fashioned play. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/18/91.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Buddy: The Buddy Holly Story—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives on had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Camp Logan—A play by Celeste Bedford Walker. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-0918. Closes March 31.)

Candida—Laurie Kennedy has the title role in a revival of Shaw's play. Presented by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Carreño—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross and directed by Gene Frankel. Most performances are in English; a few are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Circle Repertory Company—road to nirvana, Arthur Kopit's comedy about a pair of Hollywood producers, is a work of inspired ridicule. Doffing its cap to Mamet's "Speed-the-Plow," it takes off on its own in dialogue that is conducted almost entirely in obscenities. Obscenity could seldom have been used with more ingenuity or humor. The performance goes well, under Jim Simpson's direction. Jon Polito and Peter Riegert play the producers, and Saundra Santiago is the gorgeous girlfriend of one of them. (3/18/91) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes March 31.)

Daugherty & Field Off-Broadway—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a revue of swing and show tunes. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

The Fever—A one-man play written by, and starring, Wallace Shawn. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes March 31. . . . ¶ Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. April 2-21.)

Fiddler on the Roof—The Israeli actor Topol makes a commanding Tevye—the best of all of them—in this production, which falls somewhere between revival and facsimile. The songs are by Bock and Harnick; the dances and staging are re-created from the Jerome Robbins originals; and the costumes are from the Patricia Zipprodt originals. (12/3/90) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Henry IV, Parts I and II—The sixteenth and seventeenth plays in the Public's Shakespeare Marathon, both directed by JoAnne Akalaitis, will run in repertory through April 7. (3/11/91) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A revival of the Jerome Weidman–Harold Rome musical, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

Jackie Mason: Brand New—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting three plays in rotating repertory: Ibsen's **when we dead awaken** (through March 29) and a double bill of George Büchner's **woyzeck** and **leonce and lena.** (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

The Kingfish—A play about Huey Long, by Larry L. King and Ben Z. Grant. With John McConnell in the title role. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

The Learned Ladies—The Molière work, in a new translation by Freyda Thomas. Featuring Jean Stapleton. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 7.)

Lost in Yonkers—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in New York during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Mambo Mouth—John Leguizamo's show, in which he portrays seven Hispanic characters. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Mule Bone—This play with music, a collaboration between Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes, was written in 1930, during the Harlem Renaissance, but was never produced, because the authors quarrelled. The setting is a small Florida town with an exclusively black population. The first act, brimming with episodes (and humor and characters), is just this side of chaos, but the second act tells a clear story about the trial of a young man who knocks out his best friend with a mule bone. Under the strong direction of Michael Schultz, every moment is lively. The members of the company represent the cream of black theatre over the past twenty years or so. Taj Mahal was both composer and arranger. (2/25/91) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Negro Ensemble Company—The troupe's twenty-fourth season opens with **THE LITTLE TOMMY PARKER CELEBRATED COLORED MINSTREL SHOW**, a new play by Carlyle Brown. Directed by Douglas Turner Ward. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Master Theatre, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St. 663-8170. Closes March 31.)

Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Pygmalion—Anthony Heald is Henry Higgins, Madeleine Potter is Eliza Doolittle, and Earle Hyman is Colonel Pickering in this production of Shaw's comedy. Directed by Paul Weidner. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Remembrance—A play by Graham Reid, with Aideen O'Kelly and Henry Quinn. (Irish Arts Theatre, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

A Room of One's Own—Eileen Atkins is sublime in this stage adaptation of the Virginia Woolf essay. Easily the most civilized entertainment on offer, this one-woman show is something every lively-minded young woman above the age of fifteen—fourteen if she's particularly lively-minded—will want to see. (3/18/91) (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Sabina and Lucrecia—A play by Alberto Adellach. Three performances a week in English; four in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Shadowlands—William Nicholson's vulgar stage adaptation of the beautiful television film about C. S. Lewis that he wrote for the BBC is essentially a tourist trap. It Broadwayizes everything that in the movie was subtle or sincere. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky; with Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Alexander. (11/26/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

The Speed of Darkness—Steve Tesich's play—about a Vietnam veteran named Joe, his family, his war buddy, and his guilty secret—is unsatisfactory, despite the presence of Len Cariou, Stephen Lang, and Lisa Eichhorn, among other good actors. (3/11/91) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Substance of Fire—A play by Jon Robin Baitz, with Patrick Breen, Sarah Jessica Parker, Ron Rifkin, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Sum of Us—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed, but cast and direction are both excellent. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Taking Steps—This very funny farce by the inspired English playwright Alan Ayckbourn is a technical as well as a dramatic triumph. The action, which takes place in a three-story suburban house, is played on a one-level set; the actors mime climbing up and down steps indicated on a path surrounding the set. The plot deals with a marriage that is coming apart, to the surprise and shock of the husband. The performances, unfortunately, do not match the precision of the play (except for those of Christopher Benjamin, as the husband, and Spike McClure, as a young solicitor). But no ineptitude can dim the brilliance of this comedy. (3/4/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

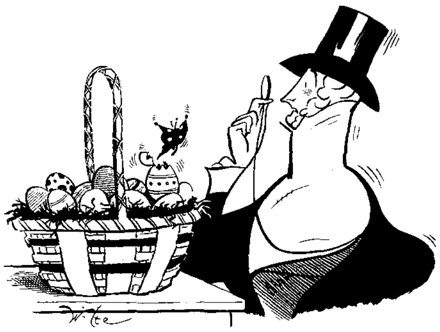
York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.** Jack Cirillo heads the sixteen-member cast. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **PRELUDE TO A KISS:** Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.) . . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN:** This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray, it recreates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

DANCE

"The Greatest Show on Earth"—that is, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—has ensconced itself at Madison Square Garden for its annual spring season in New York (through April 28). This year's edition has been staged by Walter Painter, the choreographer of the Broadway show "City of Angels." For 1991, Mr. Painter has eliminated from the big top what circus people call the "spec." One can still see beautiful girls lolling on pachyderms during the great parade entrance and finale, but there are no production numbers arranged for glamour alone—no spectacle for its own sake. Everyone works at some sort of skill, and although they are obviously putting their hands to the plow in extravagantly outfitted circumstances, the rather austere message seems to be that there aren't any free rides anymore.



There are still headliners, however, and this year's show has been shaped around one of them: a young clown from Italy named David Larible (pronounced Lar-*ee*-blay). We caught his act during a circus performance in New Jersey recently, and the first thing about him that seemed unusual for a clown of our era was his remarkable calm. Also, his gestures seemed to originate from the base of his spine, which is usually a clear giveaway of dance training. After the performance, we met him backstage and learned that between the ages of ten and thirteen he had studied classical ballet in Verona with a former member of La Scala Ballet. "Classic ballet has helped me unbelievably," he said. "When I walk, it looks like I'm natural." Pointing to his diaphragm, he added, "Of course, it's not. It's all from here."

We asked Mr. Larible how a clown differs from an acrobat or a mime.

"Look," he continued. "I also have a big problem with my body: it's not a funny body. I designed my costume to deal with that. I was a trapeze artist—a flier—before I was a clown. You see nice power in my body but not 'sweet' or 'funny.' A clown has to be funny and lovable. The best clown is not the one who makes a big laugh happen. You can get that with props, but it's not a *quality* laugh. You don't remember it ten minutes later. The best clown you remember when you leave the theatre. A mime, on the other hand, is somebody who tries with gesture alone to give you some sensations. His first motivation is to open your imagination. A clown's first motivation is a laugh."

He added, "When I see a clown, I look to see if what he does is natural, easy. You have to play easy. Remember, the clown is not a handicapped man. He's just somebody playing a funny guy."

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—In a two-week engagement. March 26 at 8: "Cantilever Two," "Killer-of-Enemies: The Divine Hero" (*première*), and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: "Today, with Dragon," "New Moon," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ March 28 at 8: "Cantilever Two," "Killer-of-Enemies: The Divine Hero," and "New Moon." . . . ¶ March 29 at 8: "Summer-Clouds People," "Agathlon," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ March 30 at 2: "Cantilever Two," "Killer-of-Enemies: The Divine Hero," and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ March 30 at 8: "Cantilever Two," "Killer-of-Enemies: The Divine Hero," and "New Moon." . . . ¶ March 31 at 2: "Summer-Clouds People," "Plains Daybreak," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ March 31 at 7:30: "Cantilever Two," "Killer-of-Enemies: The Divine Hero," and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ April 2 at 8: "Cantilever Two," "Killer-of-Enemies: The Divine Hero," "Intensities of Space, and Wind" (*première*), and "New Moon." . . . ¶ April 3 at 8: "Today, with Dragon," "Intensities of Space, and Wind," "Plains Daybreak," and "Heyoka." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through April 7.)

Steve Kriekhaus—Presenting the New York premières of "Missouri Pacific," "Address," and "5 Scenes from the Plumber's Dream." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 27-30 at 8:30.)

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NIGHT LIFE

IT can't be easy for any performer to bring some warmth to the austerely elegant, Colosseum-proportioned dining room at Laura Belle (120 West 43rd Street), and Dakota Staton, who performed there the other night, never exceeded a low flame. Playing to a scattered audience that gave the room the appearance of a deserted railway station, Ms. Staton sang a sluggish first set that was also one of the shortest in memory. Her trio gamely tried to pump some life into such standards as "Give Me the Simple Life" and "God Bless the Child," but Ms. Staton's heart wasn't in it. Most of the numbers were brief and perfunctory, and after each Ms. Staton said, "Thank you, thank you," with almost comical weariness. If nothing else, though, she was dressed for the occasion: a brick house of a woman, she wore a flowing white macramé-detailed dress, glittery white shoes and matching bag, a chandelier-size bracelet, and a crystal ring as big as a cigarette case.

When the band came back on to open the second set, Ms. Staton sat alone at a front table with her back to them. Once onstage, however, she showed some fleeting signs of life. She sang "Stormy Weather" and a couple of other blues standards with a measure of conviction. At one point, she even did something resembling a dance. Ms. Staton possesses a clear, bluesy voice that, at its best moments, has a nimble, buoyant quality reminiscent of Ella Fitzgerald. Even at this performance, you could sense that she's probably a talented singer when she feels like it. Most of the time, though, she looked as if she just wanted to sit down.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**SALLY ANN HOWES** is making her cabaret début in the Oak Room, through April 6. Her matronly, operetta-style soprano packs its strongest punch in numbers like "Losing My Mind" (from "Follies") and Cole Porter's "Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please" (served here from atop the piano, with a full measure of bitters). Ms. Howes' opening night included several memory lapses, a nervous fit of giggles, and an oddly decorous stab at cabaret programming. Her show is terribly wholesome—it includes a medley about dancing, another about beauty, and another about her late son, the composer Christopher Adler, and it even ends with a hymn. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slightly decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the lavish Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. **LA GRAN SCENA OPERA COMPANY** is here through March 30. Shows at nine.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The **KENNY WERNER** trio performs through March 28; **STEVE TURRÉ** leads a sextet on March 29. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists. It's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? Trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON,** whose jazz credentials have occasionally been called into question over the past couple of decades but whose ability to please a crowd has not, appears March 26-31. With him will be **BIG BOP NOUVEAU.** The **RAY BROWN** trio starts up on April 2. Music from nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. A trio consisting of **RAY DRUMMOND, BENNY GREEN,** and **BILLY HIGGINS** is at work here through March 30. **BILL MAYS** and Mr. Drummond start up on April 1. Music begins every night at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times.* There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Ray Brown at the Blue Note

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **EARTHA KITT.** Ms. Kitt, who doesn't so much sing her lyrics—mostly tales of men and money—as growl them, and who stalks a stage like a lioness protecting her cubs, has a staggering list of stage, TV, and recording credits. One of her most recent projects was the dance single "Cha Cha Heels," which she recorded with Bronski Beat. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides from nine-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Ten groups from Brooklyn will take the stage on March 29, at eight-thirty. Music normally begins at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** leads a trio here March 26-31. **MARLENA SHAW** begins work on April 2. Music after nine.

Baba Olatunji at Wetlands

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a "take no prisoners" atmosphere. Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **MOSE ALLISON,** a jazz-blues singer and a snappy lyricist, can be heard here through March 31. **RON CARTER** leads a quintet for a week beginning April 2. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—The exceedingly fine, New Jersey-born jazz trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** plays here on March 26. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and

Rubén Blades at the Ritz

the post-ness of postmodernism. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**—an influential jazzman who spent the forties in the adventurous outfits led by Miles Davis and Lennie Tristano—brings a group here March 28-30; the **ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITANS** and **CHRIS COCHRANE** come in on April 2. Music after nine.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A recent addition to the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club, just off the West Side Highway, that is one of the city's main venues for college-radio fare. **EMF** will be here on March 27; **RORY GALLAGHER** shows up on March 30.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled ladies. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear **HELEN REDDY.** In the early seventies, it was hard to turn on a radio without hearing "Delta Dawn," "Angie Baby," "I Am Woman," or some other Reddy blockbuster. In recent years, the singer has continued to perform—in the theatre as well as the concert hall—but the place her name crops up most often is on late-night-TV ads for compilation records. Her show here, which closes on March 30, is her New York cabaret début. A twentieth-anniversary tribute to Sondheim's "Follies" starts up on April 2. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A sky-high cabaret. **KEELY SMITH** is in swing through March 30. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—**SISTERS OF MERCY** perform on March 30; **RUBÉN BLADES Y SON DE SOLAR** appear on April 2. Both shows begin at nine.

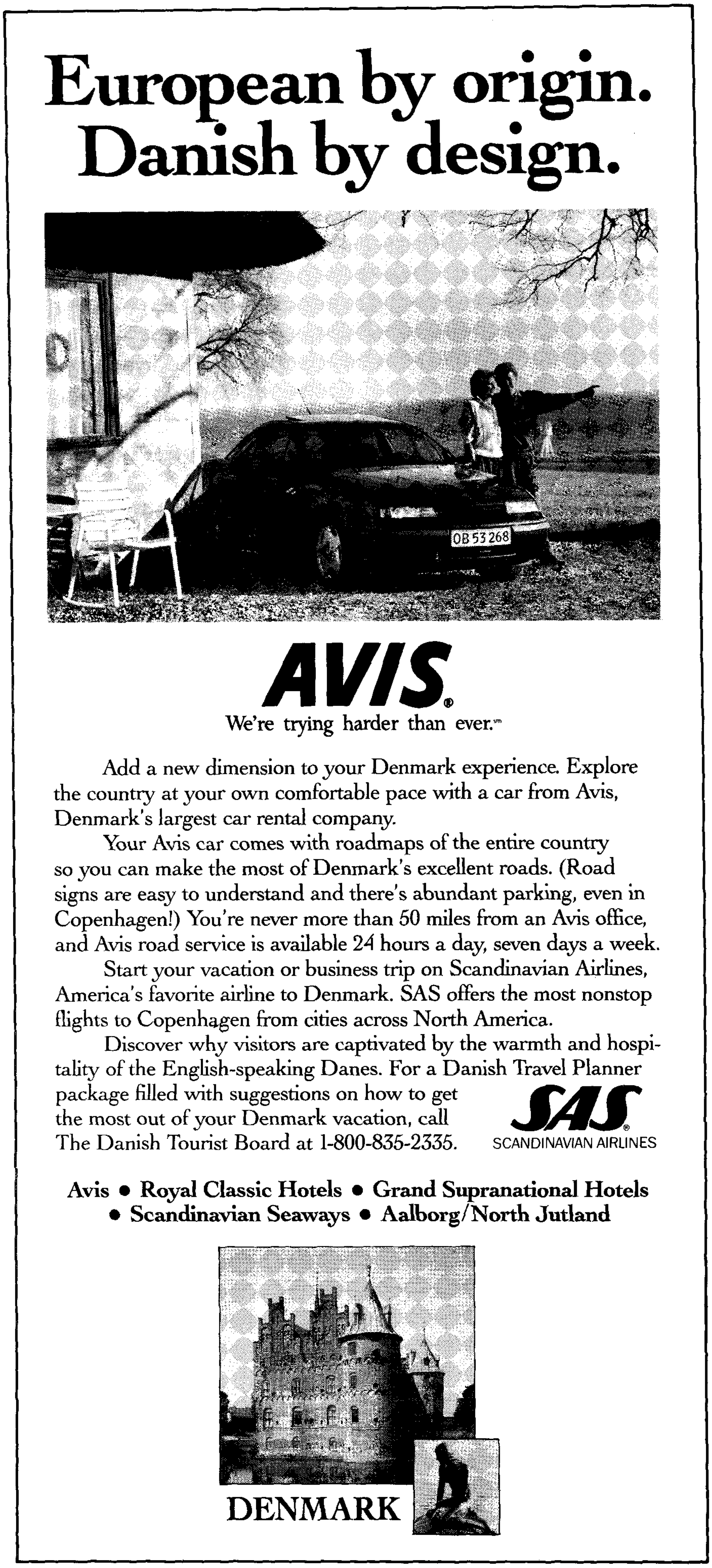
Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. Singer **MARY CLEERE HARAN** comes in on March 31. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Trumpeter **JON FADDIS** leads a quartet through March 31; the **GEORGE ADAMS** quartet begins a week-long gig on April 2. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. **BUTCH MORRIS,** who favors long, shifting, improvisation-based jazz suites, is in residence with an eleven-piece ensemble through March 31; saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS** heads up a trio as of April 2. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten on Mondays, and after nine-thirty on other nights.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. **BABA OLATUNJI** and **SAVOY TRUFFLE** are here on March 30, and **PÉ-DE-BOI** comes in on March 31.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. The piano-bass team of **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** is here through March 30. Music from eight weeknights. Closed Sundays.



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DENMARK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE leprechauns must have been paying back the sons and daughters of Erin for changing the parade date, because odd couplings over St. Patrick's weekend were not merely confined to the march up Fifth Avenue. Though Patrick McMullan, with Sean Murphy and Joe Flanigan, was true enough to wait until the actual day to stage his annual holiday dinner, it was held in the main room at Punsch, a Scandinavian restaurant (11 West 60th Street). Simultaneously scheduled, in Punsch's alcove, was a surprise birthday party for the designer Nicole Miller. The birthday girl's room had all the green balloons. The tables at Patrick's St. Patrick's dinner were set with pink carnations *(though the menus were green)*. Viewing the early arrivals gathering at the bar, no one could have confused this with the Blarney Stone pub. Nine people out of more than a hundred were in green. Even fewer looked as though they owned any Carmel Quinn records. Fewer still drank the sea-foam crème-de-menthe concoction the bartenders were handing out. And people from *Allure* were stopping women and asking if they could redo their hair, then photographing the results.

When *all* were seated, after mass confusion (Who was invited to which? Some were invited to both), a curtain was drawn between the two parties. "Sort of like Berlin in the sixties," a woman in the main dining room sneered. "But now you know how to tell the difference between the two groups. *They're* the ones not paying for dinner." "And I was wondering why I wasn't seated next to any gossip columnists," replied her twenty-five-dollar-a-plate-paying companion. "No comps!" When Miller showed up to be surprised, however, the lines of demarcation were undrawn. It seems she was told she was attending the big party, when, of course, she was attending the other, and she wanted to go to both. St. Pat wasn't the only one who could work miracles.

Almost instantly, roast chicken with green mashed potatoes ("*This* is where they get literal?" gagged one diner) were wolfed down, followed by more cross-air kissing and schveering (*silently mouthing a hello with a smile while you're talking with someone else*) than David Dinkins has seen in the last month. Tables were pushed aside for dancing, tables were danced on (not one Tommy Makem cut, not even an Al Green), everyone sang "Happy Birthday," the folks from *Allure* kept pinning, and lots of people who were invited to neither festivity kept pouring in—and pouring down. It was barely midnight when the first woman flung her panty hose around her head. Perhaps the parade elders should let McMullan & Co. plan next year's event. They seem to be much better at getting different parties to celebrate together.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3			

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RINGLING BROTHERS AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS—The hundred-and-twenty-first version of "The Greatest Show on Earth." (Madison Square Garden. Through April 28. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

"THE EASTER SHOW"—A springtime extravaganza, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through April 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—In its annual tour of the outer boroughs. (Cunningham Park, Queens. March 25-April 7. For information, call 268-0055.)

P.S. 122—March 28-30 at 8: Yvonne Meier's new dance work, "Pommes-Fritz." . . . ¶ March 28-31 at 9:30: Penny Arcade in "La Miseria," a one-woman performance work about growing up in an Italian-American family. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Sue Coe

ART

VITO ACCONCI has had sex on the brain for as long as anyone can remember, and he seems to think there's something in it for us all. Following his notorious "Seed Bed," a twice weekly onanistic endurance test that ran its course, audibly, under specially installed floorboards at the Sonnabend gallery in early 1972, Acconci went on to construct a cheerfully perverted, all-American body of work out of the sort of stuff associated with garages, basements, closets, lingerie drawers, and confessionals. In recent years, and with his usual sensitivity to the public's need for both smut and seemliness, Acconci has concentrated on outdoor projects. His various jungle-gym, tree-house, and rowboat structures, for instance, with *their places to hide or daydream or* make out in, were designed with the clear intent of providing pleasant refuge, and not a little complicitous understanding, for children of all ages.

Now the artist has once again raided his dainties drawer and come up with a show of Brobdingnagian brassieres (Gladstone, 99 Greene Street; through April 6). Four huge "Adjustable Wall Bras," made of a rebar, plaster, canvas, and steel cables, and further outfitted with stereo components and lights, have been elaborately rigged and hoisted across the upstairs gallery space, where they give new meaning to the phrase "mother ship." Downstairs, a group of "Models for Adjustable Ground Bras"—some upright and aboveground, others sunken like sand pits, as if by the weight of their metaphoric contents—enact a number of irresistibly inane D-cup puns on such standard public-park amenities as, say, band shells. Acconci's hilarious show is both Rabelasian and Philip Rothian. But mostly it's sweet and old-fashioned in its celebration of that time-honored boys' fetish: Mom.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A small show of works by Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840), consisting of nine paintings and eleven works on paper, all lent by the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums, in the Soviet Union. The artist has at least until recently been the focus of primarily specialized interest. But it is really very easy to understand Friedrich's resurgence and growing popularity. Especially in the drawings—wonderfully moody, macabre depictions of owls and coffins and windows gaping out onto . . . what?—but also in a few paintings of same-sex couples staring out into the nothingness of sea or air, viewers will find haunted, luminous images of the early-Romantic set-piece vision of modern malaise and melancholia. Through March 31. . . . ¶ "The Fauve Landscape" brings together nearly a hundred and twenty-five paintings made between 1904 and 1908 by the principal Fauvists—Derain, Matisse, Braque, and their circle of friends. Through May 5. . . . ¶ Seventeen Dutch-style cupboards crafted in New York and New Jersey between 1650 and 1800. Through April 7. . . . ¶ "Sacred Mountains *in Chinese Art." Through March 31.* (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art of the Forties" is a cacophonous, exceptionally interesting show (including around three hundred works in many mediums, all from the museum's collection), chock full of messy meanings and emotions and wild contrasts. There is Matisse's exultant "Jazz," but also the little-known Alton Pickens' perfectly ghoulish "Carnival." There is Pinin Farina's gleaming red sports car, the "Cistalia 202 GT," but also David Siqueiros' rough and mud-caked red "Hands." In short, the exhibition offers the viewer an intense and bifurcated *picture of a decade* that was itself schizophrenically fragmented. Through April 30. . . . ¶ An unprecedented survey of paintings and drawings by the Russian avant-gardist Liubov Popova (1889-1924). Popova was clearly more of a sensualist, as well as a worldlier citizen, than her colleague Kasimir Malevich. Her "Painterly Architectonics" (1916-18), for instance, which are among her best works, convey more visual charm but much less spiritual heat than Malevich's Suprematist icons. Through April 23. (A complementary show of Popova's works is at Adler, 41 E. 57th St., through April 27.) . . . ¶ For the museum's "Projects" series, the artist Michael Craig-Martin has created a mural-size three-part wall drawing using ar*chitectural drafting tape*. Through April 23. (A complementary show of Craig-Martin's work is at Nolan, 560 Broadway, through April 6.) . . . ¶ "Ben Franklin Dreams the New World," a video installation by Peter Rose. Through May 12. . . . ¶ "British Photography from the Thatcher Years" includes seventy-five photographs by Martin Parr, John Davies, Paul Graham, Chris Killip, and Graham Smith. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial's first installment, which focusses on artists whose stars began to rise in the fifties and sixties, will be found on the second floor, starting April 2. The second installment, which presents late-eighties and early-nineties artists, starts on April 9. . . . ¶ An exhilarating retrospective of Jasper Johns' drawings and paintings on paper, from 1954 to the present. The works are arranged according to themes—sometimes, but not always, chronologically. For Johns, drawing is usually not preparatory to painting but an activity in and of itself. What comes across in the various treatments of such a crucial Johnsian image as, say, the flag—in graphite, watercolor, and white paint—is the artist's unerring hand, which, whether joyful or disengaged, always applies marks in masterful ways. At times this skill seems to indicate an alienation from the subject matter, or from the work itself; at other times the image and its rendering merge in a blissful union. The many exquisite drawings here are always fascinating, and their dichotomies somehow identify the artist's sphinxian nature more than his paintings. Through April 7. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Albert Bierstadt." Appropriately subtitled "Art & Enterprise," this show—the first major Bierstadt exhibition in almost twenty years—is good old vulgar entertainment. This German-born, more or less self-taught late-Hudson River School artist (1830-1902) was an inspired stuntman-painter who relied on a grab bag of compositional and technical tricks to convey his visions of Manifest Destiny. Most often, this means anecdotal scenes and incidental details (dot-and-daub work) in the foreground, with broad and woozy strokes for mountains above and beyond. Through May 5. . . . ¶"Sewing and Reaping: A Weaver's Tale" is a large-scale lobby installation by Reeva Potoff, composed of huge, diagonal, veil-like "curtains" that are anchored by the room's two front columns. Through March 31. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Manifest Destiny," a show of rare nineteenth-century books and illustrations relating to government expeditions into "frontier" areas in the United States. Through April 30. . . . ¶ A show that examines the ecosystems of tropical rain forests around the world, such as those in the Congo basin, the Amazon basin, Madagascar, and Borneo. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculptures. Artists represented include Martha Diamond, Theophilus Brown, Stanley Boxer, and Winifred Lutz. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-five pieces of furniture made over the past thirty years by Wendell Castle. Many of the pieces incorporate trompe-l'oeil and faux-Art Deco effects. Through April 28. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"The Nearest Edge of the World": an exhibition of works in several mediums by nine contemporary artists from Cuba. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The museum's collection—begun in 1896 by the three Hewitt sisters, Amy, Eleanor, and Sarah—is ably represented by "A Design Resource," a show of seven hundred objects. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A hundred and six examples of contemporary American bookbinding by such artists as Donald Glaister, Deborah Evetts, and Michael Wilcox. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Thirty-eight contemporary Japanese quilts in a show that explores the American influence on Japanese quiltmaking. Through April 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A hundred sculptures and thirty-one drawings by Jacques Lipchitz. Through April 14. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, except March 31, from 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Ninety sketches, studies, and more elaborate preparatory drawings by the master baroque portraitist Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641). Through April 21. . . . ¶ A smaller selection of forty drawings by seventeenth-century Flemish artists such as Rubens, Jacob Jordaens, and David Vinckboons. Through April 21. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Academy's "Annual Exhibition" includes more than a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and watercolors. Through May 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The first document presented by the museum in the "Markers of Change" series will be one of the twenty-three surviving original copies of the Declaration of Independence. Through April 17. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Markus Lüpertz—Paintings and drawings from the sixties. Lüpertz is a very painterly and rather elusive artist—something of a latter-day Cubist, as well as a kind of conflicted Action painter, which would seem to be contradictory. The works on view in this fine show are all called "Dithyrambs," after choric hymns from the ancient Greek Dionysian cult, and they date from the period immediately following the artist's 1963 migration from East to West Berlin. They have an explosive spontaneity, while also being highly conceptualized. Donald Duck, for instance, makes an occasional appearance in abstracted form, as do a number of architectonic elements. Through March 30. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

John Walker—Recent, thickly textured oil paintings, in pale grays, whites, ochres, and pinks, by a highly regarded English painter. These are huge, masterly, and rather muffled works, which may be metaphors for, or perhaps even metonymous portraits of, the artist and his process. The hand, for instance, is a recurring theme, and several pieces have titles such as "Touch with Forms." In "Sorrow, I," perhaps the most memorable painting on view, multiple eyes suggest a sort of perceptual *cri de coeur*. Walker's technique resembles Terry Winter's, and his emotions seem to be stuck in sediments of paint, like Winter's fossil forms. Through April 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

"Kulcher Queen and Kulcher Books"—An exhibition of more than forty books and magazines that Lita Hornick published through the Kulcher Press, including "Screen Tests," by Gerard Malanga and Andy Warhol, and "Interlocking Lives," by Alex Katz and Kenneth Koch. Through June 28. (Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

Short List—**Hannelore Baron,** Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through April 20); **Ralston Crawford,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through April 20); **David Salle,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through May 4); **Jonathan Santlofer,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through March 30); **Max Weber,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Chamberlain—There was always an Abstract Expressionist sense of conflict to Chamberlain's crushed-metal sculptures, but now it looks as if he's having some fun. Instead of suggesting auto accidents, as did his earlier works, these chunky new sculptures are almost lyrically gestural. Chamberlain is now bending his metal in ways that seem related to Twombly's airiest squiggles,

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PHOTOGRAPHS

Milton Greene, *Marilyn Reclining,* silver print, 1962; printed 1978.

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and painting them with sun-enriched tropical colors. While in the past the works were primarily abstract, these mostly freestanding ones have a figurative air. "Rococo Gigolo" has a Hellenistic sense of balance; "Ramfeezled Shiggers" conjures a fatted version of Rodin's "Balzac." Through April 13. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—This painter has long been the most compelling contemporary artist working in the line of American abstraction traceable to the nature-inspired paintings of Hartley and Dove. Like his previous work, Jensen's new abstract paintings are small and derived from nature, but his unparalleled, intense force fields of magnetic energy have given way to fragmented form and more lyrical imagery. Through March 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman—Recent sculptural reliefs, in oil on aluminum. These folksy vignettes—Benjamin Franklin and his kite, Perseus and Medusa, street venders and Sunday sailors, people performing gardening chores—are irresistible, and clearly the work of an extremely talented artist-craftsman. All are expressed with the same colloquial verve and compositional effervescence. For a moment you may *want* them to be cloying, but they're not, and they will respond to such condescension by disarming you. Through April 6. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**sue coe,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 4); **dieter hacker,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 30); **john himmelfarb,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 11); **wolf kahn,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 30); **alexander kosolapov,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through April 6); **alun leach-jones,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 13); **louisa matthiasdottir,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 17); **emil schumacher,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 6); **william tucker,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 30).

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Ahearn / Rigoberto Torres—Ahearn, who mostly makes painted casts of his South Bronx neighbors, is a major practitioner of post-Segal figurative sculpture and is quite simply the most vital realist around. These new sculptures, which hang on the wall (like the best of his works), express great humanity. / In another room are separate, similar works by Torres, Ahearn's collaborator, including a powerful stack of three boy bathers and a freestanding, life-size portrait of an old Puerto Rican pop singer in a glittery gown. Through March 30. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Open Wednesdays until 8.)

Richard Artschwager—In the sixties, Artschwager had one foot in Pop and the other in minimalism, while his mind was somewhere else entirely, which might explain why the recognition due him did not come his way for two decades. He produced provocative work throughout the sixties, seventies, and early eighties, but once he gained attention his work became uneven, and it began to look as if he were suffering from self-consciousness. But recently he has learned to make an asset of his awkwardness, and the payoff is great. A sense of the surreal informs most of these works, and you're often left to feel like Alice, uncertain if you're too large or too small, too close or too far. The paintings are as textured as ever, but here the images are combined with flat, monochrome Formica. A painting depicting a tank emerging from a jungle has a zigzag frame built right over the image. There's also a painted-wood construction angled along one of the gallery's corners, which looks like a liquid Rorschachian spill; a sharply foreshortened door with a huge shiny metal knob; and two of the artist's familiar cowhide chairs, which are ultrawide, as if they were envisioned through an oblique mirror, and are horrid yet compelling. Through April 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Greg Colson—There's an earnest intensity to this artist's fascination with diagrammatic images, such as a map of the old border town El Paso, which he has reconfigured in a delicate construction of painted sticks, or a phrenological model of the functions of the brain, which he has painted on an old freezer door. A recurrent image here is an octopus-like tangle of plugs and outlets, which he paints or draws either on canvas or on household objects, such as toolboxes. Colson's attracted to the extraordinarily ordinary: a football stadium, the silhouette of a spray can in action. His work is highly personal without being sentimental; he's drawn to a fifties sense of America without the nostalgic yearning. Through March 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Meg Cranston—You may want to enlist a staffer to guide you through this show of objects, paintings, photographs, and an installation work, although a little background information may suffice. Cranston's odd and touching viewpoint has a surrealistic smile and a thirst for the sardonic. The most affecting work consists of a dozen cobalt-blue canvases, each of which has a person's height and weight painted in come-hither pinkish tones. Entitled "Jane and John Doe," it documents with chilling matter-of-factness the so-called vital statistics of all the unidentified corpses found in one month in Los Angeles. In a separate, smaller room is a mammoth inflated beachball larger than some studio apartments that's filled with what is supposed to be the amount of breath expended while reading aloud all of Jane Austen's works. Through March 30. (Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—These "monuments" to the Russian Constructivist Vladimir Tatlin date back to 1967 and are the best-known, and perhaps least understood, works of this major minimalist artist. The sculptures are symmetrical, have a cool white light, and look as if they were ready for flight. But they are anti-monumental in almost every way—satires of monuments rather than the things themselves. They are ironic odes to art and revolution, containing an awareness of their inspiration and of the fate of art in a revolutionary society. Through March 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison—Sometimes mistaken for scientists, the Harrisons have been developing ambitious public-art projects for twenty years. The major project on display here is a proposal—comprising photomurals, drawings, and text—to save the polluted Sava River, in Yugoslavia. Also on view are proposals for a dozen other projects, including one called "Tibet Is the High Ground," for a "Peace Park" on the Tibetan plateau, which was developed with the Dalai Lama. Some of the proposals are laden with overly ponderous poetry, but the drawings that accompany them are quite exquisitely done. The beginning of the text for the Tibetan piece perhaps best defines the Harrisons' sentiments: "We hold that the ocean is a great draftsman." Through April 6. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Open Wednesdays until 8.)

Douglas Huebler—Painted texts on vinyl and plywood by another first-generation Conceptualist eclipsed by today's flashier versions. Through March 30. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

Peter Huttinger—"Eraserhead" came alive, died, and began decomposing in these collages of rotting food and effluvial waste. A piece that at first looks like a gridded collage à la Eva Hesse is made of apple sections surrounded by dried, pressed sausage; a set of huge laboratory slides uses such materials as animal guts, algae, peat, saliva, semen, urine, and flower petals to depict rather unidentifiable rotting forms. Harsh art for insatiable times. Through April 2. (Feature, 484 Broome St. Open Wednesdays until 8.)

Kim Jones—In another affecting installation work, the mud man of SoHo presents a minefield of mud-caked clumps of sticks on the floor and, on the walls, muddied jockey shorts with pairs of scrotal stickmines hanging from them. There is also a magical sculpture of a muddied, pint-size version of Michelangelo's "David," who bears a lattice and has his feet anchored in a primordial mound of the dried brown stuff. Through March 30. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

Annette Lemieux—A show of some very good, poetically haunting works. Conditioned aggression is everywhere, be it in a battalion of helmets on wheels, which portrays the warrior urge as an instinct rooted in childhood, or in an Adirondack hat rack with camouflage baby suits hanging from it. These pieces are both sentimental and detached, and have a peculiar presence. Perhaps the most troubling work, in the best sense of the word, is a large canvas covered with rows of evenly spaced plus signs, all in different shades of brown. At first this looks like an update of Mondrian's plus and minus paintings, but the farther you get from the canvas the more it seems as if there is a hidden image somewhere. Soon you realize that image and field are playing the old maiden/hag trick—that the negative spaces of raw canvas form interconnected swastikas, and the plus signs, far from being abstract and neutral, are actually branded onto the canvas. Through April 13. (Baer, 476 Broome St. Open Wednesdays until 8.)

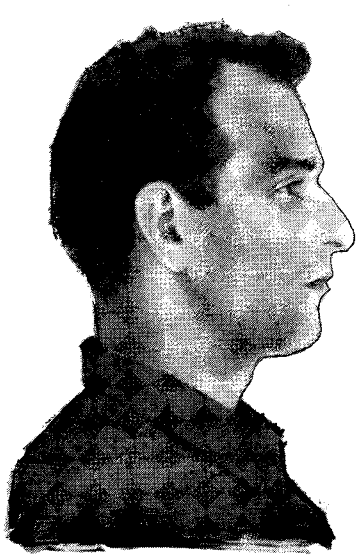
Robert Lostutter—Maniacally precise watercolors—structured like the pages of a naturalist's sketchbook—of flowers with intense colors like parrot green and punk fuchsia and of men's faces with gargoylish noses and feathers extending from their cheeks. Through March 29. (LedisFlam, 584 Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Studies for the "Attic Series." A very attractive group of paintings, each containing a circle, an ellipse, or a figure eight on a geometrically shaped canvas. The works are beautifully painted, in delicate colors, while the canvases and their images seem to have been linked to create optimal attenuation in the best Kellyesque manner. Through April 6. (Cooper, 149 Wooster St.)

Gerry Morehead—Five of nine paintings from a compelling series called "Bright Days." The paintings depict a toy boat on a journey through an everglades of brown cross-hatching that's quieter, more primordial, and less arty than Johns'. The boat passes through various images, phrases, paths, shapes, smudges, and drips, which give off a strong sense of place and rite. Morehead is an odd, mature, and gently intense painter, who seems to have the urge to share a deeply personal story while at the same time keeping its private details to himself. Through March 30. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Robert Morris—Two shows of large paintings and drawings whose images and texts monumentalize the doldrums. Most of the paintings (at 65 Thompson Street Gallery, through March 30) are divided in two, with a melted half mirroring a more readable one. Most of the images are vaguely familiar, and the art-world references are endless, including an image of Pollock painting, suggestions of anamorphic projections, and reminders of American regionalist painting, Gilbert and George, and even Robert Longo. The drawings (at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway, through April 6) combine a more identifiable range of loaded images—a Parthenon pediment fragment, the Rosenbergs, race riots, Madonna—with images from the artist's earlier works. If only for the artist's draftsmanship, they are much more engaging than the paintings, which are large for no apparent reason and executed as if by a resentful laborer. The text on one painting at Sonnabend captures the spirit of the shows: "Inability to endure or deny the world." Through April 6.

Ralston Crawford



David Salle

David Rabinowitch—This minimalist sculptor visited Romanesque churches in Germany in the early seventies and has been making large-scale drawings inspired by them since 1977. These five, his most recent, have no identifiable reference to their source, nor do they have a clear relationship to the artist's sculptures. What they do have is a keen balance of light, texture, and stroke, and an even keener feel for subtle structure—a sense of balance without symmetry. Through April 30. (Flynn, 113 Crosby St.)

Robert Reitzfeld—This middle-aged artist's first exhibition consists of paintings that are very late-seventies in spirit, with openly sentimental, clichéd phrases—such as "Wish You Were Here" or "Life Could Be a Dream, Sh-Boom"—painted in block letters over detailless renderings of family scenes or, occasionally, above another, less rosy phrase, like "Son of a Bitch." The paintings have the design clarity of posters, but the clichés aren't made interesting. Occasionally, however, as in the painting "I Love You Daddy," color and form are combined with a strong, abstract intensity. Through March 30. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—A late work by the architect-turned-sculptor that consists of ten aluminum "elements," each composed of triangles and parallelograms strewn about the floor. These are coolly public forms on an intimate scale. Through March 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Patrick Strzelec—This sculptor has a strong sense of his materials. The sculptures here, which are variously made of bronze, steel, and copper, combine one evocative form with another, often using an exaggeration of scale to cause a surrealistic disjunction. The works seem to reflect either a child's view or an aging person's fears. Through March 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **klagsbrun**, 51 Greene St.: An excellent exhibition of assemblages, collages, films, and videos, from the fifties to the present, by Wallace Berman, Bruce Conner, Jay DeFeo, George Herms, and Jess—all California artists who work in the spirit of European Dada and early Surrealism. Starting in the fifties, these artists worked closely with the Beat writers, but their work never achieved the wider national recognition it deserved. This show aims to correct that oversight. Through March 30. (Open Wednesdays until 8.) . . . **thorp**, 103 Prince St.: A small, wonderful show of ladders made by the Dogon tribe of Mali and the Gurunsi tribe of Burkina Faso for use in their homes. The ladders look like tall wood sculptures, and make abstract figurative references to the god Nammo, who, according to Dogon cosmogony, is responsible for humankind's original descent from the heavens. Through April 6.

Short List—**sophie calle**, Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (both through April 20); **robert courtright**, Gimpel, 415 West Broadway (through April 13); **michael craig-martin**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (through April 6); **buckminster fuller** and **fariba hajamadi**, Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through April 6); **anthony gormley**, Ala, 560 Broadway (through April 27); **maren hassinger**, Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway (through April 13); **joseph kosuth**, RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through April 13); **gina pane**, Marcus, 578 Broadway (through April 6); **ed paschke**, Kind, 136 Greene St. (through April 16); **jack risley**, Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through April 6); **dee shapiro** and **marilyn greenberg**, Zarre, 379 West Broadway (through April 20); **fred wilson**, Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through April 6).

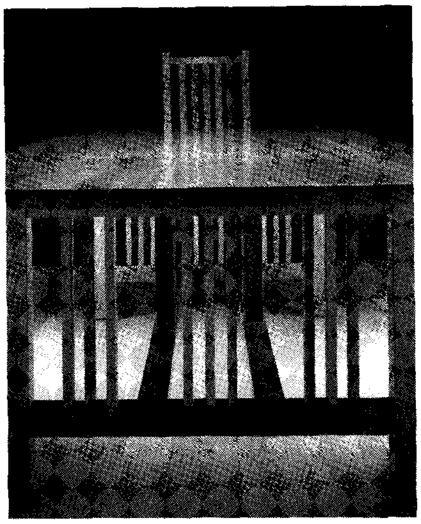
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE long-awaited Josef Sudek exhibition that opened at the Philadelphia Museum of Art last March is now at the Burden gallery (20 East 23rd Street; through April 25). There are fewer prints on view here, but it's hard to imagine that anyone would feel stinted by this show, which is well served by the intimate space of the gallery. The prints reflect the depth and richness of Sudek's work, and the variety of the pictures—their different scales, their span of tones—is part of the treat of getting to see such a lovingly curated exhibition.

Sudek (1896-1976) is a respected figure in the history of photography, whose name has become almost synonymous with Czech photography, but until recently his work has not enjoyed the exposure in this country that it deserves. Most of the photographs here—all of which were taken in and around Prague between 1911 and 1976—have never been exhibited in the United States. The show gives ample proof that his reputation is deserved. Sudek achieved remarkably sensitive images. No wonder they called him the "Poet of Prague"—the phrase used as the title of Aperture's recently published book on Sudek, which includes a biographical essay by Anna Fárová. We gasp at the capacity he had to bring out the wonder in certain everyday things. His images of the cathedral of St. Vitus are dazzling. The way he photographed trees, the way he caught light, his pictures of gardens or of a few solitary people on a street—these are Sudek's foremost strengths. (His more surrealistic compositions and his still-lifes are less impressive.) The photographs here of views through his studio window when it was raining represent a true marriage of photography and feeling.

Lucas Samaras—A show of photo-works that include elements of Samaras's paintings, sculptures, and furniture—as well as an intimate view of the artist in his new surroundings. (He's moved from a small, dark cocoon on the Upper West Side to a high-up place in a midtown skyscraper.) Through March 30. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**sarah charlesworth**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through March 30); **john coplans**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 20); **leah demchick**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through April 20); **jochen gerz**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through March 30); **allen ginsberg**, Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 13); **mary heller**, Ledel, 168 Mercer St. (opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays, through April 6); **peter hujar**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through March 30); **len jenshel**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 20); **grace knowlton**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 6).



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MUSIC

PUCCINI is the popular mainstay of opera companies around the world, their bread and butter, oil and vinegar. No season in a repertory house does without him; it's unusual if fewer than three of his operas are played. Puccini is the acme of shrewd theatrical composition. He himself used to say that the good Lord had touched him with His finger and told him to write only for the theatre. So there are a few peculiar things about the presentation of "Tosca" to be offered on April 2 by the Philadelphia Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall. (How strange even the words sound! Has the Philadelphia Orchestra ever played a note of "Tosca" before?)

One thing is that Riccardo Muti, the preëminent Italian operatic conductor of his day and the music director of the Teatro alla Scala, who is nearing his fiftieth birthday, has never conducted Puccini before. Another is that he has decided to get to know this work, of all operas, far from the smell of greasepaint, the flash of Tosca's knife, the power of Scarpia's wig, the guns of Cavaradossi's execution. A concert performance of "Tosca"? Concert performances have traditionally been devoted to rare and difficult operas that could not be economically mounted in the theatre; to operas for which a special cast could be assembled only briefly; or to certain magisterial scores that could benefit from special preparation under a great conductor, without the musical compromises of the opera house.

Has "Tosca" become rare and difficult? Mr. Muti's project forces us to concede that it has. There are very few convincing singers for the main parts, where once there were many. (Mr. Muti's Tosca will be Carol Vaness, who is not generally thought of as a Puccini soprano, though she sang the role long ago, as a beginner.) Directorial overkill at the Met has rendered the work lumbering, and the City Opera cannot really cast it. Conductors don't seem to get the piece anymore; dull routine and preposterous eccentricity have been on display at both houses. Puccini's purely musical skills—as an orchestrator, a melodist, a harmonist, and an assimilator of innovations—have always been acknowledged, sometimes grudgingly, by the most exacting critics. Have those skills now passed into a realm of refinement that can be appreciated only by specialists? Or might Mr. Muti's flair rekindle the primitive excitements of "Tosca" and create an invisible stage for the imagination in Carnegie Hall?

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**PARSIFAL,** a new production directed by Otto Schenk, with Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, Franz Mazura, and Robert Lloyd; conducted by James Levine. (March 25 at 6:30.) . . . With Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, Aage Haugland, and Robert Lloyd; James Levine. (March 29 and April 2 at 6:30.) . . . **I PURITANI,** with Edita Gruberova, Chris Merritt, Paolo Gavanelli, and Paul Plishka; Richard Bonynge. (March 26 and April 3 at 8, and March 30 at 1:30.) . . . **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,** with Felicity Lott, Marie McLaughlin, Frederica von Stade, Andreas Schmidt, and Samuel Ramey; James Conlon. (March 27 at 8.) . . . With Felicity Lott, Marie McLaughlin, Susan Quittmeyer, Vernon Hartman, and Samuel Ramey; James Conlon. (April 1 at 8.) . . . **KÁTA KABANOVÁ,** with Gabriela Beňačková, Leonie Rysanek, Susan Quittmeyer, Wieslaw Ochman, and Michael Devlin; Charles Mackerras. (March 28 at 8.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Maria Guleghina, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Placido Domingo. (March 30 at 8.)

MUSICAL THEATRE WORKS—Presenting two fully staged one-act operas, with music by Thomas Z. Shepard and librettos by Sheldon Harnick: "A Pig of a Molette" and "A Question of Faith." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 688-6022. March 26-29 and April 2-3 at 8, and March 30 at 3 and 8. Through April 13.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Presenting Weber's "Der Freischütz," in concert. Eve Queler conducts a cast that includes Hildegard Behrens, Jane Giering, Ben Heppner, and Hans Sotin. (Carnegie Hall. March 28 at 8.)

COMPOSERS CHAMBER THEATRE—Presenting staged excerpts from Otto Luening's opera "Evangeline," as well as concert presentations of shorter works by William Bolcom (the première of songs from his music-theatre work "Wind in the Willows"), Stefania de Kenessey, Ken Guilmartin, and Memrie Innerarity (who will conduct the evening's performances). Presented by Golden Fleece Ltd. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. March 28 and April 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

"TOSCA"—Riccardo Muti directs a concert performance of Puccini's "shabby little shocker" (as an outraged critic of the day dubbed it), featuring Carol Vaness, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Giorgio Zancanaro. With the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Westminster Symphonic Choir. Sharp listeners may catch some unfamiliar details: this is the first American performance to use a new revision of the score by musicologist Roger Parker. (Carnegie Hall. April 2 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. March 29 at 2: Two Mozart symphonies and a violin concerto, with Isaac Stern. . . . ¶ March 30 at 8: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with soprano Benita Valente, mezzo-soprano Maureen Forrester, tenor Vinson Cole, bass Samuel Ramey, and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: Symphonic music by Mozart and Strauss, as well as Saint-Saëns' Second Piano Concerto, with Yefim Bronfman.

CONCERT ROYAL BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—James Richman conducts an all-Mozart program, and doubles as fortepiano soloist in the A-Major Piano Concerto. Also on the program are the Oboe Concerto (with Stephen Hammer), the Flute and Harp Concerto (with Sandra Miller and Marie-Pierre Langlamet), and the motet "Exultate, Jubilate" (with soprano Christine Brandes). (Merkin Concert Hall. March 28 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leonard Slatkin conducts Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy-overture and Vaughan Williams' "A Sea Symphony"; the latter, based on texts from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," features soprano Linda Hohenfeld, bass-baritone John Cheek, and the Boston University Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. March 31 at 3.) . . . **NOTE:** The concert is preceded at 2 by a recital by the Drumfire percussion ensemble, open to ticket-holders.

NEW ENGLAND SYMPHONIC ENSEMBLE—The British conductor and composer John Rutter leads the youth orchestra and its chorus in his own Gloria, the Gloria from Puccini's Mass, and William Walton's score to the 1943 film version of Shakespeare's "Henry V" (which starred, and was directed by, Laurence Olivier). This performance includes readings from the Bard's text, delivered by Philip Bosco. (Carnegie Hall. March 31 at 8.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Olegna Fuschi is featured in four works for piano and orchestra: Busoni's "Indian Fantasy" and concertos by Weber, Schumann, and David Diamond. Thomas Conlin conducts. (Carnegie Hall. April 1 at 8.)

ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE LYON—Emmanuel Krivine conducts music by Berlioz, Ravel, and Rimsky-Korsakov; and Bruno Leonardo Gelber appears as soloist in Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 3 at 8.)

"LA BETULIA LIBERATA"—The New York Grand Opera, conducted by Vincent La Selva, presents Mozart's only oratorio (written when the composer was fifteen). With soprano Katherine Luna, mezzo-soprano Cynthia Munzer, tenor Enrico di Giuseppe, and bass Brian Matthews. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. March 27 at 8.)

BRICK CHURCH CHANCEL CHOIR—Presenting John Stainer's Victorian perennial, "The Crucifixion," directed from the organ by David A. Weadon. (Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St. March 29 at 12:15. No tickets necessary.)

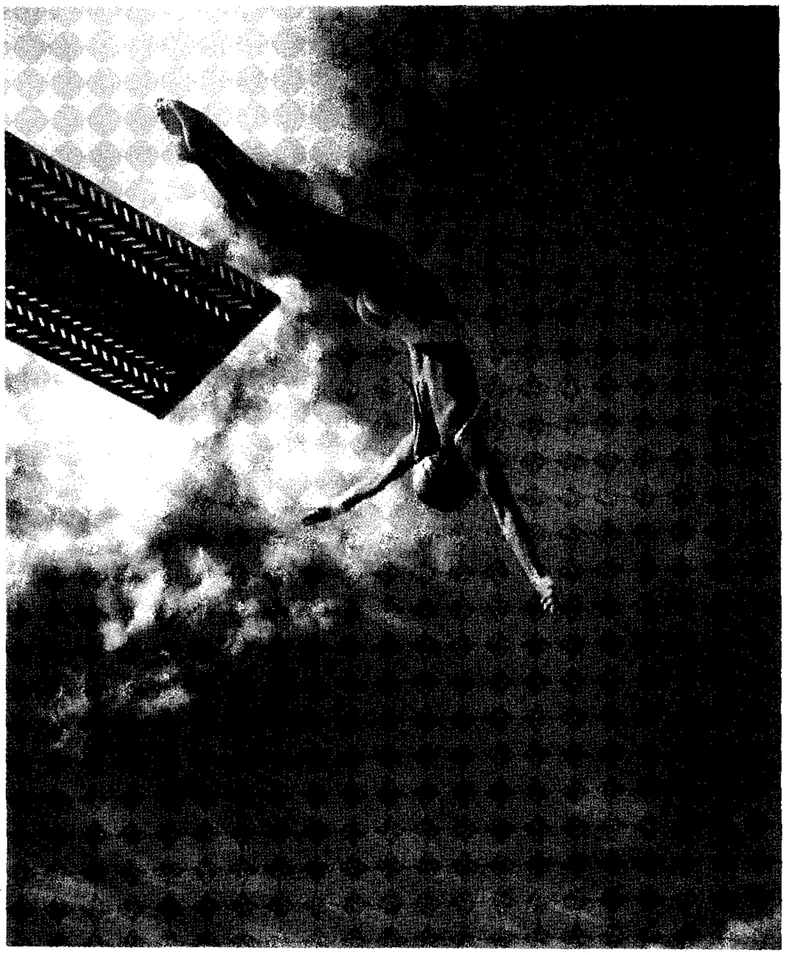
CHELSEA SPACE STATION

Bill Tremblay used to baffle his kindergarten teacher, because he'd spend all of recess staring at the cracks in the playground cement. Now a grownup art student, Tremblay has parlayed his interest in minute landscapes into an art work that is part interactive sculpture and part science project. His "Lunar Surveillance Platform" (at the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, through March 30) is, essentially, a black swivel chair connected to a tiny video screen that transmits a picture of a lunar landscape. The picture is black and white and fuzzy, as if it were actually transmitted from space. In fact, the picture comes from inside a gigantic black octagon six feet away ("a reference to the obelisk in '2001,'" explains Tremblay), where a tiny video camera on a track hovers above a moonscape model. When you turn in the chair, the camera moves, and so does the image on the video screen. Sitting in the chair, you seem to be flying low over sandy valleys and small rock formations. You approach a startling, inky-black horizon, blurry with stars, and just as you seem to be going over the edge the camera turns back toward safer turf. "In my opinion," says Tremblay, "going to the moon was the most incredible thing the U.S. government ever undertook. And all we have to show for it is Teflon and Tang and other so-called spinoff technologies. I wanted to recapture the sense of hopefulness about space. I wanted to make it look as if you could reach out and touch the stars."

CHOIRS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE—Presenting Duruflé's Requiem, with mezzo-soprano Mary Ann Hart, baritone Cheyne Davidson, and organist Dorothy Papadakos; directed by Bruce Fifer. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. March 29 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

MARILYN HORNE—Mezzo-soprano, with pianist Martin Katz, performing the première of "I Will Breathe a Mountain," a cycle of songs by William Bolcom, set to poems by Emily Dickinson and other women. The program also includes works by Vivaldi, De Falla, and Pauline Viardot. A daughter of Manuel García (who, in 1825, introduced Italian opera to New York), Ms. Viardot was a leading mezzo-soprano on the opera and recital stages of nineteenth-century Europe. She also composed (including vocal settings of Chopin's mazurkas) and served as muse to numerous musicians, poets, and authors (es-



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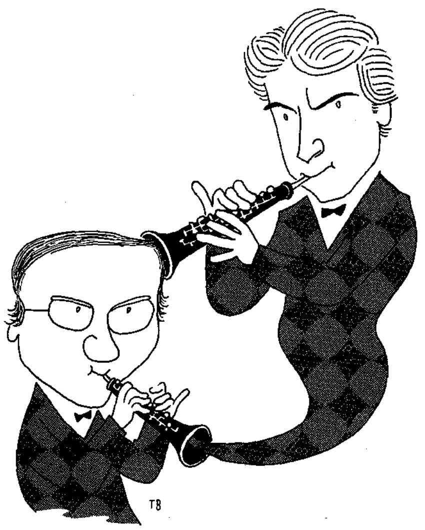


Heinz Holliger and Maurice Bourgue

pecially Turgenev, who was an on-and-off member of her household for years). (Carnegie Hall. March 26 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** The concert is preceded at 6:45 by an interview-discussion with Mr. Bolcom, open to ticket-holders.

20TH CENTURY CONSORT—The eight-member group, the resident contemporary-music ensemble of the Hirshhorn Museum, in Washington, D.C., presents works by Nicholas Maw, Henri Lazaroff, Kathryn Alexander, and Paul Schoenfield. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. March 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RINA DOKSHINSKY—Piano, performing the B-Minor Sonatas of Liszt and Chopin, as well as music by Mozart and Frank Martin. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 26 at 8.)

PETER SERKIN—Piano, performing Mozart's F-Major Sonata, K. 533/494; Beethoven's Six Bagatelles, Op. 126; Chopin's "Bolero"; Brahms' Three Choral Preludes, Op. 122; and more recent works by Oliver Knussen, Alexander Goehr, and Peter Lieberson (his "Breeze of Delight," written in 1989 as a birthday present to Mr. Serkin). (Carnegie Hall. March 27 at 8.)

N.Y.U. CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Presenting a twentieth-century program that includes violin sonatas by John Corigliano and Sergei Slonimsky, the Sonata for Cello and Piano by Elliott Carter, and a choral cantata by Nicolai Sidelnikov. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 27 at 8.)

TALICH STRING QUARTET—The ensemble, formed twenty-seven years ago in Prague, performs quartets by Smetana and Janáček, as well as Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet (with pianist Caroline Stoessinger). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 27 at 8.)

CHAMBER PLAYERS OF THE LEAGUE/ISCM—The ensemble, with featured classical-guitar soloist William Anderson, presents works by Henze, Jolivet, Schuller, Takemitsu, and Sandor Jemnitz (his Duo Sonata for Saxophone and Banjo), as well as premières of pieces by Babbitt and Ursula Mamlok. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 27 at 8.)

AKOSHIA STRING QUARTET—The centerpiece of the group's program is the première of "The Variations Project," a collection of variations by nineteen composers on a theme from Beethoven's Op. 74 string quartet. The project, commissioned by the ensemble, includes contributions from Conrad Cummings, Kamran Ince, Aaron Kernis, David Lang, David Soldier, and Carolyn Yarnell. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. March 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BARGEMUSIC—A string quartet performs Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and, with pianist Christopher O'Riley, piano quintets by Brahms and Dohnányi. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. March 28 at 7:30 and March 31 at 4.)

JOEL KROSNICK AND GILBERT KALISH—The cellist and pianist, with assisting artists, present a seventieth-birthday tribute to composer Ralph Shapey. A strict contrapuntalist of a latter-day serialist stripe, Shapey withdrew his works from public performance between 1969 and 1976 as a protest against the state of the musical world (and, for that matter, of the world in general). The program here includes his "Kroslish Sonata" (composed for the evening's performers) and the New York première of his "Songs of Life." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. March 28 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—Performing quartets by Beethoven and Zemlinsky, and (with Barry Douglas) Brahms' Piano Quintet. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 28 at 8.)

PARTITA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Ten musicians, in various configurations, perform a Beethoven trio; Charles Martin Loeffler's "Two Rhapsodies for Oboe, Viola, and Piano"; the New York première of a quintet by Vivian Fine (inspired by Edvard Munch paintings); and Dohnányi's Op. 37 Sextet (the composer's final chamber work). (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. March 28 at 8.)

MAURICE BOURGUE AND HEINZ HOLLIGER—The two oboists are joined by bassoonist Klaus Thunemann, harpsichordist Christiane Jaccottet, and double-bass player Michael Willens in an evening of Baroque music. The program comprises harpsichord fantasies by J. S. and W. F. Bach, a Telemann bassoon sonata, and three trio sonatas by Jan Dismas Zelenka. Born in Bohemia in 1679, Zelenka travelled and worked throughout Europe. He was most attached, however, to the court at Dresden, where the choicest appointments perpetually eluded him and where he died, unappreciated, in 1745. Nevertheless, his work stands out, thanks to its long and complex themes, harmonic daring, rhythmic quirkiness, and absolute contrapuntal mastery: characteristics that also mark the music of the composer he most consistently resembles—J. S. Bach. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 1 at 8.)

COSMOPOLITAN CHAMBER PLAYERS—Six musicians make their début in this chamber configuration, though concertgoers will recognize most of them as prominent members of New York's free-lance pool. They present chamber music by Mozart, Brahms, and Dohnányi. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 1 at 8.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—The pianist, in a recital postponed from Feb. 10, performs music by Chopin, Ravel, and Schubert (including his A-Major Sonata, Op. 120). (Avery Fisher Hall. April 2 at 8.)

SATURDAY BRASS QUINTET—The ensemble, which was awarded the 1990 Naumburg Chamber Music Award, plays Baroque works by Giovanni Gabrieli, Samuel Scheidt, and Bach, as well as recent compositions by Richard Danielpour, Arvo Pärt, and Stephen Paulus. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. April 2 at 8.)

FLUTE FORCE—Flutist Julius Baker joins the flute quartet in a program that includes music by Ravel (his "Daphnis and Chloé," transcribed for five flutes), Peter Bacchus, and Robert Dick. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 2 at 8.)

HUMBERTO QUAGLIATA—In his New York début program, the Uruguayan pianist presents music from Spain, including pieces by Albéniz (his Fifth Piano Sonata, as well as several shorter works), Granados, and Tomás Marco. (Weill Recital Hall. April 2 at 8.)

KATHLEEN SUPOVE—In a program ominously titled "The Exploding Piano," Ms. Supove presents four works reflecting disparate musical vocabularies prevalent in piano music of the past decade: Tod Machover's fifty-minute-long "Chansons d'Amour" (1982), Randall Woolf's "Dancetudes" (1983), Elena Firsova's Piano Sonata (1986), and Donald Martino's "Twelve Preludes" (1991). (Weill Recital Hall. April 3 at 8.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—Singers Joan La Barbara, Dora Ohrenstein, and Christine Schadeberg perform a contemporary program, including works by Cage and Berio. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 3 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

COCTEAU TWINS—This group (a Scottish trio, actually: Robin Guthrie and Simon Raymonde on guitars and synthesizers, Elizabeth Fraser on vocals) writes shimmery pop tunes built on tinsel-thin melodies that are dreamy and exquisite. What makes their music distinctive is Fraser's voice—her pitch rises faster than Kate Bush's—and although she's lyrically unintelligible (she sounds as if she were singing in a foreign language), the tunes are hummable just the same. The band's latest imaginary-landscape record, "Heaven or Las Vegas," is the closest they've come to mainstream pop, even if the best track is titled "Frou-Frou Foxes in Midsummer Fires." Their shows can be breathtaking. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. April 2 at 7:30.)

"LYRICS & LYRICISTS"—The third program in this season's salute to Richard Rodgers features songs from "Jumbo," "South Pacific," "On Your Toes," and other shows. Performers include June LeBell (narrator), the Manhattan Rhythm Kings, and Ann Hampton Callaway. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 25 at 2 and 8.)

GRATEFUL DEAD—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. March 27-29 at 7:30.

JANE IRA BLOOM—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 2 at 8.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

KNICKS—Vs. the Golden State Warriors, March 28 at 8:30.

NETS—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, March 26. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Bulls, March 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, March 30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, April 2. (Game time, 7:30.)

RANGERS—Vs. the Devils, March 26 at 7:30.

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Boston Bruins, March 30 at 7:35.

DEVILS—Vs. the Hartford Whalers, March 27. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, March 31. (Game time, 7:45.)

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except March 31, at 1. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

GREATER NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AUTO SHOW—The theme this year is "Responsible Motoring," but the approach, as usual, is outrageous. Star cars, such as the DeLorean Michael J. Fox drove in "Back to the Future" and the racer Tom Cruise drove in "Days of Thunder," will be on display, as will "concept cars" for the future and a dancing robot that appeared in "Rocky IV." (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. March 30 and April 7, from 11 to 10:30; March 31 and April 6, from 10 to 8; and April 1-5, from 11 to 10:30. Tickets at the door.)

READINGS—March 28 at 6: Raúl Barrientos and Celemente Riedemann read from their own poetry, in Spanish, and Cecilia Vicuña reads from her poetry, in Spanish and English. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950.) . . . ¶ March 28 at 7: A reading in honor of May Swenson, with Diane Ackerman, Peter Davison, John Hollander, Alicia Ostriker, and others. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: Gretel Ehrlich and Rick Bass read from their own essays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ April 3 at 7: Jack Agueros, Joan Murray, and Carolyn Beard Whitlow read from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

TALKS—April 1 at 8:15: Howard Rheingold talks about virtual reality. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 2 at 5: Jeffrey C. Hall, a biologist, talks about how animals tell time. (Main Building, New York University, 100 Washington Sq. E. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 2 at 8: Harlan Lane and Oliver Sacks talk about deafness. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. No tickets necessary.)

WALKS—On March 30 at noon, Adventure on a Shoestring is sponsoring a walking tour of Beekman Pl. and Sutton Pl. Call 265-2663 for more information. . . . ¶ On March 31 at 10, the Urban Park Rangers go all out, leading a five-hour hike of Central Park. Bring lunch. Meets at 60th St. and Fifth Ave.

MEMORANDA—Good Friday is March 29. . . . ¶ Passover starts at sundown on March 29. . . . ¶ Easter is March 31.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "City Zero" (directed by Karen Shakhnazarov).
Theatre 2: Through March 28: (Separate admissions) "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun), with Mark Salzman; and "Ay, Carmela!" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura and Andrés Pajares. From March 29: "The Comfort of Strangers" (Paul Schrader).
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 4: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).
Theatre 5: "Shadow of China" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi), with John Lone.
Theatre 6: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
March 25: Theatre closed.
March 26: (Separate admissions) "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (1985, Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata; and "American Gigolo" (1980, Schrader), with Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton.
March 27-28: (Separate admissions) "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "Cat People" (1982, Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, and Annette O'Toole.
March 29: (Separate admissions) "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "Blue Collar" (†).
March 30: (Separate admissions) "Pickpocket" (1958, Robert Bresson; in French); "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "Blue Collar" (†).
March 31: (Separate admissions) "Ordet" (1955, Carl Dreyer; in Danish); "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "Blue Collar" (†).
April 1: Theatre closed.
April 2: (Separate admissions) "Patty Hearst" (†); and "Hardcore" (1979, Schrader), with George C. Scott, Season Hubley, and Peter Boyle.
April 3: (Separate admissions) "Patty Hearst" (†); and "Raging Bull" (1980, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 28: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco. From March 29: "Dances with Wolves" (†).

Cinema 12, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Vanishing" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Julia Has Two Lovers" (Bashar Shbib), with Daphna Kastner.
Theatre 2: "Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: "Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol" (Chuck Workman).
Theatre 4: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris.
Theatre 6: From March 29: "The British Animation Invasion," twenty-five short films.
Theatre 7: From March 29: "American Blue Note" (Ralph Toporoff), with Peter MacNicol.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.
Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).
Theatre 6: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Scott Glenn, Kate Capshaw, and Ben Johnson.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.
Theatre 2: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek, Whoopi Goldberg, and Dwight Schultz.
Theatre 3: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris.
Theatre 4: "Class Action" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman. From March 29: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 28: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
From March 29: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon), with Frank Whaley.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese), with Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.
Theatre 2: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek, Whoopi Goldberg, and Dwight Schultz.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman. From March 29: "The Five Heartbeats" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend and Michael Wright.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 28: "Awakenings" (†).
From March 29: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon), with Frank Whaley.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Class Action" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Defending Your Life" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Meryl Streep.
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"True Colors" (Herbert Ross), with John Cusack and James Spader.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "The Hard Way" (†). From March 29: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman. From March 29: "The Five Heartbeats" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend and Michael Wright.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Paris Is Burning" (†). From March 27: "L'Ange" (1982, directed by Patrick Bokanowski) and "Rehearsals from Extinct Anatomies" (1988, the Brothers Quay).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Through March 26: "Blood in the Face" (Anne Bohlen, Kevin Rafferty, and James Ridgeway), a documentary. From March 27: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Grifters" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Class Action" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "The Hard Way" (†). From March 29: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon).

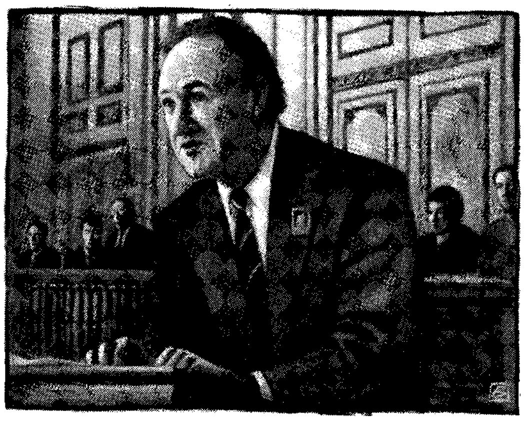
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Heaven and Earth" (Karuki Kadokawa; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: "Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese).
Theatre 4: "Song of the Exile" (Ann Hui; in Cantonese, with Mandarin and English subtitles).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco. From March 29: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon).
Theatre 3: "King Ralph" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 5: "Class Action" (†).
Theatre 6: "Awakenings" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).
Theatre 8: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 9: Through March 28: "The Hard Way" (†). From March 29: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 3: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard



Gene Hackman in "Class Action"

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Pearce), with Sissy Spacek, Whoopi Goldberg, and Dwight Schultz.

Theatre 2: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj).

Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "King Ralph" (†); and "My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Scott Glenn.

Theatre 4: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Theatre 5: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 6: Through March 28: "The Hard Way" (†). From March 29: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"The Doors" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"The Godfather Part III" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Andy Garcia, Diane Keaton, and Talia Shire.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Mister Johnson" (Bruce Beresford), with Pierce Brosnan, Edward Woodward, and Maynard Eziashi.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Theatre 1: "La Femme Nikita" (†).

Theatre 2: "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"Alice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Grifters" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Dances with Wolves" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Class Action" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven, in German), with Lena Stolze.

Theatre 2: "Open Doors" (†).

Theatre 3: "Ju Dou" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"The Hard Way" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.

Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze."

Theatre 6: "The Doors" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 28: "Awakenings" (†). From March 29: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 28: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco. From March 29: "The Five Heartbeats" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend and Michael Wright.

Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "If Looks Could Kill" (directed by William Dear), with Richard Grieco.

Theatre 2: "If Looks Could Kill."

Theatre 3: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 28: "L.A. Story" (Mick Jackson), with Steve Martin, Victoria Tennant, and Sarah Jessica Parker. From March 29: "The Five Heartbeats" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend and Michael Wright.

Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese), with Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci.

Theatre 6: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Godfather Part III" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Andy Garcia, Diane Keaton, and Talia Shire.

Theatre 3: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, Whoopi Goldberg, and Tony Goldwyn.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 28: "The Hard Way" (†). From March 29: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands.

Theatre 2: "Class Action" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (†).

Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through March 26: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964, directed by Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972, Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey.

March 27-28: "Children of Paradise" (1945, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault.

March 29-30: "Entre Nous" (1983, Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Miou-Miou, Guy Marchand, and Jean-Pierre Bacri; and "À Nos Amours" (1984, Maurice Pialat; in French).

March 31-April 1: "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (†); and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

April 2-3: "The Adolescent" (1979, Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "The Slap" (†).

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

Through March 26: "After Dark, My Sweet" (1990, James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern; and "Drugstore Cowboy" (1989, Gus Van Sant), with Matt Dillon.

March 27-30: "C'est la Vie" (1990, Diane Kurys), with Nathalie Baye; and "Pauline at the Beach" (1982, Éric Rohmer; in French).

March 31-April 2: "The Icicle Thief" (1990, Maurizio Nichetti; in Italian), with Nichetti; and "My Twentieth Century" (1990, Ildiko Enyedi; in Hungarian).

From April 3: "Henry & June" (1990, Phillip Kaufman), with Fred Ward, Maria de Medeiros, and Uma Thurman; and "Tropic of Cancer" (1970, Joseph Strick), with Rip Torn.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Through March 26: "Lensman" (1984, Yoshiaki Kawajiri and Kazuyuki Hirokawa), an animated film.

March 27-28: "Robotech: The Movie" (1986, Ishiguro Noburo and Carl Macek), an animated film.

March 29-April 2: "Twilight of the Cockroaches" (1987, Hiroaki Yoshida), an animated film.

From April 3: "Castle of Cagliostro" (1979, Hayao Miyazaki) and "Warriors of the Wind" (1984, Miyazaki), both animated films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 25: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964, Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Face of Another" (1966, Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakada and Eiji Okada.

March 26: "Women in Love" (1970, Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Sons and Lovers" (1960, Jack Cardiff), with Trevor Howard, Dean Stockwell, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears.

March 27: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935, von Sternberg), with Dietrich and Lionel Atwill.

March 28: "The Shopworn Angel" (1938, H. C. Potter), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Walter Pidgeon; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (†).

March 29-30: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948, Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946, Charles Vidor), with Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

March 31: "The Big Heat" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956, Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.

Aprll 1: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; and "The Silence" (1964, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.

April 2: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967, Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood; and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (†).

April 3: "The Lion in Winter" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—April 1 at 2:30: "In Which We Serve" (1942, directed by Noël Coward and David Lean), with Coward, John Mills, and Bernard Miles. . . . ¶ April 1 at 3: "Reveille" (1917, Georg af Klercker; a Swedish silent film). . . . ¶ April 1 at 6: "Since You Went Away" (1944, John Cromwell), with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ April 1 at 6: "Gypsy Love" (1916) and "Prisoner of Karlsten's Fortress" (1916), both Swedish silent films, by af Klercker. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2:30: "Since You Went Away." . . . ¶ April 2 at 3: "Calle's New Underclothes" (1916) and "The Daughter of the Lighthousekeeper" (1918), both Swedish silent films, by af Klercker. . . . ¶ April 2 at 6: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940, John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and John Carradine. . . . ¶ April 2 at 6: "Mother-in-Law Goes Out" (1916) and "Love's Victory" (1916), both Swedish silent films by af Klercker.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—An international festival of new films by new directors. March 25 at 6: "The Guard" (Aleksandr Rogoschkin, U.S.S.R.). . . . ¶ March 26 at 6: "The Birthday Trip" (Lone Scherfig, Denmark). . . . ¶ March 26 at 9 and March 27 at 6: "Homemade Movie" (Fumiki Watanabe, Japan). . . . ¶ March 27 at 9: "Outremer" (Brigitte Rouan, France). . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "The Story of Boys and Girls" (Pupi Avati, Italy). . . . ¶ March 28 at 9: "The Ballad of the Sad Café" (Simon Callow, Great Britain and United States). . . . ¶ March 29 at 6: "Outremer." . . . ¶ March 29 at 9: "The Birthday Trip." . . . ¶ March 30 at 12:15: "The Ballad of the Sad Café." . . . ¶ March 30 at 3: "Sirup" (Helle Ryslinge, Denmark) . . . ¶ March 30 at 6: "Emil & Fifi" (Brett J. Love, United States) and "Interpretation of Dreams" (Andrei Zagdansky, U.S.S.R.) . . . ¶ March 30 at 9: "Atlantic Rhapsody" (Katrin Ottarsdottir, Faroe Islands). . . . ¶ March 31 at 12:15: "Emil & Fifi" and "Interpretation of Dreams." . . . ¶ March 31 at 3: "The Story of Boys and Girls." . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "Atlantic Rhapsody." . . . ¶ March 31 at 9: "Sirup." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 877-1800, ext. 489.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Programs about contemporary comedians and people who influenced them. Roseanne Barr: March 26-30: "Guilt by Dissociation" (1989, ABC), an episode of "Roseanne"; "The Unemployment Story" (1976, CBS), an episode of "All in the Family"; and "TV or Not TV" (1955, CBS), an episode of "The Honeymooners." . . . From April 2: "Slice of Life" (1990, ABC), an episode of "Roseanne"; "The Birth of Pebbles" (1962, ABC), an episode of "The Flintstones"; and "The Mating Game" (1968, ABC), an episode of "That Girl," with Marlo Thomas. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ "On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." March 26-30: "Gala of Stars" (1981, PBS), with Marilyn Horne, Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma, Itzhak Perlman, Victor Borge, Liza Minnelli, and others. . . . From April 2: "A Viennese Gala in Carnegie Hall" (1980, Bravo), with the Tonkuenstler Orchestra. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Salute to Monty Python." March 26-30: Episodes 6-10 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From April 2: Episodes 11 to 15 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15, 2:30, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:15 and 2:30; and Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—March 30 at 1: "Sincerity and Duplicity" (1973-80, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 31 at 1:30: Five short films by Brakhage. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2:30: "The Roman Numeral Series" (1979-81, Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 31 at 3:30: "Confession" (1986, Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 31 at 4:30: "Tortured Dust" (1984, Brakhage).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—

March 25 at 6:30: "The New Morning of Billy the Kid" (1986, Naoto Yamakawa; in Japanese) and "Another Side" (1980, Yamakawa; in Japanese). . . . ¶ March 29 at 6:30: "Paradise View" (1985, Go Takamine; in Japanese) and "The Summer Yuki Gave Up Rock Music" (1978, Shunichi Nagasaki; in Japanese).

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—March 27 at 1: "Ida B. Wells" (1990, William Greaves), "Langston Hughes: The Dream Keeper" (1988, St. Clair Bourne), "Nationtime, Gary" (1972, Greaves), and "From These Roots" (1974, Greaves). . . . ¶ March 27 at 6: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Spike Lee), "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989, Bourne), and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles). . . . ¶ March 28 at 1 and 4:15: "Lord Chango" (1974, Ray Marsh), with Lawrence Cook; and "The River Niger" (1976, Krishna Shah), with James Earl Jones and Louis Gossett, Jr. . . . ¶ March 28 at 6:30: "Sister, Sister" (1980, John Berry), with Diahann Carroll; and "Nothing But a Man" (1963, Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abby Lincoln, and Gloria Foster. . . . ¶ March 29 at 1 and 4:40: "The FBI's War on Black America" (1990, Denis Mueller); "Black & Blue" (1987, Lamar Williams); and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cook. . . . ¶ March 29 at 6:30: A program of comedy on film, with Redd Foxx, Skillet & Leroy, and others.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

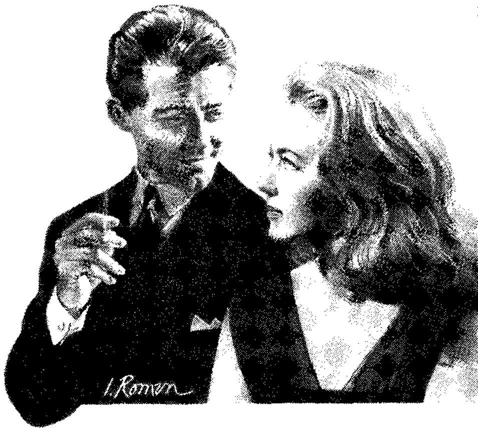
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Alice—Woody Allen's latest picture is an awkward blend of whimsy and moralizing. The title character, played by Mia Farrow, is a pampered Upper East Side lady-who-lunches. She lives in a huge apartment with her handsome husband (William Hurt), her adorable children, and a staff, and she looks terrific. But her life, the movie tells us, is totally empty and false. A Chinatown doctor (Keye Luke) gives her a variety of herbal remedies to knock the yuppie malaise out of her system. One of them makes her invisible; one makes her irresistible to men; and so on. As these fantasy episodes mount up, Alice begins to see how artificial her life is, how far she's strayed from the pure ideals of her Catholic girlhood, how much more love she needs than she has been getting, and what a revolting piece of Wasp slime her husband is. In the end, the heroine seems, incredibly, to have redeemed herself through self-absorption; the movie doesn't benefit from any such miracle. Although there are more jokes here than in any of Allen's last few features, the picture isn't really a comedy; it's a sermon with gags.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/90.) (Loews Fine Arts.)

Awakenings—This adaptation of Oliver Sacks' account of the awakening of post-encephalitic patients who had been "living statues" for decades is persuasive in its own terms, but it's also a near-perfect example of Hollywoodization. In the book, Sacks, the fabulist of illness, is drawn into his patients' aberrant states—he sees their abnormalities as brilliantly unique forms of consciousness to be charted. In the movie, the director, Penny Marshall, works the audience. She keeps zapping us to feel the humanistic, the obvious; her forte is to make blandness ring true. The movie is all about the doctor (Robin Williams) being a caring individual; Sacks, who's sensitized to prodigious kinds of experience, is turned into an absent-minded professor banging his head. As for Robert De Niro, who's the prize patient—well, when you're playing a silent, somnolent person who wakes up and soon after erupts into madness, you certainly give the impression that you're acting. As the head nurse—a role that's an embarrassment—Julie Kavner still manages to give the best performance.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ 59th Street East Cinema, and Metro Cinema; through March 28.)

Blue Collar (1978)—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader in his début as a director, with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit autoworkers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged and methodical, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto, as a man who's gentle and pleasure-loving, and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat with mean, calculating little eyes. Script suggested by Sydney A. Glass's source material.—P.K. (Public Theatre; March 29-31.)



Gérard Philipe and Jeanne Moreau in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses"

Class Action—In this high-concept legal thriller, directed by Michael Apted, Gene Hackman plays a flamboyant lawyer who specializes in civil-liberties and consumer-advocacy cases, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio plays his daughter, an ambitious associate in a slick corporate-law firm. The script—by Carolyn Shelby, Christopher Ames, and Samantha Shad—contrives to pit the father and the daughter against each other in a negligence suit against an auto manufacturer. Sparks, both personal and professional, are meant to fly, but the Hollywood engineers who designed this piece of product have cut a few too many corners: the thriller plotting is predictable, the family drama is broad and sentimental, and the connections between them are facile. The actors are often saddled with lines so solemnly false that you feel like leaping out of your chair and shouting, "Objection!" Yet Hackman and Mastrantonio somehow manage to impart lifelike rhythms to their scenes together: their skill keeps this rickety contraption from stalling completely. Also with Colin Friels, Joanna Merlin, Larry Fishburne, Donald Moffat, and Fred Dalton Thompson.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

Dances with Wolves—Set during the Civil War, this big Indians-versus-Calvary epic is like a New Age social-studies lesson. Kevin Costner, who directed and is the star, has an untroubled face and laid-back diction. As Lieutenant Dunbar, a Union officer, he sees that the Sioux have a superior culture and he changes sides. This is a nature-boy movie, a kid's daydream of being an Indian. When Dunbar has become a Sioux named Dances with Wolves, he writes in his journal that he knows for the first time who he really is. Costner has feathers in his hair and feathers in his head. He and his friend Michael Blake (who worked up the material with him in mind and then wrote the novel and the screenplay) are trying to show the last years of the Sioux as an independent nation from the Sioux point of view, and it's probably that sympathy for the Indians that the audience responds to. But Costner is a moviemaking novice: instead of helping us understand the Sioux, he simply makes the Sioux like genial versions of us. This three-hour Western weeper, with its sluggish action and poorly shaped scenes, was made by a bland megalomaniac. (The Indians should have named him Plays with Camera.) Shot in South Dakota; the wide-screen cinematography, by Dean Semier, is spacious and open at times, and there are fine images of buffalo pounding by.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; starting March 29.)

The Doors—Oliver Stone's film about the sixties rock group focusses on Jim Morrison, its lead singer and main songwriter, who died in 1971, at the age of twenty-seven. Morrison (played by Val Kilmer) presented himself as a combination of shaman and *poète maudit*, and he was a star in life and a legend in death because he made the physical, intellectual, and spiritual excesses of the counterculture sexy. The movie is pure exploitation—an extended, self-important freakout. Stone gobbles up Morrison and the sixties and rock and roll as if they were drugs; he seems less interested in interpreting the Vietnam era than in simply appropriating as much of its unruly, orgiastic energy as he can. He reduces the richly contradictory experience of that period to the myth of Morrison, and, in the process, reduces Morrison and the Doors as well: the movie restricts the viewer's freedom to imagine the sixties culture as anything but a movement with a single voice, or to imagine the Doors as anything but a metaphor. (Kilmer is physically convincing as Morrison, but his performance can be only an impersonation; what the script—by Stone and J. Randal Johnson—gives him to play is the icon, not the man.) For a while, the obviousness and flat-out vulgarity are sort of entertaining, and it might be possible to enjoy the movie as a camp classic if you could ignore the mean-spiritedness that keeps breaking through—the fundamental hostility Stone seems to feel toward his subjects. He wants to turn the audience (and himself) on, but the movie's bad faith and tabloidlike sensibility leave us exhausted and depressed; we feel like voyeurs of our own memories. Also with Meg Ryan, Kathleen Quinlan, and Michael Wincott; the other Doors are played by Kyle MacLachlan, Frank Whaley, and Kevin Dillon.—T.R. (3/11/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

La Femme Nikita—The end of French cinema as we know it. Written and directed by Luc Besson. With Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and (in a cameo) Jeanne Moreau. In French.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Good, the Bad and the Ugly (1968)—In this Sergio Leone spaghetti Western, if a man crosses a street in Santa Fe, the street looks half a mile wide; a farmer's hut has rooms opening into rooms into the distance, like the Metropolitan Museum; a cowtown hotel has a plush lobby big enough for a political convention. The movie is like "High Noon" and "The Ox-Bow Incident" and a dozen others all scrambled together and playing in a giant echo chamber. The bad men are enormously, preposterously evil—larger-than-life parodies—and each wound they inflict is insanely garish. The change of scale is rather fascinating. This Western, set in our Civil War period but shot in Spain, looks more foreign to us than an ordinary Italian film. With Clint Eastwood, Eli Wallach, and Lee Van Cleef. Score by Ennio Morricone.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

The Grifters—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate, Myra (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy comes to luscious life. These chisellers never got a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. And they smack us with discord; we're watching a form of cabaret. Huston is astounding—you can see why the son is getting even with her by throwing his life away, and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. (This is a picture with two competing femmes fatales.) It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. (It even has great opening titles.) With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

Guilty by Suspicion—Can a mannequin acquire political consciousness? That's the only question raised by this flaccid anti-HUAC morality play. Judging from Robert De Niro's hollow impersonation of a blacklisted director, the answer is no. Irwin Winkler, the veteran producer, who here makes his writing-directing début, has designed De Niro's hero as a good-hearted liberal (circa 1951) who just wants to keep making movies without naming names. Winkler and De Niro hope to forge a magnet for sympathy and instead construct a vacuum. The politics get sucked right in. Only peripheral figures turn out to be lapsed or unrepentant Communists, or even steady sympathizers. The victims include a Joseph Losey-like director (played with amusing snap by Martin Scorsese) and a Dorothy Comingore-like actress (Patricia Wettig, in a stupefying histrionic exhibition). More energy went into creating composite characters than into analysis or drama. The result is less a political rouser than an Old Left mix and match. How virtuous is this movie? Annette Bening plays De Niro's ex-wife—a schoolteacher. Because of the blacklist, they kiss and make up.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Hard Way—Michael J. Fox has said that when he and James Woods teamed up on this numbing farce, they decided to be "cheap, fast, and funny." They got two out of three. With Fox as a congenial Hollywood superstar and Woods as a volatile New York City cop, the movie turns self-parody into self-defeat. The premise sounds promising: Fox apes Woods' every move to research the role of a headstrong cop. But the director, John Badham, reduces the potential Pirandellian horseplay to a series of lame Tinseltown "in" jokes. As a lightweight glamour boy, Fox devalues his own affability. Woods gives intensity a bad name. There may be no surprises left in this performer's bulletproof acrimony, and the script (by Daniel Pyne and Lem Dobbs, from a story by Dobbs and Michael Kozoll) shoots him one expletive-dotted diatribe after another, as if a temper and a mouth were proof of integrity. The moviemakers struggle to be witty and knowing—when the antagonists seal their friendship in the obligatory post-"48 Hrs." fistfight, another character comments on their "male bonding." But even at its most cartoonishly self-aware, "The Hard Way" remains a dullard as well as a contradiction in terms—wholesome, babyfaced camp. Stephen Lang plays the bad guy (a serial killer) and Annabella Sciorra the good woman (a single mother) who bring Woods and Fox together—the easy way.—M.S. (Baronet, and Regency. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and National Twin; through March 28.)

Ju Dou—It's been compared to James M. Cain, but the postman barely rings once in this tale of adultery Chinese style. In a small mountain village in the twenties, an impotent dye-mill owner (Li Wei), crazed over his lack of an heir, tortures his beautiful young bride (Gong Li). She seeks comfort in the arms of his worker nephew (Li Bao-Tian). There's no compelling plot, only the grinding inevitability of fate and tradition. The director, Zhang Yimou, simply metes out punishment to the lovers, the tyrant—and the audience. The lovers' son does most of the damage. He has the lethal power of the Children of the Damned—unfortunately, without the gimmicky zest of their eerie, glowing eyeballs. Yimou started out as a painter and still photographer. He remains one, devoting more attention to the dye mill's set design than to the story or the characters. The bolts of fabric are colored in subtle, vivid hues; the people are made out of whole cloth. In Mandarin.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza.)

King Ralph—With John Goodman in the Dudley Moore role of the amiable slob and Peter O'Toole doing a John Gielgud number as his mentor, this high-concept low comedy should have been called "King Arthur." Goodman plays a small-time Vegas singer-pianist who ascends to the English throne after a freak accident slaughters the Royal Family. O'Toole tutors Goodman in the ways of the crown, while John Hurt plots to wrest the title from him. The movie treats its star as a prize bull in one of the china capitals of the world: on its own degraded terms, the comedy's high point comes when the hero upends a glass at a formal dinner and sparks a wine-spewing chain reaction. King Ralph is the Ugly American retooled as the Obese American. He can think of nothing better to do with his new status than barbecue on the terrace of Buckingham Palace. But we're expected to love him for his earthy honesty, and to adore the noble Englishman O'Toole for his selflessness and style. It's a lose-lose proposition. Goodman's romantic interest is a commoner played by Camille Coduri, but Joely Richardson is the regal scene-stealer. As a deceptively icy Finnish princess, she speaks in a voice pitched so low that it could summon deep-sea creatures from the North Atlantic, and she turns an elegant gait into lascivious carriage. Co-starring Richard Griffiths; written and directed by David S. Ward, who based the script on Emlyn Williams' novel "Headlong."—M.S. (Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1959)—Valmont and Juliette, the eighteenth-century characters in the Laclos novel, are former lovers who, writing to each other about their strategies, targets, and fresh conquests, turn love into something as studied and calculated as war. They take the love out of love. Modernizing the story, the director Roger Vadim ties things up rather neatly by having Valmont (in a tired, too-sweet performance by Gérard Philipe—his last) and Juliette (Jeanne Moreau at her ravaged best) married. In Laclos the pleasure seems to be in carrying out the plan, achieving the victory—a triumph of austere, rational conquest; in Vadim's version a sensuous aura surrounds and permeates the objects. The first scene of Marianne (Annette Stroyberg) in the snow, her mouth open in laughter for a romantic eternity, isn't on a much higher level than the *Playboy* bunnies of the month; Vadim uses sex and jazz all mixed together in a cheap and sensational way that was probably exotic for the French in the fifties. But, using these elements, he attempts to give them a rhythm and feeling that are, at least, unusually high-class commercialism. With Jeanne Valerie, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Simone Renant. Background music by Thelonious Monk; party music by the Jazz Messengers with Kenny Clarke. In French.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; March 31-April 1.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the twelfth-century court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own 1966 play. On the Broadway stage this play seemed to be an entertaining melodrama about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters playing Freudian games of sex and power, but it was brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order, and the point of view is too limited and anachronistic to justify all this howling and sobbing and carrying on. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II—he's so robust he almost carries the role off. Not a small feat when you have to deliver lines such as "Well, what shall we hang? The holly or each other?" and "The sky is pocked with stars." Goldman's dialogue can't bear the weight of the film's aspirations to grandeur, and, as Eleanor of Acquitaine, Katharine Hepburn does a gallant-ravaged-great-lady number. She draws upon our feelings for *her,* not for the character she's playing, and the self-exploitation is hard to take. With Timothy Dalton as King Philip of France and Anthony Hopkins as Prince Richard. The cinematography is by Douglas Slocombe. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

Mr. & Mrs. Bridge—An adaptation, by the Merchant-Ivory team (the director James Ivory, the producer Ismail Merchant, and the writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala), of Evan S. Connell's novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City. Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. They're monsters of moderation. At the beginning of the film, Ivory seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility. The picture gets by, initially, on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Newman doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects, and his scrupulousness pays off. The character seems not more likable but more human than it does in the novels; by very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude. And Woodward, too, gives a delicate, subtle performance; she embodies a foolish woman vividly and unpatronizingly. But the screenplay retains the static quality of the books' construction, so at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. And Ivory's perspective on the material seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae—a surfeit of period detail. (The action takes place in the late thirties and early forties.) In the end, the Bridges aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us; they're the Ambersons without the magnificence. Also with Blythe Danner, Kyra Sedgwick, Robert Sean Leonard, Margaret Welsh, and Simon Callow.—T.R. (12/3/90) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

New Jack City—A Saturday night not-so-special, with juicy bits and pieces. Mario Van Peebles' primitive but energetic antidrug melodrama stars Wesley Snipes as a self-made crack king, Ice-T and Judd Nelson as the cops who try to bring him down, and Van Peebles himself as their boss, modestly named Stone. The screenwriters, Thomas Lee Wright and Barry Michael Cooper, portray Snipes' charismatic villain as a brutal ghetto cousin of the eighties white-collar criminals. He believes that a man must "rob to get rich in the Reagan era." He also must extort and murder. In the most jolting sequence, he turns an entire building into a crack apartment house. The narrative is a hash. With its combination of alienation and derring-do, "New Jack City" is like *Melvin* Van Peebles' "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" and Brian De Palma's "Scarface" (it contains clips from both) crossed with "Serpico" and earnest TV cops-and-robbers series. When the drug lord's romantic problems come to the fore, you wonder if you missed an episode. As a whole, the movie resembles sixties biker movies as well as seventies blaxploitation films: the camera keeps riding the action, and the cast is loose and entertaining. (Chris Rock, of "Saturday Night Live," is the sacrificial crackhead, and Tracy Camila Johns, of "She's Gotta Have It," shows up as a hussy.) Snipes, in particular, both acts up a storm and stays calm at the center of it. His character injects a touch of scuzzball baroque: the odd ridge of his hair style emerges from the fury of his brain waves.—M.S. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and West Side Cinema.)

Open Doors—An Italian courtroom drama, adapted from a novella by Leonardo Sciascia. Both the novella and the film, directed by Gianni Amelio, are based on an actual criminal case—the 1937 trial, in Palermo, of a Fascist bureaucrat accused of murdering his wife and two of his colleagues. The killer (played by Ennio Fantastichini) freely admits his guilt, and knows that the punishment mandated by Mussolini's government —which he has served enthusiastically—is death. But the trial isn't the purely formal exercise that everyone expects it to be: one of the judges, Vito Di Francesco (Gian Maria Volonte), keeps fouling up the works by calling new witnesses and conducting lengthy, irrelevant-seeming interrogations of them. He wants to slow the proceedings down, to give his fellow-judges and the jurors time to consider the gravity of their responsibility—

and perhaps to reconsider their authority to pronounce a sentence of death. The irony inherent in Di Francesco's strategy is that he is using his judicial powers in order to delay, or possibly avoid, exercising a judicial power he finds terrifying. Amelio treats the story, for the most part, as a conventional docudrama with an anti-capital-punishment message. The movie isn't bad at all—it just goes flat every now and then. Volonte, however, is a wonder. He looks slighter now than he did in his great roles of the sixties and seventies, but he's still a forceful presence: even when he seems to be doing nothing, you can't take your eyes off him. His role here isn't a flashy one; it's all stillness and reserve and long, thoughtful walks. Volonte's movements have a lyrical precision: they often evoke the images of aging we find in the radiant late poems of Yeats. Also with Renzo Giovampietro and Renato Carpentieri. Cinematography by Tonino Nardi. In Italian.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Paris Is Burning—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate images and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. The movie is a sympathetic observation of a specialized, private world; it doesn't feel like a violation or an intrusion (or a dissertation). It has its share of sobering, and even tragic, moments, but its spirit is buoyant, because it never strays too far from the crazy exuberance of the ballrooms. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Film Forum.)

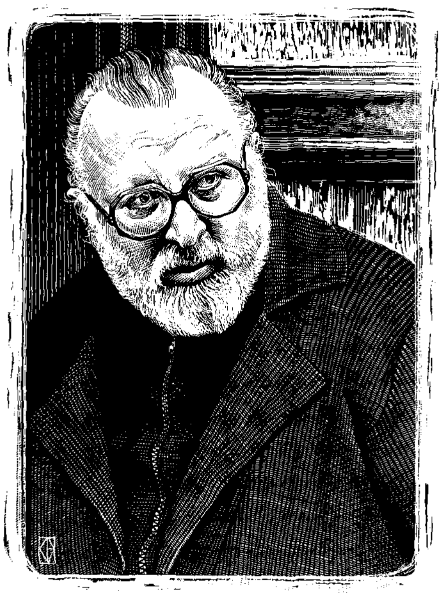
Patty Hearst (1988)—It's unlikely that this stylized movie of ideas will appeal to a large audience, but on its own terms it's a lean, impressive piece of work. Directed by Paul Schrader, from a bilge-free script by Nicholas Kazan, it's a distanced presentation of the kidnapping of the nineteen-year-old heiress, in 1974, by an eight-member terrorist group that called itself the Symbionese Liberation Army, and of her subsequent participation in the group's holdups, and of her trial. The whole series of events is like a nightmare that's all of a piece—a kid's nightmare that no one's on your side. And it answers the question that people asked before, during, and after the trial: Did Patty Hearst become part of the S.L.A. willingly, out of conviction, or was she simply trying to save her life? The movie shows you that, in the state she was in, there was no difference. Natasha Richardson, who plays Patty, has been handed a big unwritten role; she feels her way into it, and she fills it. We feel how alone and paralyzed Patty is—she retreats to being a hidden observer. Patty is a girl who is raped in mind and body, and no longer knows when it started. The picture seems flat for a long time, but when Patty's capture by the S.L.A. is followed by her capture by the police, everything starts to add up, and suddenly the film is overwhelming. With William Forsythe, Dana Delany, Jodi Long, and Ving Rhames. The score is by Scott Johnson.—P.K. (Public Theatre; starting April 2.)

The Silence of the Lambs—Adapted from a novel by Thomas Harris, Jonathan Demme's thriller is artful pulp—tabloid material treated with intelligence and care and a weird kind of sensitivity. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an earnest F.B.I. trainee who is selected to interview Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a psychiatrist who is also a famous mass murderer; her superiors hope that Lecter's twisted expertise can somehow be used to help them catch a serial killer known as Buffalo Bill, who flays his victims. In the course of the movie, these conversations between the trainee and the psychiatrist turn into edgy, complex transactions in which she reveals pieces of her inner life in return for his hints on how to find the killer. Hopkins plays the monster with a fine, cold relish; he gives the character a mesmeric animal stillness, the terrifying opacity of a cobra. And the impact of his performance is heightened by its contrast with everything surrounding it: the scrupulous realism of Demme's style, the mundane details of police procedure, and, in particular, the emotional transparence of the heroine. Demme keeps our attention on Starling and her shifting reactions to the world, and his most striking achievement in this picture is his direction of Jodie Foster. The suspense of this manhunt isn't of the straight-ahead kind we're used to: it's reflective, oscillating between approach and avoidance—it has an unnerving intimacy. Also with Scott Glenn, Ted Levine (as Buffalo Bill), Anthony Heald, and Brooke Smith. The screenplay, which is extremely faithful to the novel, is by Ted Tally.—T.R. (2/25/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

The Slap (1974)—Isabelle Adjani playing a charmingly thoughtless, petulant, fibbing teen-ager in a heartwarming French comedy of the sort that generally isn't imported, because it's assumed that Americans who go to foreign films won't be attracted by the French equivalent of the Debbie Reynolds and Sandra Dee movies of the late fifties. (Adjani was a big hit in France in this role.) Claude Pinoteau directs competently, but the movie is contrived out of spun sugar and endless misunderstandings. Lino Ventura and Annie Girardot are the heroine's estranged parents. With François Perrin, Nicole Courcel, Jacques Spiesser, and Georges Wilson. Written by Jean-Loup Dabadie and Pinoteau; music by Georges Delerue. In French—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 2-3.)

Sleeping with the Enemy—Julia Roberts, as a frightened young wife who fakes her death and changes her identity to escape her rich husband (Patrick Bergin), a psychopathic perfectionist. Roberts is an incredible object—you can at least see why a perfectionist would want to hang on to her. But she's a blank goddess here, and the settings—Cape Cod and Cedar Falls, Iowa (both shot in North and South Carolina)—are uninspiring. The director, Joseph Ruben, does a smooth job, with snappy editing every time there's a cut to the enraged husband on the wife's trail. There are no surprise twists, though; the picture is a glossy combination of secondhand, showing-off-Julia scenes from "Pretty Woman" and secondhand scares from "The Stepfather." Ronald Bass's script, out of a novel by Nancy Price, is one letdown after another. With Kevin Anderson, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Nancy Fish. The score, by Jerry Goldsmith, keeps plugging away at ominousness.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through March 28.)

The Vanishing—George Sluizer's film has a simple, powerful thriller hook: a young Dutch woman, Saskia (the radiant Johanna Ter Steege), vacationing in the South of France with her boyfriend, Rex (Gene Bervoets), walks into a highway rest stop to buy soda and beer and never comes back. Rex's search for Saskia, which takes place over several years, produces suspense of an unusually melancholy kind. This fiendishly intelligent little movie is adapted from a novel called "The Golden Egg," by the Dutch writer Tim Krabbé (who collaborated with Sluizer on the adaptation), and its form is essentially literary. It's a sophisticated example of the sort of hermetic intellectual mysteries that Borges is famous for; the fates of Saskia and Rex are worked out with an almost geometric precision. But the movie's rigor isn't alienating, and its symmetries are evocative rather than merely clever. The film is about ordinary lives interrupted, hijacked out of time, and Sluizer, with documentary-style attentiveness to detail, does justice to the varied beauty of ordinariness. The narrative is constructed with flawless elegance, but the movie is far less self-contained than it seems; traces of deep feeling keep escaping from the artifice, like puffs of breath into cold, thin air. Not many thrillers have the sort of suggestiveness this picture has. It's a small classic. In Dutch and French.—T.R. (1/28/91) (Cinema 12.)



Sergio Leone, director of "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly"

The director Ernst Lubitsch and the writer Samson Raphaelson agreed that their enchanting 1940 collaboration, "The Shop Around the Corner" (playing March 28 at Theatre 80 St. Marks), was their truest work. If any movie deserves the adjective "timeless," it's this one. It's a distinctively bittersweet comedy about all the romance and intrigue that arise among the employees of a Budapest leather-goods and gift shop. The movie kids—and honors—men and women who hope to build a life around a steady job and family and to make their co-workers a family, too.

The central love story between James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan is virtually a love quadrangle played out by two people. Stewart is the top employee at the shop; Sullavan is a saleswoman hired over his professional objections. They don't know it, but they're already smitten with each other when they meet. They've been conducting an anonymous and increasingly amorous "Dear Friend" correspondence about "cultural subjects." In their letters, Stewart and Sullavan are passionately, whimsically high-minded. On the job, they banter evasively to deny the flirtatious tugs pulling at them. They need to fuse their chivalric dreams with their everyday lives. Stewart and Sullavan are in tune even when the lovers are in discord. If the 1932 Lubitsch-Raphaelson farce "Trouble in Paradise" is an ideal movie about seduction, "The Shop Around the Corner" is the consummate movie about courtship.

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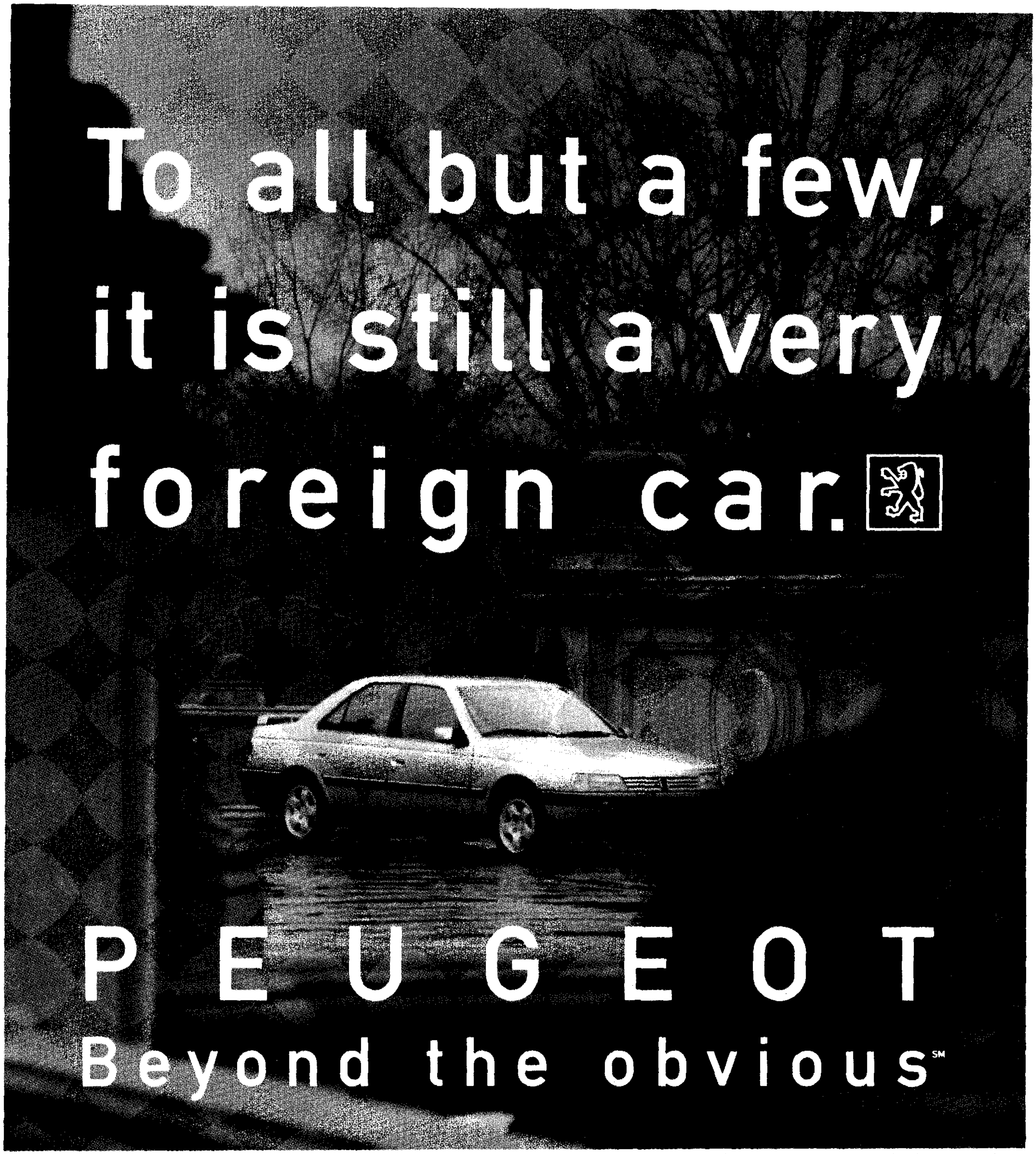

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN February, Admiral James Watkins, the Secretary of Energy, declared in a letter to the American people that the Bush Administration had devised a strategy that "charts a course for greater energy efficiency, improved environmental quality and a more secure energy future." The strategy itself is outlined in a two-hundred-and-sixty-four-page document that is the product of eighteen months of public hearings throughout the country, during which witnesses from industry, local and state government, and citizen groups offered some twenty-two thousand pages of testimony. For the Department of Energy to solicit the public's views so exhaustively before formulating its strategy seemed commendable; now, however, it seems disingenuous, for in the department's final report the public's advice is largely ignored.

When Admiral Watkins released an interim report, last April, he noted that the single clearest message to emerge from the hearings was the need to increase energy conservation throughout the economy. That message, however, had all but disappeared by the time President Bush endorsed the National Energy Strategy before the White House press corps, in February, and it was the President's own staff that eliminated it. The Washington *Post* reported that officials in the White House Office of Management and Budget crossed out by hand at least four sections of the Energy Department's proposals for legislation to create incentives for energy conservation. The Energy Department had also forwarded a list of sixty-seven policy options to the White House; many of those, too, were deleted from the final report, including most of the ones advocating greater energy efficiency.

As a result, the National Energy Strategy does little more than pay lip service to conservation. The bulk of the plan's attention and most of its research dollars are directed instead toward the traditional goal of increasing the supply of energy through such measures as drilling for oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and the outer continental shelf, developing alternative fuels, and building more nuclear power plants. In the words of Christopher Flavin, the vice-president for research of the Worldwatch Institute, which publishes an annual "State of the World" survey of environmental progress, "they've got proposals to drill in virtually every pristine area you can think of, but when it comes to efficiency, the most they can talk about is possibly proposing legislation to put energy-efficiency labels on light bulbs, which really doesn't do much."

The tragedy is that improving efficiency is clearly the fastest and cheapest way both to reduce oil imports and to limit the amount of carbon dioxide released into the atmosphere by the combustion of fossil fuels. Amory Lovins, the director of research at the Rocky Mountain Institute, has written, "Improving America's 19-mile-per-gallon household vehicle fleet by three miles per gallon could replace U.S. imports of oil from Iraq and Kuwait. Another nine miles per gallon would end the need for any oil from the Persian Gulf." By contrast, the National Energy Strategy asserts that "our Nation and the world are likely to depend *more* on Middle East oil suppliers under any realistic scenario for the foreseeable future."

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Some defenders of the status quo have taken to arguing that greater efficiency is necessary but not sufficient to meet the challenges ahead. Mark Kerrigan, an Energy Department planner, says, "You're not going to get there with just one method; you need more of everything." Yet the Bush Administration wants to lavish favors on the oil, coal, natural-gas, and nuclear-power industries while giving only tiny increases to research and development of solar and other renewable forms of energy. Such a clear double standard runs counter to the free-market ideology that is said to motivate the White House's energy policy—when it comes to choosing who gets subsidies, political clout accomplishes more than intellectual principle—and so casts doubt on the sincerity of the Administration's general approach to environmental questions. It also highlights the degree to which corporate and bureaucratic interests continue to resist the kind of reforms needed to save the earth. Environmentalists have scored important victories since they called for the first Earth Day, twenty-one years ago, and it is now politically wise for George Bush, an oil man, to declare himself "the environmental President" and for his Energy Department to adopt environmentalists' rhetoric about efficiency and ecological sensitivity. But changing the language of the debate is different from changing the content of the policy, and in the end what we do, not what we say, will determine the future of our planet.

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Plowing His Own Furrow

Howard W. Moore, a conscientious objector who was court-martialled during the First World War and sentenced to five years at hard labor for refusing to serve in the Army, and his wife, Louise, recently held an open house to celebrate his hundred-and-second birthday. Howard and Louise, who is seventy-eight, live upstate, just north of the village of Cherry Valley, in a stone house they built on farmland that his family had worked since 1828. Set high on a hill, the house has a spectacular view of the Mohawk Valley and the peaks of the Adirondacks, forty miles away, and on its grounds are thousands of trees that Howard has planted, including a magnificent stand of eighty-foot Norway spruce, which he put in as six-inch seedlings seventy years ago.

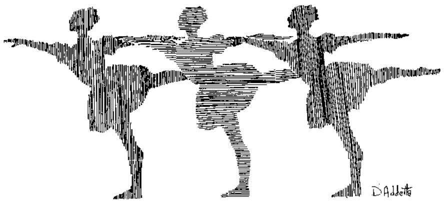
On his birthday, Howard, whom age has shrunk from five feet eight to five four, and who drives around outside in an electric golf cart when the weather is good, arose at seven, had his usual breakfast—of prunes, oatmeal, graham crackers, and decaf coffee—and then did his daily fifteen minutes of yoga and stretching exercises. Between noon and six o'clock, a steady stream of visitors, about thirty in all, came by to wish him well, reminisce, and partake of sparkling grape juice and cakes—one with five candles—arrayed in the dining room. Howard didn't blow the candles out, Louise said, "because he doesn't think it's sanitary." One guest, Martin Sorin, who was toting a video camera, said that he had a grant from the New York Council for the Humanities to make a documentary on Howard's life. "Howard's the oldest living conscientious objector in the country," he said.

Ever ready to stand by his belief in pacifism, Howard recalled without bitterness the hostility that greeted him after he returned to Cherry Valley from prison, in 1920. "Why, some of my own relatives would pass me by," Howard said. "If I met someone I knew on the street, they would cross over. If they were in a group, they would mumble about 'that son of a bitch.' I was barraged with lumps of coal, and when I went up to the creamery to deliver milk the men threw the cans back, so that my horses would bolt."

Louise is a Mount Holyoke graduate, but Howard, who left the farm at fourteen to work in Manhattan, only finished the eighth grade. In the city, he worked for the telephone company, as a switchboard expert, and in his spare time he immersed himself in works by Aristotle, Henry George, Edward Bellamy, George Bernard Shaw, Kant, Hegel, and Veblen. "I had nothing to do at night but read," he said.

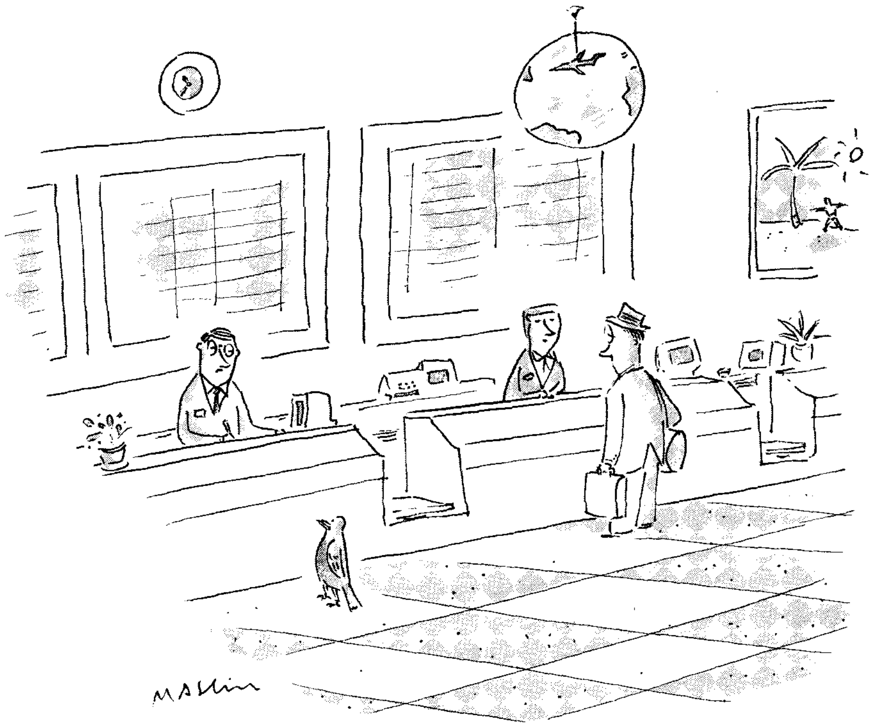
An agnostic and never a member of any party, Howard claimed no religious or political objections to service when he was drafted, in 1918. In his autobiography, "Plowing My Own Furrow," which he wrote at the age of ninety-five, he based his stand on the philosophical conviction that "war was futile and its use as an instrument of national policy a confession of moral bankruptcy."

In prison, Howard was an "absolutist," the name given to conscientious objectors who absolutely refused to do noncombatant duty of any kind, accept a furlough for farm work, or obey any order given by anyone in military uniform. "There were about thirty of us, and we were stubborn and defiant," Howard said. "But I am not an *absolute* pacifist. I have been asked 'What would you do if your mother was attacked, or you saw a child being beaten?' and my answer is that I would do everything in my power to stop it." At Fort Riley, Kansas, where Howard was first imprisoned, he joined a number of other C.O.s in a hunger strike. Orderlies force-fed him through a rubber tube, and then yanked it out so quickly that, Howard said, "it felt like your stomach was getting pulled out of your mouth." Later, when Howard was in the Fort Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks, the New York *World* reported that he "scored more infractions of the rules than any other man ever confined there." Guards beat him unconscious with clubs and put him in solitary confinement in a rat-ridden cell with neither bed nor blanket. He was fed bread and water, and was manacled in a standing position to the bars of the door for nine hours a day. After six months or so, Howard was transferred to Fort Douglas, Utah, and was again beaten unconscious, this time with a toilet seat, but when the incident came to light he refused to testify against the guard who did the beating; the man was only acting under orders, he said. "Afterward, the Catholic chaplain told me that he had been discharged from the Salt Lake City chapter of the Knights of Columbus for saying that this was a great demonstration of the Christian attitude of turning the other cheek," Howard recalled. "But I don't want you to think I'm being self-righteous about anything. I don't want to be egotistical. Everyone has to come to his own decision and stand by it."



On the day before Thanksgiving in 1920, the Army suddenly released Howard. "Only two of us were left at Fort Douglas, a biology professor and myself," he said. "They told us, 'You're keeping a whole company here.' The Army also concluded that we were getting too much publicity. The Civil Liberties Union, Roger Baldwin, Norman Thomas, and others had made protests." Howard was given a dishonorable discharge and a train ticket home. He raised a crop of buckwheat, sold it for five hundred dollars, and then left for Manhattan; this time, he sold brushes door to door, became an efficiency expert, and worked for the W.P.A. Then, in 1939, he returned home to care for his parents and start a berry business—a business that he and Louise still continue, in a small way. In 1942, when the government ordered all men between forty-five and sixty-five to register for the draft, Howard presented himself at the district attorney's office in Utica and announced that he would again refuse to serve. A United States marshal arrested him and immediately freed him. He went home, and never heard from the government again.

To the obligatory question "To what do you attribute your long life?" Howard's reply was "To my genes, g-e-n-e-s, and my jeans, j-e-a-n-s. What creative living I've done has been done in jeans, farming." When he was asked what had kept him going, he said, "That would be the answer I gave to Arthur Dunham. It's in my book." In the book Howard writes that Dunham, a religious objector, once asked him "If you don't believe in God, what sustains you?" and he answered "My own sense of moral responsibility. To accept an authority outside oneself is to deny oneself the right to make an ultimate decision. Understanding that and the consequences likely to follow is to know freedom in the deepest sense."



THE FIRST ROBIN OF SPRING: SCHEDULED TO DEPART ORLANDO AT 1 P.M. AND ARRIVE AT LAGUARDIA BY 4 P.M.

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Light the Lights

JUST as dusk falls on midtown Manhattan this coming Thursday evening, Mayor Dinkins, standing amid assembled dignitaries on a viewing platform on Forty-second Street between Vanderbilt and Park Avenues, will throw an outsize switch commanding a hundred and twenty-four thousand watts of precisely aimed floodlights perched high overhead. Then, as heads tilt upward and breaths are held, the majestic, remote night-time silhouette of Grand Central Terminal—or, at any rate, about seventy-two per cent of it—will, for the first time in the terminal's seventy-eight-year history, be awash in sparkling light. A torrential yellow-orange billow of photons will come cascading down on the station's Forty-second Street façade from the southwest, and a sort of undertow of cooler and slightly weaker white-blue light, with a splash of pink in it, will slap the same expanse from the southeast.

There seem to be two basic schools of thought about the kind of effect that building owners and city lovers hope to achieve when they light up a skyscraper or a public building at night: one group tries to extend the bustle and the ordinariness of daytime—this is the kind of lighting found in baseball stadiums and at Rockefeller Center—while the other sets out to celebrate the softness, the melting away, and the shedding of cares which night brings with it. For outstanding local examples of the latter, take a look at the electrically reinforced full moonlight that drifts down onto the pinnacles of the Lady Chapel at the Madison Avenue end of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and at the quiet luminescence that slides across the marble front of the New York Public Library.

Some buildings metamorphose—or, at least, change clothes—in other ways at night: the Helmsley Building slips into gold lamé, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Tower becomes a candy box or, as the season dictates, a Christmas tree or an Easter egg. Grand Central's new lights will apparently draw on all these lighting traditions: a bath of warm light will be tempered by a shower of cool light, to soften the shadows, and there will be some supplemental highlighting of the statues and the big clock on top of the terminal. Lighting designers say that nighttime lighting can help you orient yourself and can enliven a city by revealing the motion of the place as it passes in front of you, but our own sense is that the chief benefit of all this added light is not that it does these things, or even that it makes anyone feel more comfortable, or more animated, or safer on the streets, but that it helps, night after night, to ratify the future of New York. Every new light seems like a promise that the place will endure, because—look!—here's another building that people haven't given up on.

The Grand Central Partnership, which was formed by a group of property owners who want to restore and stabilize the office district around the railroad station, has raised three million dollars for the lighting of Grand Central, and two weeks ago, up on the rooftops of Forty-second, Arthur Rosenblatt, a master refurbisher of New York City public places and a vice-president of the Partnership, introduced us to some of the mechanisms that help make possible the Partnership's promise of urban stability. Twenty feet above the roof of the Bowery Savings Bank Building, and two hundred and forty feet above street level, two electricians, Bobby Gaynor and Mike Udle, and one of the partners of MJC Electric, Inc., Rocky Riccardelli, sat astride a set of steel beams for eight hours on a frosty night that happened to be the anniversary of the Great Blizzard of 1888, focussing thirty-six floodlights under the supervision of Joseph Zaharewicz, who is the project manager for Sylvan R. Shemitz

Associates, the lighting designer. Down on the roof, George King, a superintendent for MJC, stomped around, warming his hands and turning on whatever floodlight needed adjustment.

The Bowery Building is considered the "fill" building for Grand Central; that is, most of the lights it carries have the comparatively cool colors intended to fill in the shadows cast by warm "key" lights to be aimed from the two-hundred-and-ninety-foot-high setback in the front of the Lincoln Building. But the Bowery also carries four key lights, which will throw some light down on about a sixth of the length of Grand Central's almost hidden east side—the side that faces the side of the Grand Hyatt Hotel. The Bowery also carries special spots to highlight Grand Central's statues of Mercury, Minerva, and Hercules, and the Grand Central clock, and will make that enormous timepiece glow like a jewelled pocket watch hanging high in the sky. (The symbolism attached to the giant statues is a little muddy: Whitney Warren, a designer of the terminal, said they represent mental and moral energy supporting the glory of commerce, but a Metro-North brochure renders their function as symbolizing mental and "mortal" energy.) Each Bowery floodlight has a little notched, retractable aluminum plate attached to its base which can be swung up into place and used like a gun sight for aiming the light, but Zach Zaharewicz had opted for "eyeballing" down the side and along the bottom of each light.

Bobby: "Whattya think about Hercules, Zach?"

Zach: "A little higher on his chest. Yup, it's right there."

George (from below): "It looks good to me."

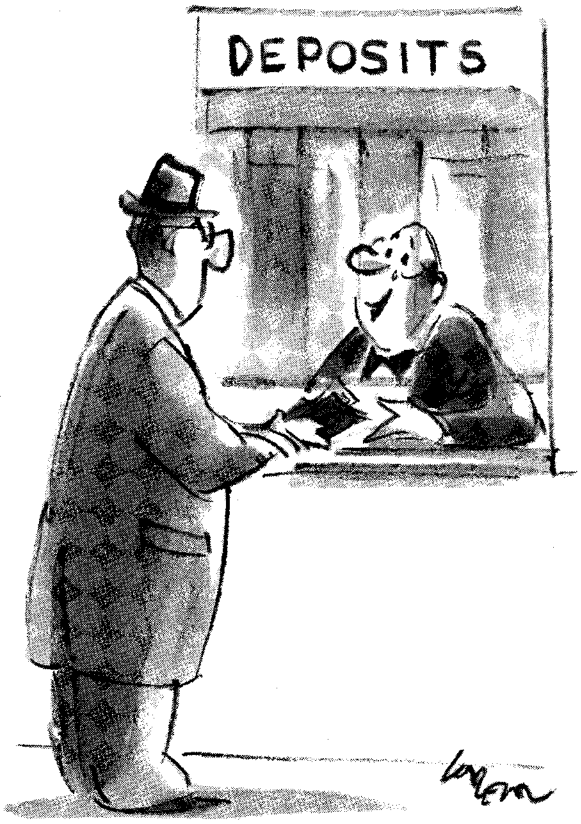
Rocky: "We ain't talking to you. We're mad at you."

George: "Why?"

Rocky: "We haven't figured that one out yet."

Two days later, at lunchtime, we slipped through the quiet of the 60 East Club, a businessmen's lunch club on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh floors of the Lincoln Building, to gawk at some extraordinary contraptions that Olaf Sööt, one of the world's leading designers of special-purpose machinery, has designed for the building's twenty-sixth-floor setback. Because the owners of the Lincoln Building stipulated that no floodlights installed on it could block the daytime view from the twenty-seventh floor, Mr. Sööt has mounted fifty-two floodlights on five formidable-looking platforms that move up and out from the setback and over the side of the Lincoln Building and can swing back at the touch of a button. "Scud launchers," Brian Sanders, one of the electricians working on these devices, calls them. Each platform can withstand hurricane-force winds, and can return to within two-thousandths of an inch of the spot it sat in the previous night.

The following week, Marjorie Anders, who is the deputy press secretary for Metro-North, Grand Central's current tenant, climbed with us up three dusty ladders to a perch behind the terminal's big clock. The railroad is planning a major renovation of the clock later this year, but she wanted to show us what she would do to it in the meantime, to get it ready for the floodlights. Each of the clock's numerals sits in a circle of ruby-red stained glass, and the center dial of the clock is also stained glass—a yellow sunburst surrounded by pale-blue sky. But all the colors have been dimmed by years of grime. Marjorie pulled out a handkerchief and wiped away a huge smudge. "Well, that's the first blow," she said. "I just wanted you to see. Later this week, we're coming back up here with an industrial-strength bottle of Windex."



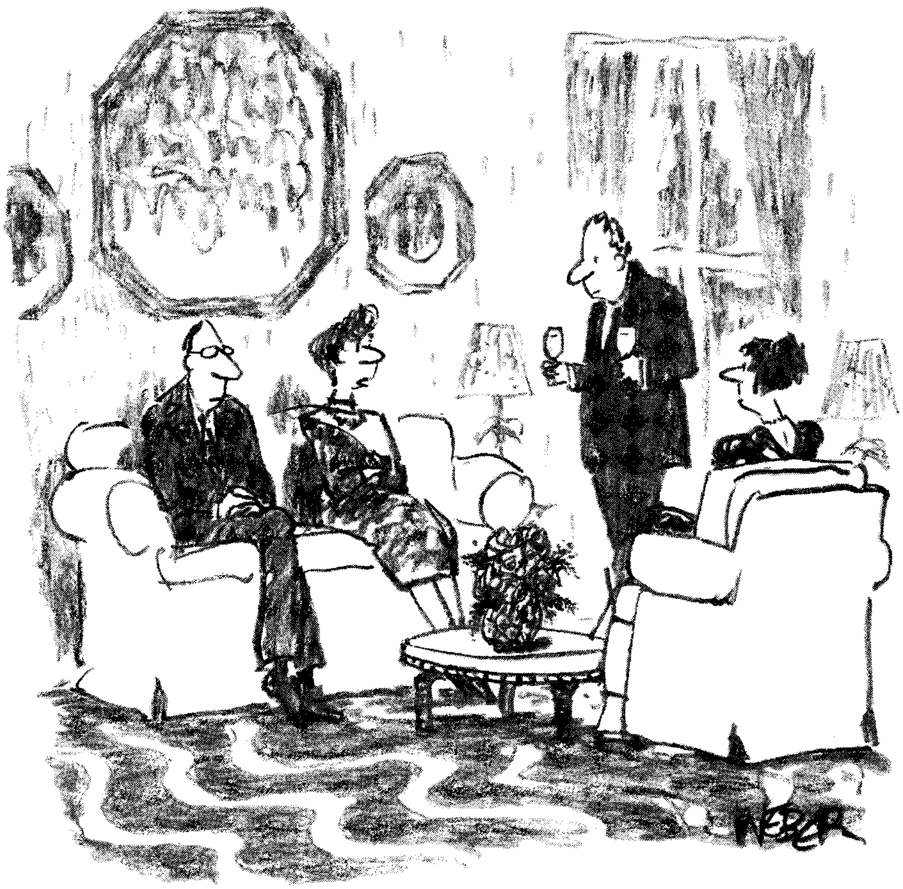
"God bless you, sir."

Chocolate

THE fake banana split with the real M & M's looked pretty good, but the real banana parfait with the fake Brooklyn Bridge looked better, so we had some of that. We also had about one and a half bites of a bagel that had been dipped in chocolate, and a Milky Way, and a few of those new Hershey's Kisses that have almonds in them, and some chocolate chips. And a box of Milk Duds. Period. Plus a Diet Coke and a Butterfinger. Then we sort of wandered around eating miniature peanut-butter cups, which we like better than full-size peanut-butter cups, which we also ate about five of.

We did all this in our professional capacity, while attending a press reception to mark the beginning, last month, of the second annual American Chocolate Week. The reception was given by the Chocolate Manufacturers Association of the U.S.A., and it was held in the penthouse of the Parker Meridien Hotel. Chocolate Week is the time of year when Americans are supposed to "collectively proclaim their devotion to chocolate," according to a press release we got a couple of weeks before. The press release also said that most Americans would rather eat chocolate in the presence of their loved ones than in the presence of Madonna or Tom Cruise.

While we waited for the official festivities to begin, we toured the penthouse. We saw some candy bars impaled on metal skewers, like shish kebab. We saw a wooden chest that was filled with fishnets, seashells, and foil-wrapped chocolate money. We heard a man describe himself as "a food stylist and a food eaterist." We watched Albert Kumin—a former White House pastry chef, and an instructor at Vie de France's International



"I was against the war, but my objections fell on deaf ears."

• •

Pastry Arts Center (in Elmsford, upstate)—use chocolate to make a foot-tall statue of a hedgehog.

A few feet away from Kumin's table was a somewhat hedgehog-shaped man wearing a purple beret and a blue smock. This was our old friend Morris Katz, the world's most prolific painter, and he was using melted chocolate and colored frosting to make a picture of the Statue of Liberty. "Let me give her some lipstick," Mr. Katz said, using a large palette knife to scoop up a bit of some red frosting that he had spread across New York Harbor a few moments earlier. "This is the lady that winked at me when I came to America from Poland forty-two years ago. She was standing there holding a pile of chocolate in her hand. 'Here, Morris Katz,' she said. 'Become a famous painter. Paint with chocolate.' You are welcome to ask me questions. I have all the answers."

A few minutes later, a woman stepped up to a microphone and said, "To kick off today's festivities, we have an especially wonderful treat for you. In their début performance in New York, let's give a big hand to the CocoaLovelies." The CocoaLovelies, whom our press release had described as "dancing chocolate characters," turned out to be three young women from the accounting department of Ogilvy & Mather Public Relations. Each was wearing gold shoes, brown tights, and a puffy plush costume that looked a little like an enormous, elongated, fuzzy brown pumpkin with eyes, big lips, and a hat. The costumes were meant to suggest cacao pods, which are the source of cocoa liquor, the most important ingredient of chocolate. The CocoaLovelies danced and sang ("I don't care about pleasure boating, Just give me love with a chocolate coating") for several minutes. Their song, which had a tropical rhythm, was called "Cocoa d'Amour."

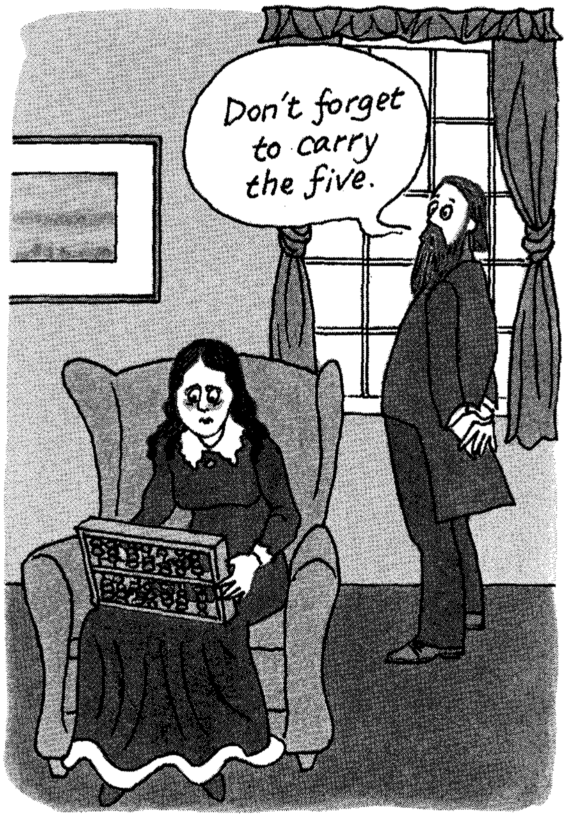
Afterward, the CocoaLovelies presented pod-shaped chocolate trophies to this year's inductees into the Chocolate Hall of Fame. The inductees were Kumin, who had designed the trophies; Joan Steuer, the founding editor of the magazine *Chocolatier*, and the co-author of a recent book about brownies; and Nina Zagat, who, with her husband, Tim, publishes the Zagat restaurant surveys. (Morris Katz was inducted last year. "I don't know where I'm going to be inducted this year," he told us.) After the ceremony, the CocoaLovelies walked around, bumping into things. We asked one of them how she had become a CocoaLovely. She was silent for a moment, then said, in a muffled voice, "CocoaLovelies can't really talk through their costumes."

We had better luck with Ardia A. Dayton, whose company, Character Translations, had designed the CocoaLovelies' costumes. We asked her what other costumes her company had designed. "There's a long list," she said. "We do costumes for the National Football League. We do Tony the Tiger, for Kellogg's. Let's see. We do costumes that appear in Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. We do Barbie, He-Man, Captain America, Ziggy, Spiderman— No, scratch that, not Spiderman."

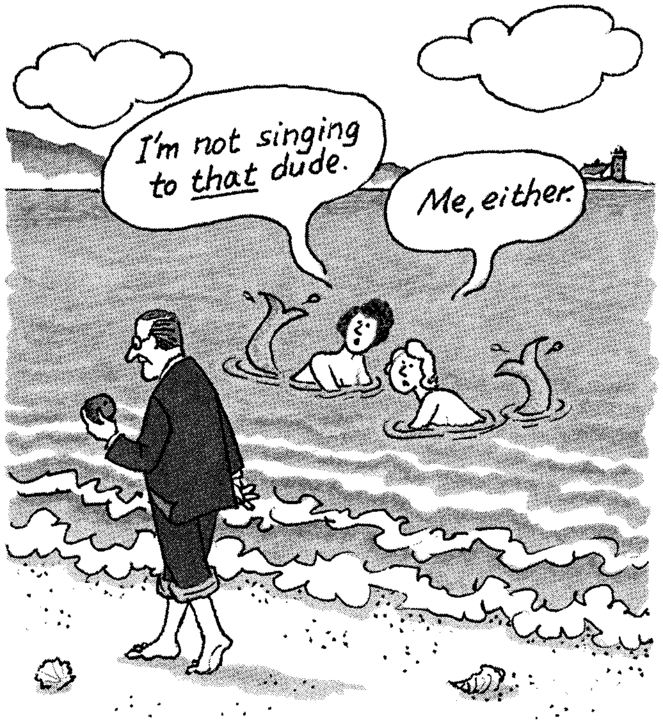
A few feet away, Richard T. O'Connell, the president of the Chocolate Manufacturers Association, was having his picture taken. He was smiling broadly and holding a ten-pound block of chocolate across his chest. The photographer said, "Get your mouth a little closer to the bar." A woman standing near O'Connell said, "No, we did that for *People*."

When the photographer was finished, we went up to O'Connell and told him we were surprised to find that chocolate needed so much promotion. "Chocolate *is* great for promoting itself, but we like to add a little to it all the time," he said. He told us that chocolate was America's favorite flavor by a margin of three to one, that sales of chocolate had been up eleven per cent in 1990, and that May would be National Candy Month. He also said that women eat more chocolate than men do. We asked him if he knew why, and he said, "We've tried to fathom that. We think that part of the reason—and this is a guess—is that chocolate has a satisfaction effect. It has a soothing effect, and that seems to attract women. When men buy chocolate, they tend to consume it right away. When women buy chocolate, they often take it somewhere else to consume it. It's a different style of eating. That's the best we can come up with."

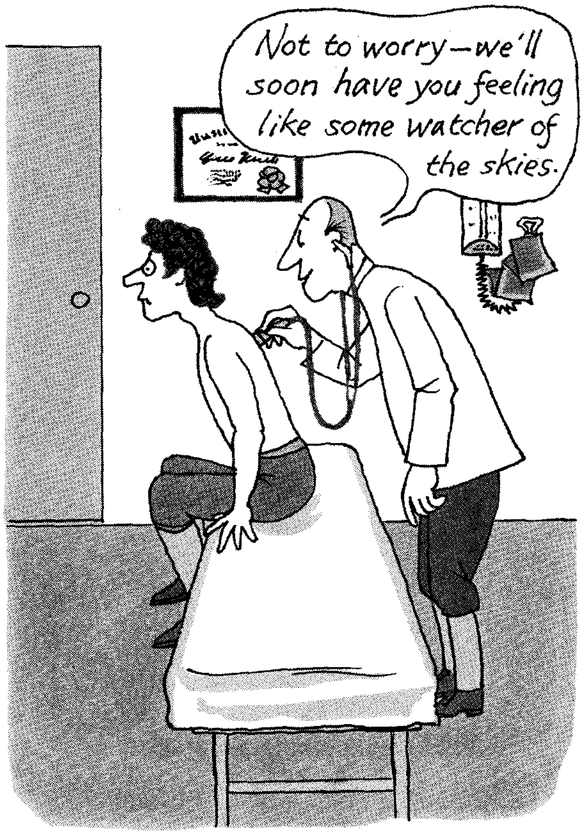
POETS' CORNER


Don't forget to carry the five.

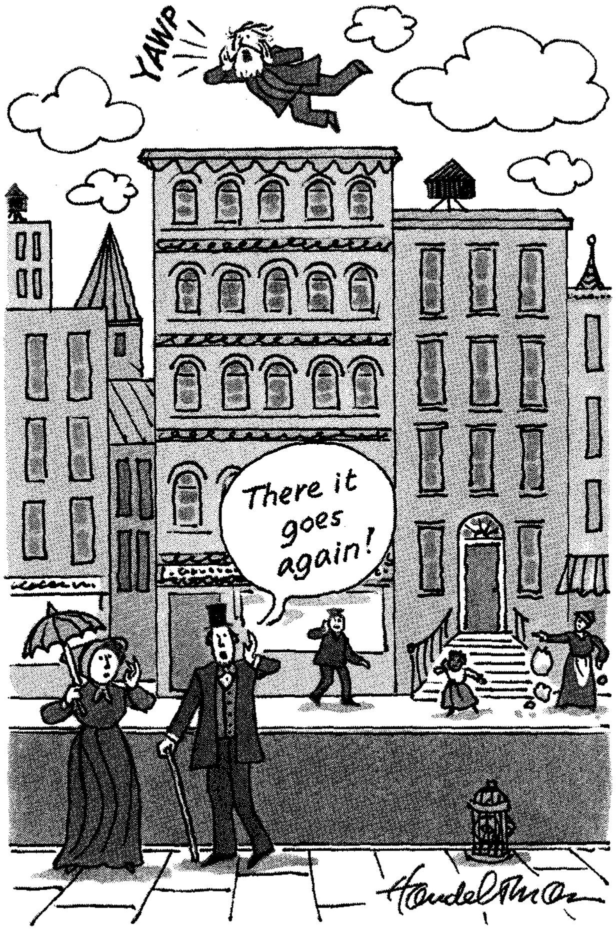
With the aid of an abacus, Elizabeth Barrett Browning counts the ways.


I'm not singing to that dude.
Me, either.

T. S. Eliot lacks the courage to eat a peach.


Not to worry—we'll soon have you feeling like some watcher of the skies.

Keats's heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains his sense.


YAWP
There it goes again!

Walt Whitman sounds his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

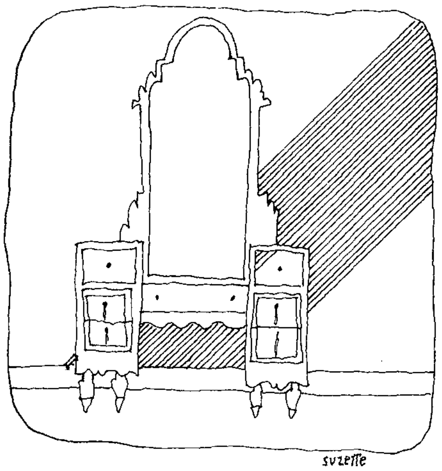
ONIONSKIN

Dr. Friedell,

THIS is to apologize if I offended you in class a few weeks ago, though I realize you probably forgot the whole thing by now. I was the one who stood up and said Fuck Augustine. What I meant was I didn't take the class to read him, I took it to learn about religion—God, prayer, ritual, the Madonna mother-goddess figure, forgiveness, miracles, sin, abortion, death, the big moral concepts. Because obviously I am not eighteen and I work, so school is not an academic exercise for me, and not just me, as I'm sure you'd realize if you looked around the room one of these days and saw there are thirty and forty-year-olds and some a lot older than you are in the class—the point is, when you've been through marriage, kids, jobs, welfare, and the whole gamut and you come back to school you're ready for the real thing, and as far as I'm concerned Augustine's Conception of the Soul or whatever is not it. What is "it"? you're asking—well, that's what I came to find out, so you tell me. Obviously what you are paid for is to deal with the big religious issues and you are not dealing with them, which is what I was trying to point out when I made that remark in class, which I apologize for tone-wise but not for the feelings behind it.

My feelings still are that basically as a "mature student" I was supposed to feel grateful that the University of Hawaii let me in or gave me a second chance on life or whatever, like I am the lowly unwashed and I should come in the gates to be blessed by the big phallus. Or I am a housewife coming "back" to "school" driving my white Isuzu and eating my curds and whey. Look, I didn't come to salivate at your office door. You like to make distinctions, so you should make distinctions between you the employee and me the customer. You're the guy behind the counter. Can I take a guess at what you're thinking?—"Another crazed woman in my class anti the educational system." But I'm not, I'm putting everything I've got on the line for religion.

Because the thing is that after I walked out on your class I sat down by the sausage trees near Moore Hall and I started watching the undergrads walking by in their Bermuda shorts going to lunch without a thought in their heads. I felt bad because for some reason I sort of believed in the universe part of university, that it was all about Life and Time and God, and Freedom, and when I got back in it was just so male and linear and there wasn't any magic in the religion classes, it was all a construct—the angels were symbols and the miracles were just things in nature. So I got up and took all my books to the bookstore and sold them back (for less than half what I paid for them) and I went home—a room in a termite palace. As I was saying before, I felt really bad because I think you might have the wrong idea about me—you probably don't know how into school I really was. I originally dropped out of Simmons in 1974 for a lot of reasons, my father died for one thing, but basically because I didn't see myself in school at that time in my life. The only thing I could really see myself doing was folk dancing—I was in the original core Israeli folk-dancing group at MIT, which you probably have never even heard of, but it's actually nationally famous—it's almost like the model for all the other clubs in the country. I spent those "college" years living in Brighton and dancing. When I say dancing I'm talking about a way of life—I knew over two hundred dances and I also did Balkan. We would get over to MIT and dance straight from 8:30 to 11 pm, steaming into Walker Gym straight from the snow to sweat like you would not believe. We stripped down every night from coats, sweaters, and boots to tank tops, gauze skirts, bare feet, and cutoffs, and when we left we were so hot we carried our parkas under our arms. I actually knew a lot of the key people in the folk scene and performed in New York at some of the big festivals. So that was kind of my "schooling." I was a secretary—actually for two years I temped, we were all menial slaves in the folk club, with a few graduate students and programmers sprinkled in. At the time I was in a relationship with one of them, which is how I ended up going to Hawaii—he had an upgrade deal. After a week he freaked out and took off for Fiji, and I was stranded at a fleabag joint in Waikiki with about twenty-two dollars to my name and the room bill.



When he took off I sold my return ticket and got a job busing tables at Zippy's, then I worked in the kitchen doing prep, then I worked in the find-a-pearl oyster stand in the International Marketplace, then I sold gold electroplated cockroaches when they were in, then I sold paraphernalia and sex toys in back where Oriental Imports used to be, behind The Stop Light and the bikini store on King Street, then after that place folded I got a job in Crack Seed World, then I landed a job in luggage at Shirokya, worked at Longs Drugs checkout, and did inventory at The Good Earth. I was thinking about going back to Boston. Thinking a lot, Dr. Friedell—it was happening at an underground level. I realize you aren't interested in what kind of thinking a student who walks out of Augustine is experiencing, because you can't think about anything that hasn't been totally hashed out already by geniuses—that's the impression you give me anyway, all that stuff about us living on the last mushroom of the dunghill of Romanticism and the pygmies on elephants and all you can do when you go back to school is learn how to use the library and document everything. Why do they make such a big deal about plagiarism if it's all been said already? Not that I think you're actually reading this, since it's written on onionskin in ballpoint when you only accept typed stuff.

While I was working those different jobs I taught folk dancing at Kaimuki Y (once) and the Temple (five x). I went to a Hebrew class at the Temple because I was teaching all these dances to Israeli music and I didn't know Hebrew, but every time we would get past the alphabet some new guy or some kid would come into the class and we had to learn the alphabet again, so I never got beyond the letters. A total joke. Rabbi Seigel up at the Temple used to go on these digressions, so obviously we never got anywhere, and finally after class I went up and said, "Rabbi, aren't we all just wasting time in here?"

He looks at me under the fluorescent lights in the Learning Center, which is all white linoleum and woodgrain tables and green plastic chairs, and nailed up on the walls all the Old World stuff, those ticky-tacky pictures of the bearded men, and Rabbi Seigel in his suit with his silver tiepin. "Sharon," he says, "I'm sorry you feel that way."

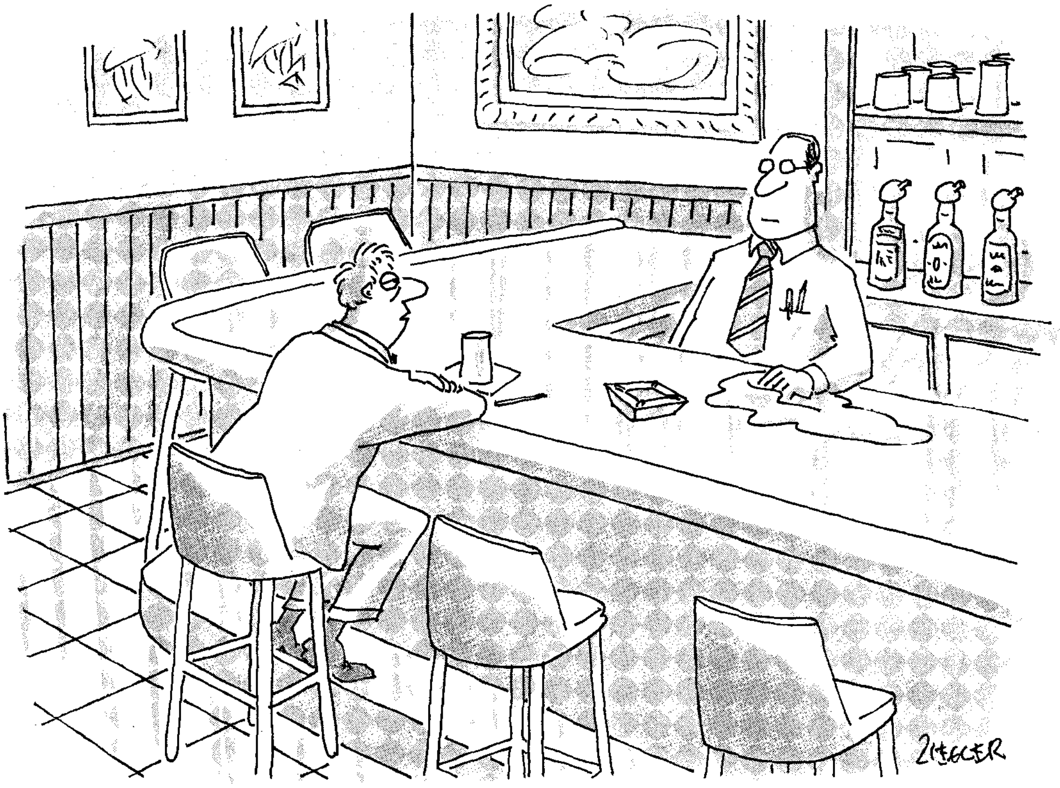
"I want to learn Hebrew," I said. "Isn't that what we're here for?"

"Sharon, I think you realize that in the end the words are the least important aspect of what I'm trying to teach. Come here," he says, pushing me into the sanctuary. He was one of those big-time formal guys who wore black robes at services and had like a whole set of hand signals for the organist—I think he was a frustrated conductor or actor. We go into the sanctuary and he flicks on the lights, floodlighting the Temple ceiling, stained glass, etcetera. "Sharon," he says, "Judaism is more than a few simple phrases. It's a culture, one of music & art, poetry & light, it is the intimate & the sublime, exalted &"—I forget the exact words. "Think of the lyric music of the Psalms," he tells me. "While the Egyptians were building tombs we were singing of life and love, while the monuments of the ancients were crumbling to dust we were treading over the ruins in a tradition that arced back over the millennia and forward to the future. Our friends in class may never remember a word of Hebrew, but if they can sense something of the grandeur of our tradition the historic sweep of the epic blah blah blah chosen people."

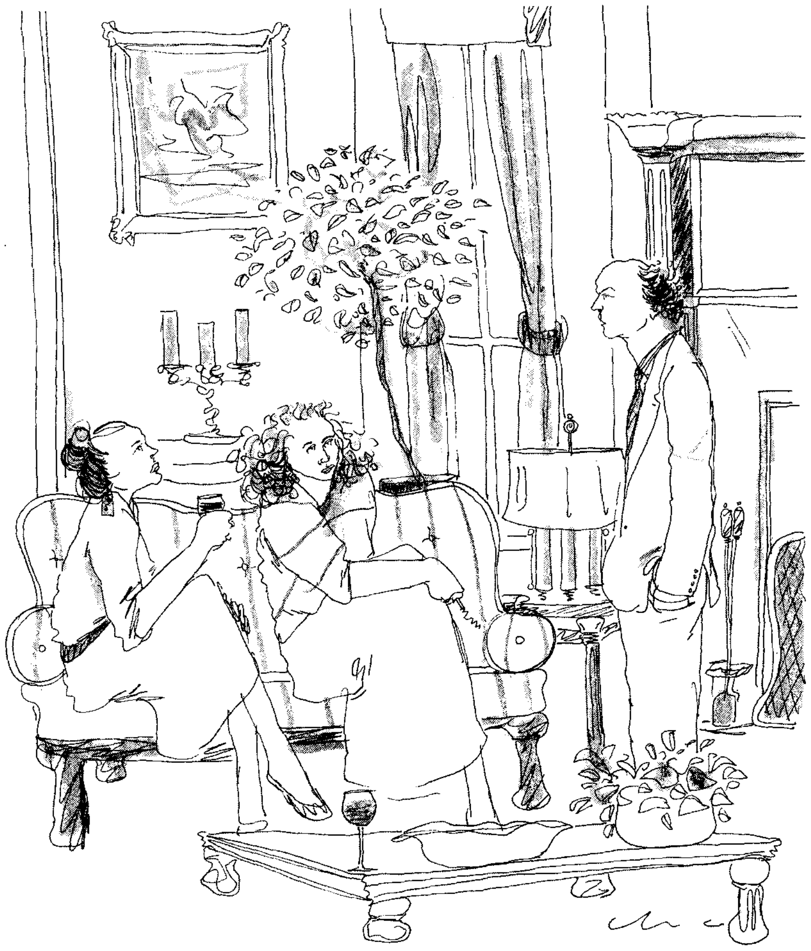
I guess I sort of gave him a look, because this chosen-people crap was always one of my big problems with organized religion.

He heaves a big sigh, folds his arms over his belly. "I think you know how strongly I feel about that one," he says. "Each people is dear to God in its own way, and I often make the analogy to the different states of the Union." He was a great guy, Seigel, but when you asked him a question it was like throwing a bottle in the ocean and just watching it drift away over all his metaphors and comparisons plus the incidents it reminded him of. And as far as where I was coming from in the folk movement, he hadn't a clue because he was into "High" art, which goes back to what I was saying about the past. He used to say, "When I say the Bor'chu—'Bless ye the Lord'—I think how fitting a trumpet fanfare would be right there."

Meanwhile I was getting really alienated, not so much by him but by life in general, and by the kind of things I was doing, and I sort of disappeared for a while on Molokai with a guy I was having a relationship with at the time and grew pot out there on government land, and I really got into the Hawaiian way of life and just nature out there, the greenness and the livingness of the rain forest. It's just so pure out there where the hotel moguls don't have their greasy colonialist paws on it yet, with the chrome and glass and penned-in dolphins and chlorinated-swimming-pool bars and the hills paved over with Day-Glo golf courses and the electric patrol carts to ward off trespassers and the guys who have to comb the sand out with rakes every morning. We lived in an abandoned toolshed/bungalow thing that this botanist had originally built as a field station. The roaches bit, although you understand out there because they're hungry, too. You kind of got to understand the Jainists with their temples with the plank floors over the insects and just that basically every creature has just as much right to do whatever as you do. So anyway we lived out there maybe a couple of years and slowed way down, no telephone, newspaper, or any of that shit—shut out all the noise. The problem was, the government was trying to wipe us off the map—not that we were on the map, but the Feds were always looking—and we had to move a lot of times, plus there were naturally poachers and we had to set traps, and



"Make it one for my baby and one more for the road. And while you're at it I'll have one, too."



"With us, Michelle is the canvas, and I'm the frame."

so of course we had to worry all the time some hiker would get killed walking the wrong way. We had to keep a gun out there too, which was a pain in the ass morally, because I've always been a complete pacifist. Looking back, we definitely would've gotten killed if we were any better at farming than we were, but we didn't grow much surplus—the marketing scene was something we were just not that into. I would compare what we did more to the 18th-century utopia "Make your garden grow."

As it turned out Kekui's (the guy I was living with's) father died, we heard through his sister Roslind. So we fly in to Honolulu for the funeral, a shock, let me tell you, coming in to Disneyland, with the high-school kids in aloha-print bathing suits with those plumeria leis on their arms or decapitated carnations strung together—"lei greeters" for the package tours and the Japanese honeymooners in their white white tennis whites. And in front of all of them is Mrs. Eldridge standing with her car keys in her red muumuu and her hair piled up on her head with a red hibiscus at her ear—a big woman, not fat, big like an opera singer, big like photos of Princess Ruth when she sat at the Summer Palace on her throne.

We got to the funeral up in Makiki at the church there, I forget the name, and after the ceremony in the car She, meaning Mrs. Eldridge, turns to Kekui and me, who she hasn't said a word to all day, and she says, "KK, you're coming home."

"What?" he says.

"Roslind and her kids have the back room, Minnie and her kids are in front, Earl and Matthew have Minnie's room, Leilan and Mitchell are upstairs," she says.

"What?" he says.

"We cleaned out your room," she tells him.

"Excuse me?" I say.

"Keep quiet, girl," she says. We drive up to their house in Aina Hina with two plumeria trees in front, not a flower left—they picked them all off for the grandkids' May Day pageant. She had six of the eight kids living in the house and about five grandchildren. There were all these add-ons in back and a second story above the garage—Mr. Eldridge was a contractor. And there were something like seven cars in the driveway plus a boat and a tour van, just to give you an idea. We sit down inside, everyone depressed from the funeral, some of the babies crying. Mrs. Eldridge takes them on her knee, she looks around like she was ready to take everyone on her knee. For what? To rock us? To hit us? "KK," she says, "you've come back home to stay."

"Excuse me?" I say.

"Quiet, girl," she says.

"I have an application for you," she says. She brings out a bunch of forms. "West Oahu College," she says. "I brought up all my children to go to college. OK?"

KK looks down totally crushed with this heavy guilt—he never went to visit his parents or his father before he died, and this was probably some Oedipal thing with his father dying and him coming home to mother—the minister at the funeral gave a whole speech about obedience and duty to the parents in times of sorrow.

"Everyone in this family is a worker," she says. "You filling this out?" She gives him the application forms.

"Yeah," he says.

"Goddammit!" I get up off the floor. "You dickless idiot! Don't you care about me at all? You're going to leave me in Molokai so you can live with your mother?"

"Get your mouth out of my house," she declares, standing up in her full dimensions. "Hippie girl, just 'cause you washed up here on Oahu you don't need to come invading my family. Go back to where you started—California, England, Holland, or whatever nationality you are. And don't you dare walk around taking the Lord's name in vain blaspheming my husband's funeral. Get your pakalolo face away or Earl'll get his badge out and arrest you!"

SO the upshot was Kekui and I broke up and I ended up getting a job at Paradise Jeweller and actually picked up some Cantonese there and got kind of close with the family—went to a lot

MEMORY OF THE FUTURE? PROPHECY OF THE PAST?

I

A structure that haunts memory. Its bulk,
outline, height and darkness, its shining
edges. The thick pillars hatted black,
their heads of puffed charcoal or caps
of soot on quenched matches magnified or
Charlie Chaplin's bowler of felt that's
felt by the fingertips of the eyes, that
exact soft roughness. An edifice all of
hollow wood. Between its squat black
pillars slim flute-shaped pipes burnished gold.
From their chiselled slits are blown the every-
colored streamers, the lacy delicate swells
of sound. Then, overwhelming, from under-
ground roots of the pillars, thunderous
quakes and guttural groans reverberate.
In a semicircular embrace, tier on tier
are skulls and torsos, an enormous chorus
that is a terraced garden of pastel
females, sombre males, whose throats,
uniting, strum and shudder, an expanding
avalanche of sound. Broad-striped
skywide harmonies concatenate, dissonant
and sweet, a peppered honey. Phalanxes
of rainbows, transparent tender colors
bloom on the ear's horizon. Interpene-
trating tones inundate the sprawling
strands of the nerves, sluggish
blood jumps to injected spurts of lightning,
the flood suddenly buttressed by brutal
final tomb-deep chords of climax. During
the stun of silence a whole minute,
interminable as a hundred years, before
reversal and rollback of echoes finally
complete themselves and die.

II

It is before I can walk. I sit on the floor,
a vast vaguely patterned rug stretching to
the borders of the room. I hold a book whose
pages are of cloth, the edges serrated as if
with pinking shears. Picture books that could
not be torn were given to babies then.
I love my soft book, each page of which shows
an animal. Turning the pages I have come
to Elephant. Gray and huge, his trunk
is raised, tip facing me, held up like
a curled cup. There are words in a row under
the Elephant. I cannot yet read. I don't
need to. I know everything by looking.
There is warmth around me. I am not alone.
The legs of my parents encase me where they sit
together on a couch behind me. I know that
Father is on my left and Mother on my right.
A steady light permeates the room, not bright,
not gloomy—a lasting-forever light,
neither night nor day. I have on a white
dress and white socks. I think I have not yet
seen color. I feel the cotton softness of
the book's cover and pages, their smoothness
but also the slight ridges of threads
between my thumbs and forefingers.
Elephant's trunk, its tip erect,
thrust forward, a nose that is also lips
that suck in, blow out, that gropes like a paw
and seems to see with nostrils, that
might be eyes looking at me. Elephant.
This is my first memory.

—May Swenson

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of the family functions and stuff like that. They were working on evangelizing me and we had some really interesting conversations—they were Pentecostalists—and I went to Church with them a couple of times out of my interest in religion. This is what I think you don't realize about me, Dr. Friedell, that this has been my lifelong interest—don't tell me I haven't thought about the concepts. So that's when I started at the University and took religion courses. And they were great experiences, let me make that clear—I never had a problem until you. I got an A in Discourse and Intercourse in Hindu Myth, I got an A in Jesus and Liberation, and only your course threw me for a loop—I mean, can I be honest? Religious Thinkers has been totally frustrating in that you keep sidestepping the issues and you are totally obsessed with detail—I mean were you raised a Pharisee?

So the point is I sat there in Moore Hall, I listened, I read these books you were assigning, but what you couldn't see was how much more Religion means to a person like myself who comes into a class like yours not with a lot of classical shit under my belt but with a whole life of experience and with these questions, the big ones I previously mentioned, and I knew when I walked out on you I had to find this stuff at the source, that I'd tried asking my questions to professors and Rabbis and missionaries and lovers and to myself—sober, high, clean, dirty, unemployed, working, etc. In other words all states of consciousness, in other words I go for the empirical method, which is maybe the one thing I get from my father—he was an economist at BU which is beside the point, because obviously I am anti-wealth, anti-capital—I wasn't on speaking terms with him even when he was dying—and anyway I knew I had to go to the source of some of this religious debate, as in a quest. Like the great poet Yeats when he picked up and travelled to Byzantium—I picked up and took all my money, bought a ticket, came here to Jerusalem.

So you're probably saying What the

Hell is she going to do in Jerusalem and what does she think she's going to live on just out of the blue ending up in the Middle East without a dime. Actually I have close friends here who are putting me up—the guy I referred to earlier who I was in a relationship with 12 years ago when I went out to Hawaii and he decided to go to Fiji is currently in Jerusalem, now involved with the Torah Or—which means Torah Light—institute. He had written me a lot and extended an open invitation ever since he got here, and has basically become like what I have always defined as a holy spirit. He was always this quiet kind of guy, but the quietness just deepened in the last few years—I barely recognized him when I saw him, he used to be such a beer-swilling heavyset kind of guy and he's real pale now and thin as wire. At the airport I walked right past him, naturally being out of it after 20 hours flying. So I sort of wander off the plane into the Hebrew and all those guards. "Sharon," I hear. It's him, Gene, with this thin pale face, wearing a navy suit jacket. We just stood there, looked at each other. We both started to cry. It was mystical. "You've changed," he said, which was the real shocker. I'd changed? I've had the same hair style since '74, straight to the hips like Crystal Gayle, and I was wearing my old folk-dancing skirt plus an original Boston Folk Festival T-shirt.

"Our specials tonight are baked meat loaf and macaroni and cheese."

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We drove off in the Torah Or hatchback Hyundai, started ascending the hills. I was just staring the whole way as we were driving up. It was such a spiritual Odyssey—I said, "I feel like this is the culmination of my whole life." I said, "This is the ancient city of Jerusalem; I'm going to get some answers." So the city rose up before us, made out of Jerusalem stone, naturally, and with the olive trees and even flocks on the hillsides—I felt like my whole spiritual experience was coming together like an epiphany. It was The Land.

Torah Or has its central office in the Old City right near The Wall, and the school is in Mea Shearim, where I've been the last two weeks. In the mornings I wake up—there's like a dormitory for students where we sleep—and I go to pray in the synagogue/cafeteria—it's kind of a small-scale school so they have to double up. There are about 25 women students, something like 20 young ones on their junior year abroad from college, like Queens College, Brandeis, and a couple from Barnard, then there are a few of us older ones. The college girls just speed through the prayers and sit down for breakfast while we older ones are still standing there with our books. Then eventually these women start finishing up, but I'm still standing there, praying till the cows come home, just because my Hebrew is so bad I'm spelling out the words—it takes me around four hours to finish praying every morning. The Yemenite women come in, clear away breakfast, I'm still praying. They fold up the folding chairs, I'm still praying. They start hosing down the floor around my feet, they start squeegeeing the water, I'm still standing there like the rocks and the planets. There's one other woman who also takes a long time. I've noticed she keeps looking over at me to see what page I'm on. Then she turns back to her book, bobbing up and down like a maniac. After about a week I figured out this woman is into praying with feeling, which means for each word you have to move your lips, knit your eyebrows and shuffle around as much as you can, and so obviously the slower you go the more feeling you have, right? So she's like envious of me because I'm going slower than everyone else, so I must be the holiest one there, but she can't for the life of her figure out how to go as slow as I do—every morning I drive her up a wall, since I never told her I know hardly any Hebrew. She has to give up after about three hours. Stalks around glaring at me. There are some real lunatics in Jerusalem, these religious groupie types walking the streets. It kind of taints the atmosphere.

I mean I got here and I saw the city and had this sort of epiphany at the beginning, yet I still have all these major questions exploding in my head, but with the praying and seminars I have hardly any time to think, and also classes here are kind of low-level, focussed on these questions like What is a Jew? and What is Torah? I guess it's kind of over-centered on the ethnic stuff for me. I've done ethnic stuff all my life. I mean, when you've been in the folk movement you've kind of already paid your dues as far as ethnic. I want to go beyond that. I'm ready to go beyond. So today I went in to see my friend Gene, who mans the Old City office. "I'm ready for more," I said, standing there right in the light of his slide projector—he was organizing slides on the carrousel. "I want to talk about God," I said with this big projection of some Dead Sea Scroll across my arm.

"Sharon, by the way, you haven't paid the office," he mentioned, which totally pissed me off.

"You aren't hearing me," I said.

"I'm hearing you," he said, "but we're having a financial crisis. Without tuition payments the school is falling apart. Then what are we going to discuss?"

This was so materialistic I would have walked out, but the truth is Torah Or gave me hope I was getting somewhere, so I asked him, "How much do you need from me?"

"Three hundred dollars."

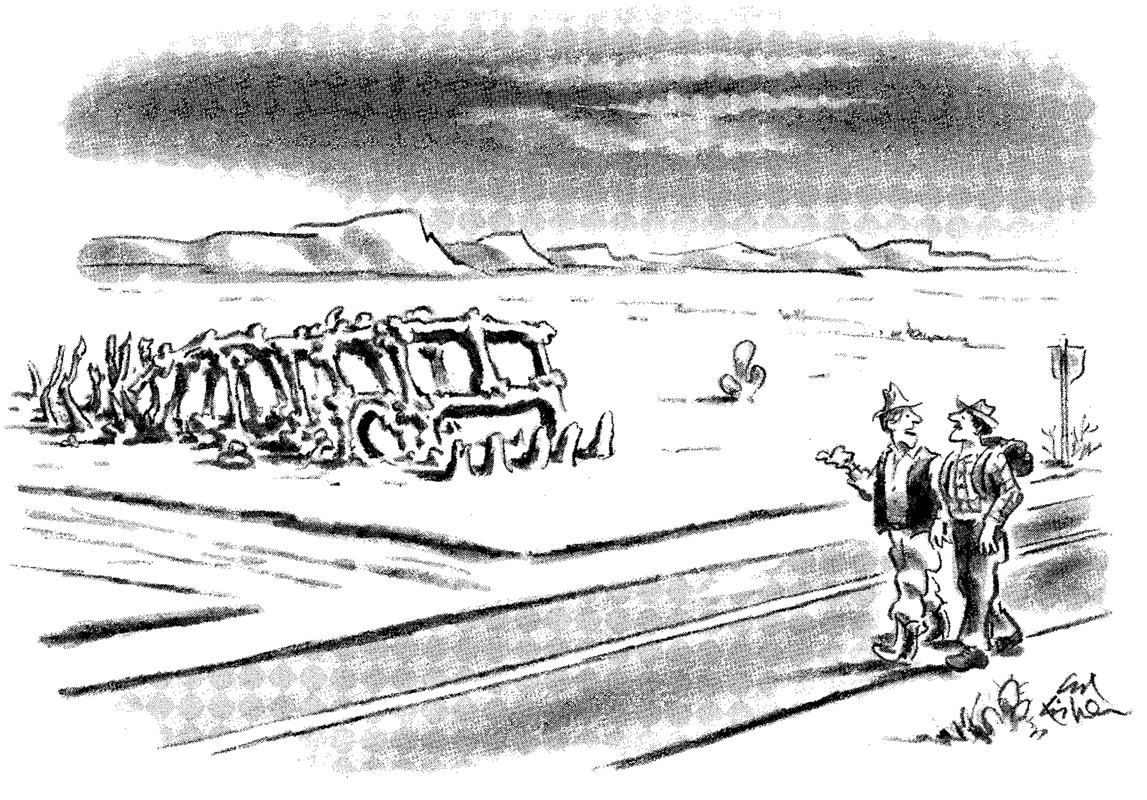
"What?" This just stunned me. I mean, three hundred dollars is all the money I have in the world right now. I mean, holy shit.

Then, after I took the bus back to the school I got a real blow—an actual telegram. It's my cat.

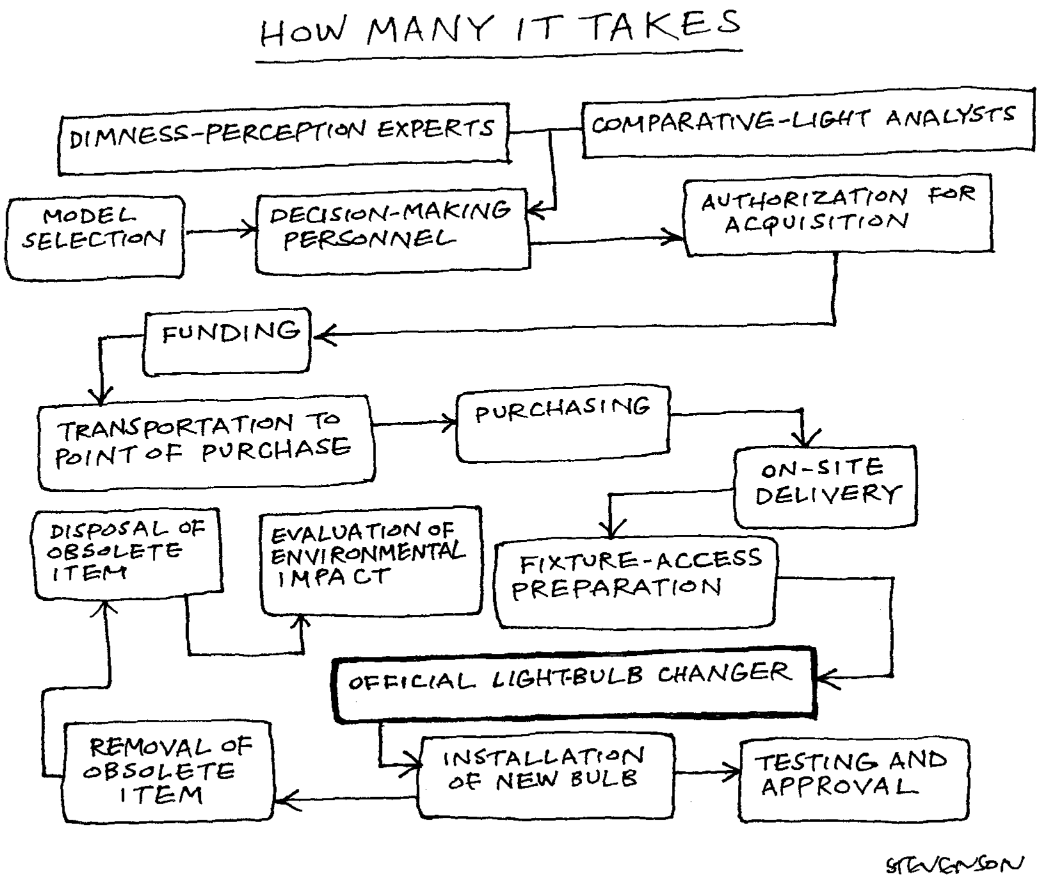
I have this cat I picked up when I got back from Molokai. It kept moaning and screaming outside the building and I took him in and named him Ugly, which he is—so he's kind of lived with me through all my moves and now I've got him staying with a friend from the University and he sends me this telegram. "Tests back; diagnosis positive." I look at this telegram. It's like I've been trying to run away from this thing and it caught up to me. My cat has feline AIDS. It's just a big blow to me—I mean Ugly and I were never demonstrative, he's kind of mean, he's from the street, he likes to go off alone for a few days—he gets kicked around and comes back—but we've been together a long time, maybe seven years.

I just took the piece of paper outside and I walked and walked with my bag slung over my shoulder. I walked through the narrow streets and the vegetable markets with the Mea Shearim kids with the black hats like black Panama hats on one block and then round-brimmed hats on the next block—these are like their school uniforms—and I walked past the shops with the silver candlesticks and olivewood stuff and little stinky alleyways between them with clothes hung out to dry. Shirts, shirts, shirts, little shirts, little fringes, and then this satin wedding gown hanging on the line, I swear to God. And I looked in the wig shops and I saw the kids buying beige twisted candles and feathers on the street corners. I walked all the way up the road, up the hill, and I got to this park in front of the Jerusalem Nature Conservation Office, and I am sitting here with this paper and pen, I am sitting on this huge stone from an olive press, which looks like stone money from Yap or Yip, I forget, lying on its side, and it's getting cold out because April is not that warm, and I am full of all these questions and just mainly, What is God? Where is s/he? and What should I do? and What is the earth here for?

I know you don't take this, coming from me, seriously, but I am serious—I feel like I could explode. I read but I don't understand. It's like with Hebrew—I can sound it out but I don't know the meanings. That's the metaphor of how I feel. I came to Jerusalem but I don't feel gathered up and I mean I came from far; Honolulu has to be one of the 4 corners of the earth. But where is the canopy spread over me—forget of peace—when I look up at the sky at night I'm afraid, it's so dark you can drown in it, it's so black and they say the stars up there aren't even the stars, they're just the ones that used to be there and it takes so long for the light to get down here the real ones have died already. So is it just dead bodies up there? Are they messages from the past that we don't understand? Just words floating down but no one can read



"One of the old Greyhounds that used to inhabit these parts."


HOW MANY IT TAKES
DIMNESS-PERCEPTION EXPERTS
COMPARATIVE-LIGHT ANALYSTS
MODEL SELECTION
DECISION-MAKING PERSONNEL
AUTHORIZATION FOR ACQUISITION
FUNDING
TRANSPORTATION TO POINT OF PURCHASE
PURCHASING
ON-SITE DELIVERY
DISPOSAL OF OBSOLETE ITEM
EVALUATION OF ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT
FIXTURE-ACCESS PREPARATION
OFFICIAL LIGHT-BULB CHANGER
REMOVAL OF OBSOLETE ITEM
INSTALLATION OF NEW BULB
TESTING AND APPROVAL
STEVENSON

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them? I've seen those people writing messages and sticking them in the Western Wall in between the stones like it's some kind of goddam wishing well. They're writing these crazy things—who's going to read them? They're writing to the wall. I'm writing to you.

The light is white lavender gray blue and there are two stars and the moon, I'm watching them, they aren't dead, they're definitely alive. I believe they are alive. Ha. I believe. What the Hell does that mean? Do you want to know the truth? I believe in God without any reasons. That's the part that drives me crazy—I know he exists but I'm not sure how I figured it out. Maybe you're born with it, who knows—maybe it's just basically because I've had a good life. I mean maybe more like Coyote than Road Runner and with those crackly bloodshot eyeballs once in a while and flattened like a cat under a truck once in a while and mad as Hell most of the time about these completely meaningless things like, no offense, your lecture that time, but inside me somewhere there's this person naïve and ready to do something totally different—then boom, you get a telegram like this and you just wonder all over again if it makes any sense. I guess I'm basically an optimist with nagging metaphysical questions. Why else would I clean out checking and savings and come to Jerusalem?

And the thing that hurts most is that after getting here and driving up and seeing the flocks and the ancient walls you see that Jerusalem is just a place. It's just such a place. I thought it was going to be so much more—I mean, not like I thought I was actually going to see the valley of the shadow of death, but I keep seeing plain hills and valleys and that's it. Which has got to be me, right? I know it's what you bring, I realize that. It makes me cry because I don't have it in me. I just don't understand and I want to. I didn't understand Augustine, which is one of the reasons I hate him, because I read it and read it and it doesn't make sense to me. Satisfied? And I can tell you I thought seeing this place would make more sense but it doesn't, it doesn't at all. I feel ashamed of myself sometimes, like I'm constantly sidetracking from the bigger questions. There is this whole spiritual existence out there and I can't get there. What do you need to do? How many books? How many journeys? What are the words and what kind of food? macro? micro? do roots feed the soul? carrots, turnips, potatoes? or the ancient songs? I lift up my voice in the wilderness, eyes to the hills, my timbrel and lyre to the mouth of the sea from whence cometh my aid and dance on the sand a song of praise with words I don't understand. What can you do with just an alphabet when you don't know the constellations, just that ayin is an eye and a well, but what's down the well? You live in this thin layer on the crust and you can never delve down to the underground rivers or get onto the other planets and get any perspective. And they say you should climb to the top of the hill and cry God is in this place! and lift up your voice along with your eyes to whence cometh your help, but what if you do that and afterwards it wears off and you're just sitting there on the hill back where you started? Where do you go from there? Because I've had some real out-of-body experiences and you always come down afterwards. I want to go further. My spirit has dancing feet. That's the one thing I guess that keeps me moving, being a dancer. I can dance without shoes, without music, without words, without partners. I look down at these two feet, they keep each other company. I guess you have to keep moving and dwell on the stars instead of the negative.

So I'll be back in Honolulu on May 1 to be there for Ugly, and I was wondering if you could possibly take this as my final paper for the course, since it basically summarizes some of my current views and independent research into religion. I realize it only touches on Augustine briefly, but since he was sort of the starting point of the research it was justified. I could type it up if you want—but the main thing is if you would give me full credit for it, because, obviously, your course is required. Thanks,

Sharon

—ALLEGRA GOODMAN

ANNALS OF GOVERNMENT

SERVING THE PRESIDENT

THE TRUMAN YEARS—II

IN October of 1945, Dr. Franc McCluer, the president of Westminster College, in Fulton, Missouri, read that Winston Churchill, who had been out of office since July, was planning to visit the United States early in 1946. McCluer, whose odd-shaped head had earned him the nickname Bullet, asked his old Westminster classmate Harry Vaughan, who had become President Harry Truman's military aide, to get the President to endorse an invitation to Churchill to speak at Westminster College.

The President considered Churchill "the first citizen of the world." But he hardly knew him, having spent only nine days with him at the Potsdam Conference, in the summer of 1945, before Churchill, defeated in the British elections, left the conference. Wanting to get to know him better, President Truman wrote, "This is a wonderful school in my home state. Hope you can do it. I'll introduce you."

Although those of us on the President's staff—I had just begun service as the President's acting naval aide—did not know it, Churchill harbored deep reservations about President Truman, and, in his own later words, "loathed the idea of [Truman] taking the place of Franklin Roosevelt." But for some time he had wanted to make a major speech summing up his view of the world, and especially of the growing Soviet threat. What better auspices for such a dramatic statement than a speech introduced by the President of the United States? He accepted at once, and President Truman invited him to travel between Washington and Fulton on the Presidential train—a journey that would allow them several days of close contact.

As soon as the train pulled out of Union Station, on March 4, 1946, the President had drinks served to his guests. Churchill, as was his wont, drank Scotch with water but no ice, for he viewed adding ice as a barbaric American custom. Holding his drink, he leaned back and said, "When I was in South Africa as a young man, the water was not fit to drink. I have felt that way ever since about water, but I have learned that it can be made palatable by the addition of some whiskey." Like everyone, I had heard of Churchill's reputation as a drinker, but it was my impression that he drank very slowly, nursing a single drink for hours.

As we relaxed on the sofas and easy chairs in the President's private car, President Truman turned to his guest and said, "Now, Mr. Churchill, we are going to be together on this train for some time. I don't want to rest on formality, so I would ask you to call me Harry."

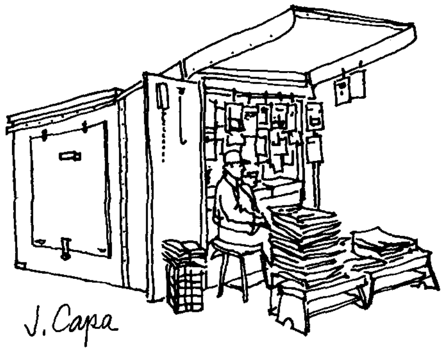
Bowing his head slightly and gracefully, Churchill replied, "I would be delighted to call you Harry. But you must call me Winston."

The President said, "I just don't know if I can do that. I have such admiration for you and what you mean, not only to your people but to this country and the world."

Churchill, smiling broadly, settled the matter: "Yes, you can. You must, or else I will not be able to call you Harry."

And President Truman, clearly pleased, agreed, saying, "Well, if you put it that way, Winston, I will call you Winston."

Churchill soon asked to be excused in order to work on his speech. His approach to speechwriting was in direct contrast to that of almost every American politician I have known. For one thing, he wrote each speech himself—something increasingly rare even then in American politics. He attached the greatest importance not only to his general theme but to the exact words with which he conveyed it. Churchill did not know if he would ever be returned to office, but he wanted to warn the world, and especially the United States, about the dangers of Stalinism, just as he had warned the world in the nineteen-thirties about Hitler. He knew that his only influence lay in the power of his words, and he intended this speech to take its place alongside the wartime speeches with which he had rallied Britain in its moments of supreme peril.



President Truman had been in office less than a year. He was torn between a growing anger at and distrust of the Soviet Union and a residual hope that he could still work with Stalin. Just days before we boarded the train for Fulton, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal had circulated to senior officials and military officers a lengthy telegram from the American Embassy in Moscow warning that the Soviet Union, out of a combination of insecurity and age-old ambitions, would be a dangerous and destabilizing element in the postwar world. The message, which was to become known as the Long Telegram, was probably the most important, and most influential, message ever sent to Washington by an American diplomat. Its author, George F. Kennan, was soon to become famous. Forrestal circulated the Long Telegram widely among his friends in Washington, and sent it to several hundred senior American military officers around the world.

Secretary of State James Byrnes had read a draft of Churchill's speech the day before the train left Washington and had briefed President Truman on its contents. The President had said he would not read the final text, in order to be able to say later that he had not endorsed or approved it in advance. Yet when Churchill's press aide handed out the final version of the speech to reporters on the train the night before it was delivered the White House staff also got copies. Reading it, I was deeply impressed by its sweep and its sense of history. As for President Truman, despite his earlier decision he found he could not resist reading it.

It was a brilliant and admirable statement, he told Churchill, and would "create quite a stir." But it presented the President with a dilemma. He was not yet ready to endorse Churchill's view that we were entering an era of relentless confrontation with Moscow, even though his presence on the platform with Churchill certainly appeared to imply an endorsement. Still hoping to keep channels of communication open with Stalin, the President instructed me to put into his introduction of Churchill some positive words about Stalin which might have that effect.

After working on his speech that first evening on the train, Churchill rejoined us for drinks and dinner. During dinner, he turned to President Truman and said the magic words: "Harry, I understand from the press that you like to play poker."

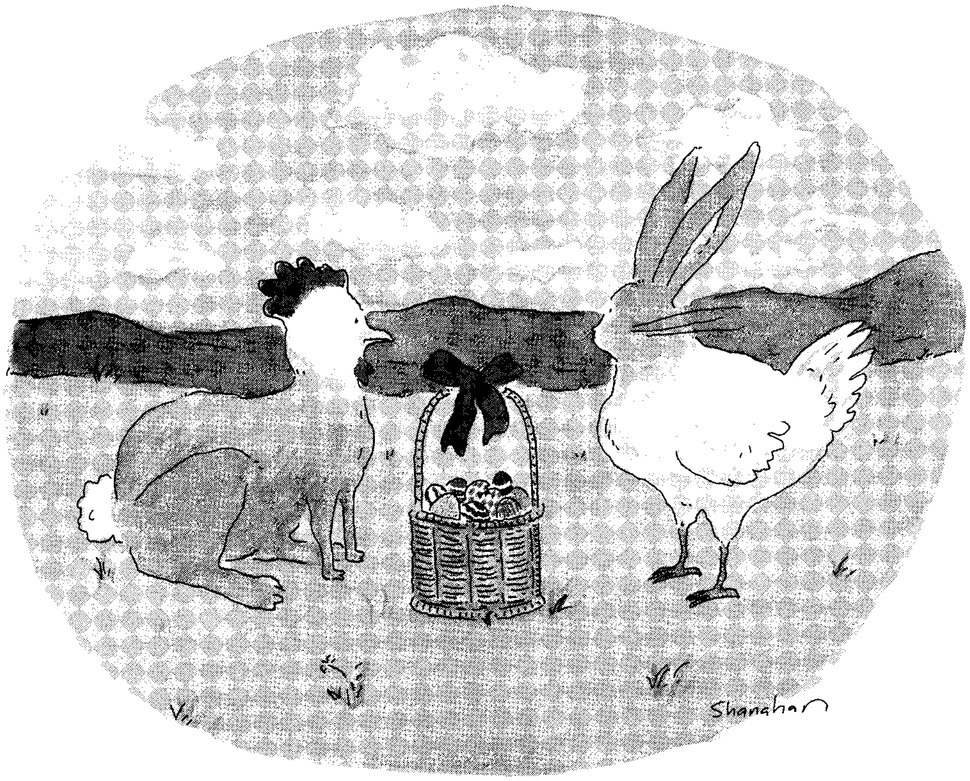
"That's correct, Winston. I have played a great deal of poker in my life."

"I am delighted to hear it. You know, I played my first poker game during the Boer War. I like poker—a fine game. Do you think there is any possibility that we might play it during this trip?"

"Winston, the fellows around you are all poker players, serious poker players, and we would be delighted to provide you with a game."

A few minutes later, with dinner over, Churchill excused himself for a moment. As soon as he left, the President turned to us and said, in total seriousness, "Men, we have an important task ahead of us. This man has been playing poker for more than forty years. He is cagey, he loves cards, and is probably an excellent player. The reputation of American poker is at stake, and I expect every man to do his duty."

Churchill returned to the dining room dressed in his famous Second World War zippered blue siren suit, which I thought looked a bit like a bunny suit. The stewards had put green baize over the dining-room table, and six of us—the President; Churchill; Charlie Ross, the President's press secretary; Harry Vaughan; General Wallace Graham, the President's physician; and I—sat down for the most memorable poker game I have ever played in.



The truth emerged quickly. Churchill was enthusiastic, and proud of his poker skills, but he was not very good at the game. I learned later that when he played his own card games in England, such as gin rummy and bezique, he was excellent. But in poker, with its bluffs, and the value of deception, and a certain code with which we were all familiar, he was, so to speak, a lamb among wolves. In addition, his terminology for the cards was foreign to us, and required constant clarification, which only increased our advantage. He called a straight a "sequence" and a jack a "knave"—a bit of British terminology that amused Harry Vaughan so much that he could hardly keep from laughing aloud.

After about an hour, Churchill excused himself briefly. The moment the door closed, President Truman turned to us with a grave expression and said, "Now, look here, men—you are not treating our guest very well." He looked at Churchill's dwindling stack of chips. "I fear that he may have already lost close to three hundred dollars."

Vaughan looked at his friend of thirty years and laughed. "But, Boss, this guy's a pigeon! If you want us to play our best poker for the nation's honor, we'll have this guy's pants before the evening is over. Now, you just tell us what you want. You want us to play customer poker, O.K., we can carry him along all evening. If you want us to give it our best, we'll have his underwear."

President Truman smiled. "I don't want him to think we are pushovers, but, at the same time, let's not treat him badly."

Those were our ground rules for the rest of the trip. Churchill "won" some splendid pots, lost some others. At one point, I dropped out of a hand of stud poker, and noticed that Charlie Ross, who was sitting next to me, had an ace showing and an ace in the hole. I watched Ross raise Churchill and raise him again. Churchill, with only a jack showing, stayed right with him. Then, at the end, Churchill bet a substantial amount of money, perhaps a hundred dollars, right into this ace. Charlie studied what he knew had to be a winning hand, looked over at the President, gave what I thought sounded like a sigh, and folded.

Finally, however, as the evening was drawing to a close, we moved in a little on our guest. When the dust had settled and we tallied up, Churchill had lost about two hundred and fifty dollars. He had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but he had dropped just enough money so that he could not go back to London and, as

Vaughan put it, "brag to his Limey friends that he had beaten the Americans at poker."

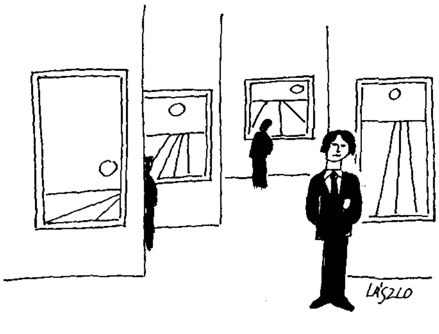
At Fulton we were greeted by Bullet McCluer, all puffed up for his big day. I found the entire scene at Fulton immensely exciting. In a small town in my home state, the greatest statesman of our age was about to make a historic speech. We filed into the gymnasium and onto its stage in academic procession, Churchill dramatic in scarlet robes, President Truman less imposing, robed in black. In front of us lay a remarkable scene—a small-town convocation in a gymnasium decked out with bunting, waiting with polite anticipation to hear a speech that many of us fully expected to be of historic importance. The big windows of the gymnasium were open to let the warm spring air circulate. Professors in their academic robes, young clean-cut students, and well-dressed townspeople were all squeezed together on wooden bleachers. Thrilled by the worldwide attention, the entire population of Fulton, as well as thousands of people from the surrounding area, turned out, filling all twenty-seven hundred seats in the gymnasium and spreading onto the green outside to listen to the speech, which was broadcast nationwide on the radio.

I was seated almost directly behind the rostrum. After the President delivered a warm introduction, Churchill rose, put on his heavy glasses, and began to speak. He spoke for forty-five minutes—a long speech by present-day standards—but the audience was mesmerized. Churchill's grand theme was that the United States now stood at "the pinnacle of world power." It was a "solemn moment" for the nation, "for with this primacy in power is also joined an awe-inspiring accountability to the future." He turned to the question of tyranny: "A shadow has fallen upon the scenes so lately lighted by the Allied victory. Nobody knows what Soviet Russia and its Communist international organization intend to do in the immediate future, or what are the limits, if any, to their expansive and proselytizing tendencies." Then came the words that became part of the history of our times:

> From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the Continent. Behind that line lie all the capitals of the ancient states of central and eastern Europe—Warsaw, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, and Sofia. All these famous cities and the populations around them lie in what I might call the Soviet sphere, and are all subject, in one form or another, not only to Soviet influence but to a very high and in some cases increasing measure of control from Moscow.

As I heard Churchill proclaim those words, in his peculiar, rumbling cadence, I felt their force much more strongly than I had when I read the text the day before. But none of us realized then that a new phrase had entered the English language. Indeed, the next day's newspaper coverage focussed more on Churchill's call for closer Anglo-American coöperation than on his description of the Soviet Union.

There is a natural tendency to simplify history—to give it a more coherent pattern than a detailed examination of the facts warrants. The Fulton speech is now treated as revelation and prophecy by Churchill, a turning point in the evolution of policy and of popular understanding of the Russian threat. But the initial reaction to the speech was divided, and editorial and public comment was, in his biographer Martin Gilbert's phrase, "almost universally hostile."



President Truman gave considerable attention to the distinction between his relationship with Churchill and his reaction to the speech, which he admired, but whose message he was not yet ready to embrace. The President recognized the power and the insight of Churchill's speech and also of Kennan's Long Telegram, but he still hoped that the Cold War—a phrase not yet in vogue—could be avoided.

DURING a staff meeting on July 12, 1946, the President began discussing his growing frustration with Soviet behavior. "The Russians are trying to chisel away a little here, a little there," he said, and, referring to a twenty-one-nation peace conference in Paris at the end of the month which was supposed to forge a unified position on a peace treaty with Germany, he went on: "If the Paris conference busts up, I want to be ready to reveal to the whole world the full truth about the Russian failure to honor agreements." Then, turning to me—I had by now been named special counsel—the President asked that I produce a record of Soviet violations of international agreements.

From the outset, I was aware of the

HOUSE

Where it should have been there were only memories.
They liked it anyhow and lived there. For them
The moment it fell down was the moment it lifted up:
Livable-in at last.
A pantry full of regrets. A garden
Planned out in the shape of a plan, lush
With *What-might-have-been* and *O-if-only;*
A folly where . . . on fine afternoons . . .
And the parties they threw there then, or rather
Imagined themselves throwing, who had never been
Much for parties, but "Better late than . . . " and the rest
Of the phrase lost in laughter. Love bloomed
In the nonexistent parlor; the piano
That never was was closed, suddenly,
By the woman who looked at her hands so as not to see
The face of the young man who knelt at her side,
Enrapt. Impossible ever to know
If it was the sunlight which had faded those curtains
So slowly that no one had seen, or whether
They had been wrong about the color from the start.

—LAURA MULLEN

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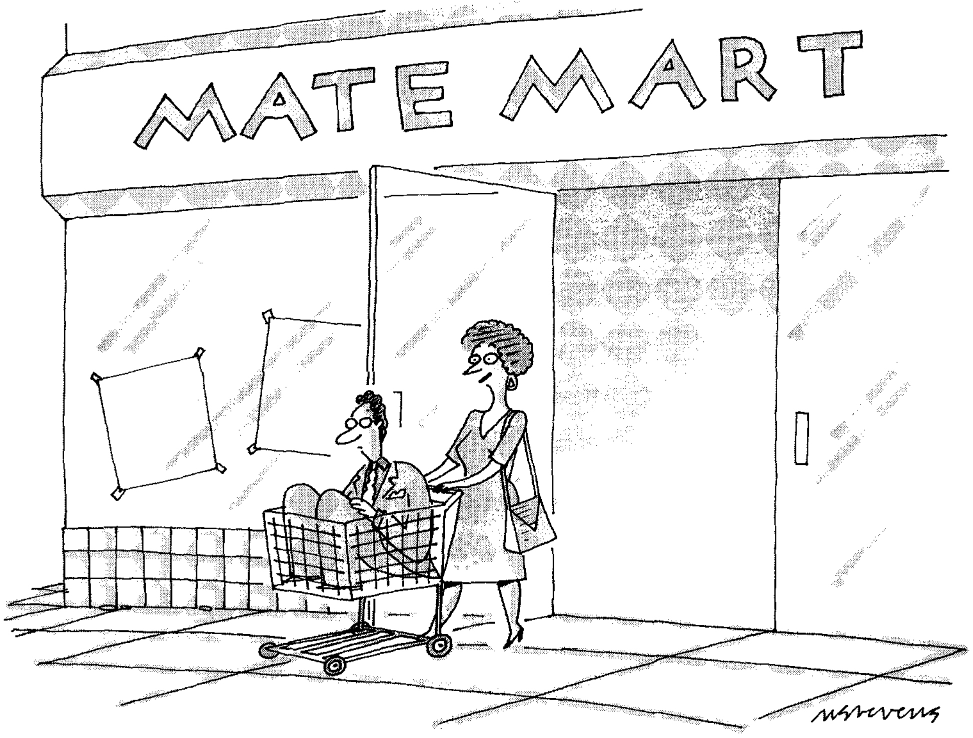
importance of this assignment, yet I knew I couldn't complete it and also carry out my other duties without assistance. Fortunately, the perfect person to help me was already in place. As always, I turned with confidence to George M. Elsey, my only aide, who had spent four years observing the relationship among the wartime Allies from the secret confines of the Roosevelt Map Room.

The President had asked only for a review of those agreements which the Soviet Union had broken, but as I discussed the assignment with Elsey we decided to suggest a different process. We agreed that Kennan's Long Telegram was brilliant, but Kennan had confined himself to analysis. Elsey suggested that we try to fill the gap between Kennan's analysis and policy recommendations by assembling the views of the senior officials most concerned with American policy toward the Soviet Union, to see what consensus, if any, existed. On July 16th, I proposed this procedure to the President, and he immediately authorized me to expand the scope of the project, asking only that its completion not be delayed.

I did not realize it at the time, but I had received permission to begin what turned out to be the first peacetime interagency foreign-policy review of U.S.-Soviet relations. Within two years, a formal National Security Council system and a national-security assistant would coördinate such studies. But in 1946 the National Security Council did not exist and the President turned to his special counsel.

Elsey and I drew up a short list of people whose views we would solicit: Admiral William D. Leahy, who spoke for the Joint Chiefs of Staff; James Byrnes and Dean Acheson at State; Secretary of War Robert Patterson; Forrestal; Attorney General Tom Clark; and the former Central Intelligence Group director Sidney Souers. We made special use of George Kennan, who had returned to Washington, and, finally, we consulted Charles Bohlen, Kennan's close friend and colleague in the Soviet field.

On September 24th, I handed the President a printed and hardbound copy of our top-secret report, entitled simply "American Relations with the Soviet Union." Ross noted in his journal the next day:



> Clark Clifford submitted his monumental top-secret report on our relations with Russia. This should be an extremely valuable source book. Only twenty copies have been prepared.

At about seven o'clock the next morning, my telephone rang at home. I was surprised to hear President Truman on the other end of the line. "I stayed up very late last night reading your report," he began. "Powerful stuff."

"Thank you, Mr. President."

"Clark, how many copies of this memorandum do you have?"

"Twenty," I replied.

"Have any been distributed yet?"

"No, sir. They are all in my safe at the office."

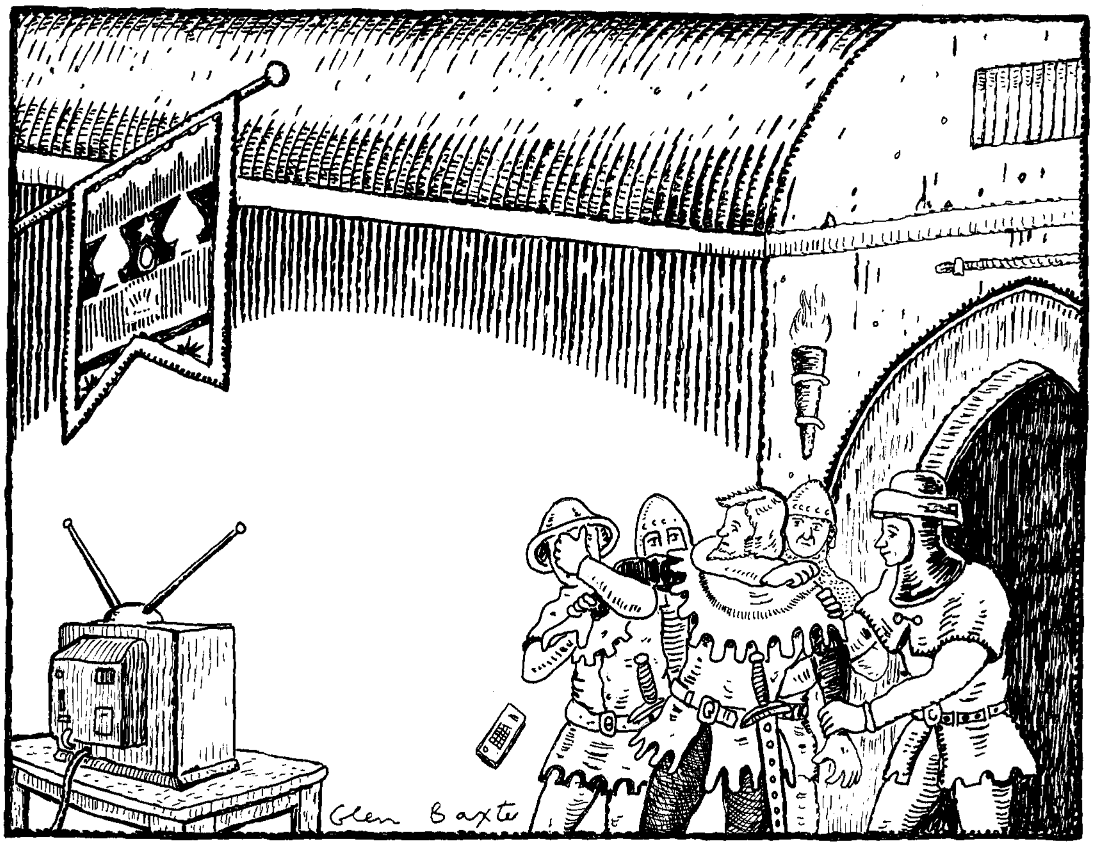
"Well, please come down to your office now, and get all twenty copies. I want them delivered to me at once." The President offered no explanation for his surprising instructions, but I set out for the White House immediately, got all twenty copies out of my safe, and took them to the President. "I read your report with care last night," he said. "It is very valuable to me. But if it leaked it would blow the roof off the White House, it would blow the roof off the Kremlin. We'd have the most serious situation on our hands that has yet occurred in my Administration."

What was in this report that caused it to disappear after a day? In three sentences near the beginning we suggested a new foreign policy for the United States:

> The primary objective of United States policy is to convince Soviet leaders that it is in the Soviet interest to participate in a system of world cooperation.
>
> Until Soviet leaders abandon their aggressive policies . . . the United States must assume that the U.S.S.R. may at any time embark on a course of expansion effected by open warfare and therefore must maintain sufficient military strength to restrain the Soviet Union.
>
> The United States should seek, by cultural, intellectual, and economic interchange, to demonstrate to the Soviet Union that we have no aggressive intentions and that peaceable coexistence of Capitalism and Communism is possible.

Today, these sentences may seem a self-evident summation of the policy followed by the nine Presidents from Harry Truman to George Bush. But in 1946 they were new. Others had warned of the Soviet threat, but no one had previously proposed a comprehensive American response to the Soviet challenge. Our summation indicated where we felt American policy should go:

> In conclusion, as long as the Soviet Union adheres to its present policy, the United States should maintain military forces powerful enough to restrain the Soviet Union and to confine Soviet influence to its present area. All nations not now within the Soviet sphere should be given generous economic assistance and political support in their opposition to Soviet penetration. Economic aid may also be given to



AFTER A FIERCE STRUGGLE, ROBIN AGREED TO RELINQUISH POSSESSION OF THE REMOTE CONTROL.

> the Soviet Government and private trade with the U.S.S.R. permitted. . . . Even though Soviet leaders profess to believe that the conflict between Capitalism and Communism is irreconcilable and must eventually be resolved by the triumph of the latter, it is our hope that they will change their minds and work out with us a fair and equitable settlement when they realize that we are too strong to be beaten and too determined to be frightened.

The report gave President Truman a precise picture of what the Administration's senior officials were thinking in that critical year, when our nation was suspended between the end of the Second World War and the beginning of the Cold War. For the most part, they were far ahead of the American public in recognizing the dangers posed by the Soviet Union. Most of them supported a comprehensive policy of resistance to Soviet expansionism long before the formulation of the Truman Doctrine. Although the President felt that it was too early to tell the public how serious the Soviet threat was, the report helped prepare him for the challenge of the following year. If it had not been for the farsightedness of the men who contributed to our report and fashioned policy in the late nineteen-forties, I believe, we would have been unprepared for the Soviet thrust into Eastern Europe, and our lack of preparedness would have encouraged Stalin to press further.

It was a short step from the report to the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and George Kennan's famous "X" article the following year. Anyone who played a role, even a small one, in the formulation of those policies, which represented the triumph of internationalism in America, has a right to say proudly, in Dean Acheson's grand phrase, that he was "present at the creation."

I HAD breakfast regularly with James Forrestal, the Secretary of the Navy, at his beautiful house in Georgetown. At almost every breakfast, he urged me to encourage the President to take a more active stand against the Soviet Union. I agreed with Forrestal's strategic assessment, but I told him such an effort could not be undertaken unless the President was ready to exert strong leadership. I knew that the President understood the danger posed by the Soviet Union, and that in the near future he would step up to the challenge. However, the last few months of 1946 was not the time to begin the process of, in the words of our report, insuring that "the American people . . . be fully informed about the difficulties in getting along with the Soviet Union." I urged Forrestal to be more patient, but patience was not one of his strong suits, and he continued to press his case.

The electoral disaster of 1946, in which the Republicans gained control of both the House and the Senate, changed the situation dramatically. Although we did not realize it at the time, it turned out to be easier to fashion a bipartisan foreign policy with a coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats than with just the Democrats, for the Democrats were still divided between liberals and conservatives, neither of whom trusted President Truman. To a surprising extent, these foreign-policy alliances across party lines continued for forty years.

On February 21, 1947, I was alone with President Truman for our usual end-of-the-day discussion when Dean Acheson called from the State Department to inform him that the British government could no longer afford to supply assistance to Greece and Turkey, both of which were threatened by Communist expansion and revolution in the region. It was clear to me from listening to the President's end of the conversation that he was prepared for suggestions from Acheson to offer Greece and Turkey substantial aid—as much as four hundred million dollars, a staggering sum then, totalling about

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one per cent of a federal budget of about forty billion dollars.

Acheson's first set of recommendations arrived at the White House early the following week. He saw an opportunity to create a policy that went far beyond Greece and Turkey. But, wise in the ways of Washington, he did not unveil his long-range objective until he could get a clear picture of the degree of Presidential commitment and of congressional sentiment.

The answers to both questions began to emerge later in the week. In a crucial meeting with congressional leaders on February 27th, the President, General George C. Marshall, who had replaced Byrnes as Secretary of State, and Acheson outlined the need to give large-scale assistance to Greece and Turkey. I did not attend this meeting, which has been described by many of its participants, but afterward President Truman told me that the Republicans, led by Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, had shown willingness to support a request for such aid if, and *only if*, President Truman personally argued the case for such aid, and linked it explicitly to the survival of the Western world.

Watching President Truman tackle this challenge, I felt he had come a long way since the loss of Congress to the Republicans barely four months earlier. Now he seemed ready for what Senator Vandenberg told him was his "date with destiny." He was willing, he told me, to "lay it on the line" with the American people. He did not spend time, as most Presidents would have, studying "options papers." He simply wanted to see a speech draft before making a final decision.

Despite the historic importance of the speech, it was prepared in much the same way as routine Presidential speeches. The State Department prepared the first draft, and the rewriting and "Trumanizing" of it were done under my supervision at the White House. By the time the final draft was ready, so many hands had touched it that, despite some claims to the contrary, no single person could assert paternity.

The speech was delivered to Congress on March 12, 1947. Its three most memorable sentences ended a century and a half in which American foreign policy had been, in essence, reactive to specific events, and ushered in an era in which we committed ourselves in peacetime to continuous and active leadership in international affairs:

> I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures.
>
> I believe that we must assist free people to work out their own destinies in their own way.
>
> I believe that our help should be primarily through economic and financial aid which is essential to economic stability and orderly political processes.

The Truman Doctrine, as it came to be called, took more than forty years to succeed, was often controversial and expensive, and was at times misapplied—most notably in Vietnam. But a major war with the Soviet Union was avoided during a dangerous half century, and by 1989 it was clear that the Cold War, as we knew it, was over. This was the direct, if long-delayed, result of the policies laid out in 1947 by President Truman and followed, despite all the political controversies at home, by every one of his successors. No President could wish for a grander legacy.

Later that spring, another important document was being drafted in the State Department, outlining a program for massive economic assistance to war-torn Europe. Watching this speech take shape in mid-May, I knew that it would be one of the most important programs ever undertaken by an American government in peacetime. I suggested to the President that he deliver the speech himself, and that we name his proposal the Truman Formula, or the Truman Concept, or the Truman Plan.

President Truman smiled wryly at my suggestion and shook his head. "No," he said. "We have a Republican majority in both Houses. Anything going up there bearing my name will quiver a couple of times, turn belly up, and die. Let me think about it a little."

A day or so later we returned to the subject. "I've decided to give the whole thing to General Marshall," the President said. "The worst Republican on the Hill can vote for it if we name it after the General." This exchange taught me a great lesson. Whatever my intention, I had been wrong, I realized, to propose that the program be named after President Truman. It would have weakened a program of immense historical importance. I was reminded of the old aphorism "There is no limit to what a man can accomplish if he doesn't care who gets the credit."

Marshall gave the speech at the Harvard commencement on June 5, 1947. Today, the phrase "Marshall Plan" has become synonymous with a massive aid program to deal with a crisis. Time and again, "a new Marshall Plan" is suggested to deal with some critical area of the world, or with some pervasive problem, such as drugs. But there will never be another Marshall Plan. The conditions that led up to it and made it successful cannot be re-created, and the scope of it defies modern budgets. It was sixteen per cent of the federal budget—an inconceivable proportion today, when defense spending and interest on the national debt alone take up nearly forty per cent.

The most wonderful part of the story of the Marshall Plan is that it worked. Winston Churchill called it "a turning point in the history of the world." Arnold Toynbee wrote, "It was not the discovery of atomic energy, but the solicitude of the world's most privileged people for its less privileged [that] will be remembered as the signal achievement of our age."

GIVEN the way the American government was organized, President Truman liked to say, the United States was lucky—"damn lucky"—to have won the Second World War. "We must never fight another war the way we fought the last two," he said to me in a moment of frustration. "I have the feeling that if the Army and the Navy had fought our enemies as hard as they fought each other the war would have ended much earlier."

Soon after Truman became President, he decided to reorganize not only the armed forces but the entire national-security structure. His reforms changed forever the way the United States gov-

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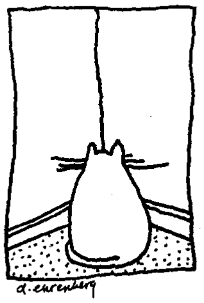
ernment worked. Consider his achievement: in little more than three years, President Truman established the Department of Defense, the United States Air Force, the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Council, the position of chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the first foreign-aid agencies. It was as if the nation had suddenly made the transition from horse-drawn carriages to the era of the automobile. When this surprisingly short period of explosive institutional creativity came to an end, it became almost impossible for the United States to turn away from global responsibilities, as it had done, with such disastrous results, following the First World War.

It was no accident that governmental reorganization coincided with the development of the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the technical-assistance program known as Point Four, and the policy of containment. These new policies required new machinery. Yet it was much easier for government officials to agree on major policy changes than on governmental reorganization. Even minor changes could cause major bureaucratic battles. Today's national-security structure was not a divinely inspired concept but the result of compromises that had to be made by President Truman as he waged a bitter bureaucratic struggle with Congress and many of his own civilian and military subordinates. That struggle involved numerous friends and close colleagues of mine, and ended tragically for one of the men to whom I was then closest, James Forrestal.



President Truman began the struggle by proposing nothing less than the most radical reorganization of our armed forces in the nation's history. On December 19, 1945, he sent to Congress a plan drawn up by Secretary of War Robert Patterson, a request for legislation "combining the War and Navy Departments into one single Department of National Defense."

The plan called for the creation of a Secretary of National Defense, a senior deputy, and three assistant secretaries, who would head "coördinated branches of the Department of National Defense: one for the land forces, one for the naval forces, and one for the air forces." It also proposed the establishment of a single chief of staff, who would oversee the commander of "each of the three component branches." The position of chief of staff would rotate among the three branches, and possess genuine command authority. The President's proposal allowed the Navy to retain its own aviation. The President also agreed, reluctantly, to maintain the Marine Corps as a separate military branch within the Navy, instead of abolishing it, as both he and the Army desired. In his heart the President always felt that there was no need for a separate Marine Corps; over time, I reached the same conclusion. But the political power of the Marine Corps was overwhelming, as we both learned later. "They have a propaganda machine that is almost equal to Stalin's," Truman once said.

In terms of true integration, the President's proposal went beyond what exists in today's Pentagon. Had his plan been approved in 1945, with some modifications, the Pentagon would have been a much more efficient and less wasteful organization than it is today. But because the Navy and its most powerful supporter in the House, "Admiral" Carl Vinson, of Georgia, were dead set against them, the President's December 19th recommendations never had a chance.

Of all the President's proposals, Forrestal feared most the one recommending a single chief of staff as commander of all our land, sea, and air forces. He regarded it as an Army plot, spearheaded by General Eisenhower, and he set out to fight it. He called the President's proposal "completely unworkable," and told me that it would be impossible for him and senior Navy officers to testify in favor of it.

The revolt of the Navy officers against the Army plan was understandable, but what was driving Jim Forrestal, who fought even harder than the uniformed Navy to retain its special status? This question came to be asked often, by friend and adversary alike, as the puzzle of this extraordinary figure grew. Even though he and I were friends, I felt I never understood him, but I could see that by 1946 the Navy had become almost his entire life. His personal life was unhappy. His wife, Josephine, a beautiful, difficult, and troubled woman, was drinking heavily. Forrestal had left the Catholic Church, and was deeply guilt-ridden. Possessing great energy but limited vision, he feared that the creation of a separate Air Force would make the Navy the odd man out in interservice fights, overwhelmed by the combination of the Air Force and the Army. "We are fighting for the very life of the Navy," he often told me in those early days, when he considered me a staunch ally.

A Senate committee, assisted by two senior military officers—Lieutenant General Lauris Norstad and Vice-Admiral Arthur W. Radford—tried, and failed, to resolve the disagreement between the two branches, and between their supporters. The debate dragged on into the spring of 1946. On May 12th, I told President Truman I had concluded that the Army's position might be correct on its merits but was politically out of reach. Our real choice, I said, was either concessions to the Navy or no bill at all. To achieve progress, I urged the President to order Forrestal and Patterson to reach an agreement as quickly as possible. The next day, the President called the two men to the Oval Office and told them he was tired of their inability to reconcile their differences. He asked them to reach agreement promptly on a "mutually acceptable plan of unification."

Yet even this Presidential order was inadequate. Two weeks later, the two Secretaries sent the President a joint letter listing four areas of continuing disagreement. "We regret our inability to bridge completely the gap between us," they said—a huge understatement. When I presented this letter to the President, he all but snorted in annoyance and contempt. The four disagreements, the President observed, were over "the basic issues": whether to establish a separate Air Force; whether to allow the Navy to retain land-based aircraft to support certain naval operations; what the role and mission of the Marine Corps should be; and, above all, whether to unify the services under a single secretary.

Two weeks later, after further discussions with Leahy and me, President Truman attempted once more to force the issue. I drafted letters, to Patterson, Forrestal, and the congressional leadership, in which the President offered his views on the four points still in dispute. First, he reaffirmed his support for a single military department and a single Cabinet-level secretary. That remained his primary goal. But, he said, he would agree to allow the civilian chief of each service to retain the title of Secretary, although the chiefs would no longer be full members of the Cabinet. Second, the President reluctantly agreed to three services—an Army, a Navy, and an Air Force—and he dropped the idea of a single chief of staff. Third, he gave the Navy the right to retain land-based aircraft. Finally, recognizing political reality, he put aside his own doubts about the need for a separate Marine Corps and accepted its retention as a separate entity within the Navy, with its own air components.

In his letters the President also called for the creation of a National Security Council, a Central Intelligence Agency, an agency for military procurement, a national-security-resources board, a research-and-development agency, and a military-education-and-training agency. This far-sighted set of proposals bears a clear resemblance to the organizations that were ultimately created. But at the time the President's letters did not produce results—only further argument between Forrestal and Patterson.

In a private talk with me, Forrestal referred to the Army in bitter and emotional terms. I set up a private meeting for us with the President. With tight-lipped grimness, Forrestal accused the Army of “steamroller tactics,” and said he was totally opposed to the idea of a single Department of National Defense. Then, for the first time, he suggested that he might resign rather than support unification.

Threats to resign often present Presidents with genuine dilemmas. Letting Forrestal go may have tempted the President, but it would have enraged the Navy's powerful supporters in Congress, would have further entrenched the rest of the Navy, would have turned Forrestal into a martyr, and would have doomed hope for military unification on any basis. The President knew this, and began a slow, patient, and skillful strategy designed to move Forrestal as far as possible without losing him. The way to deal with the Navy, he felt, was to negotiate with Forrestal. It was the right strategy.

During this period, I remained closer to Forrestal than to any other official except my old Missouri friend Stuart Symington, who had just been appointed Assistant Secretary of War for Air. But a bitterly adversarial relationship developed between Symington and Forrestal as they defended their respective services, and the friction between them sometimes tested my friendship with Forrestal, which was built on relationships established in government service rather than on the sort of deep personal fellowship that bound me for life to Symington. Furthermore, while my original sympathies had been strongly pro-Navy, and I retained respect and affection for Forrestal, I gradually began to feel he was showing excessive rigidity.

Looking back, one can surmise that his extremely emotional behavior, his rigidity, and his intensity were all signs of mental illness, but at the time this possibility was not apparent to me or to anyone else. Later, I recalled little occurrences that I had dismissed at the time as quirks but that appeared ominous in retrospect. When Forrestal and I played golf, for example, he did not engage in casual conversation. Instead, he practically ran from shot to shot, pausing only a moment to line up the next effort. On the tennis court, where he was a scrappy competitor, we also rarely spoke. When he learned of the poker games on the Presidential yacht Williamsburg, he asked me to invite him into the game, and I did, but, because he was unable to relax, like the others around the green table, the President never let him become a regular.

It wasn't until January 16, 1947, that Patterson and Forrestal sent the President a joint letter offering the first real break in the logjam. The Patterson-Forrestal Agreement, as it came to be known, was possible only because the Army, at Eisenhower's instigation, dropped its insistence for a single department, and accepted the creation of a loose organization under the over-all direction of a “Secretary of National Defense.” The Departments of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force would function independently, and each service secretary would have the right of direct access to the President. The flaws in this proposal were evident. It left real power in the hands of the services, and gave the Secretary

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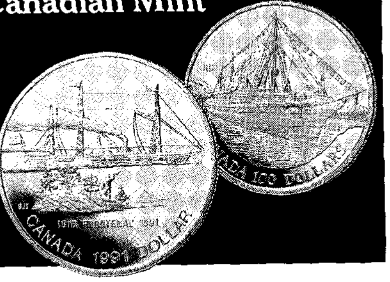

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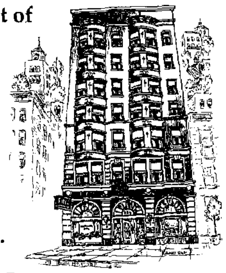

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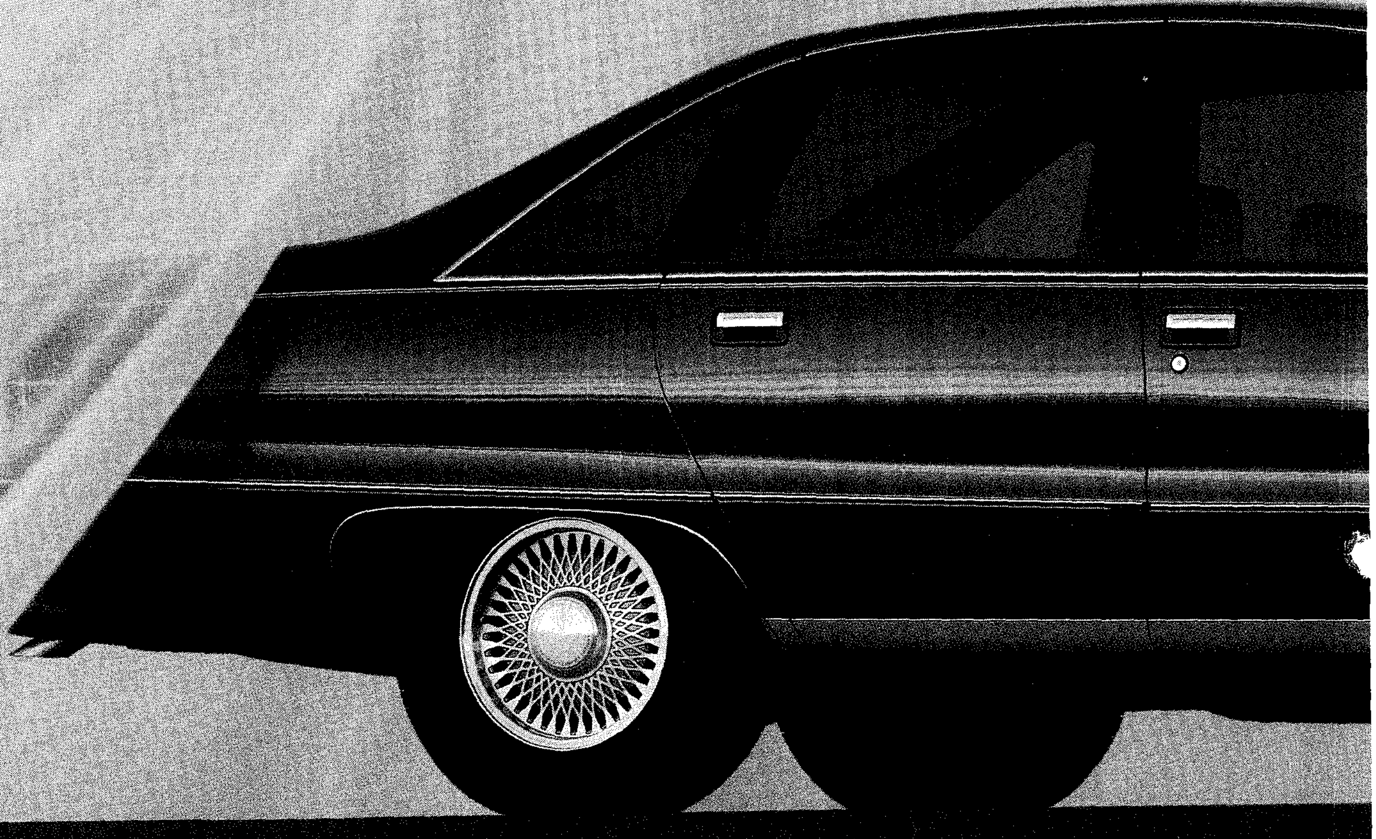

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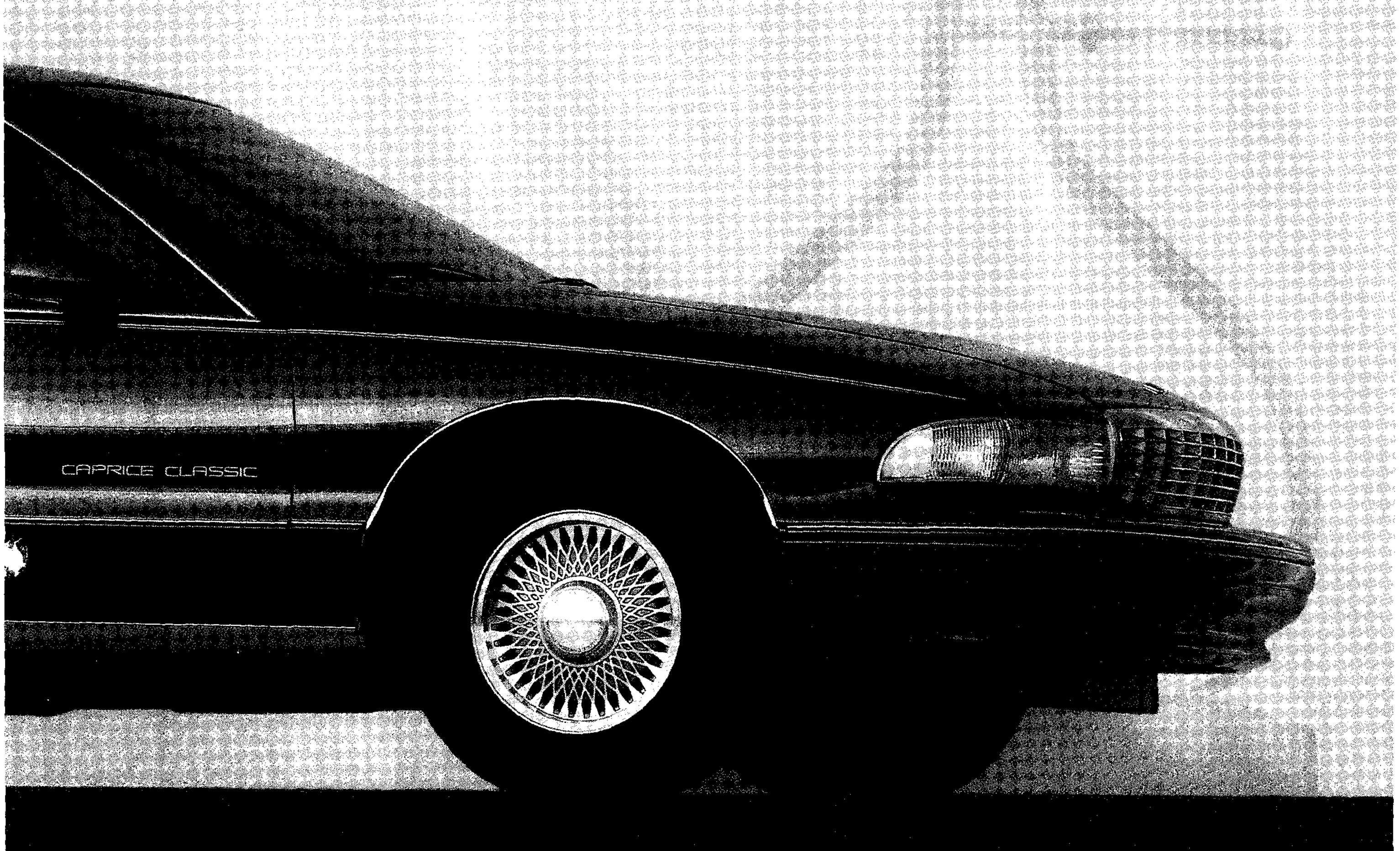

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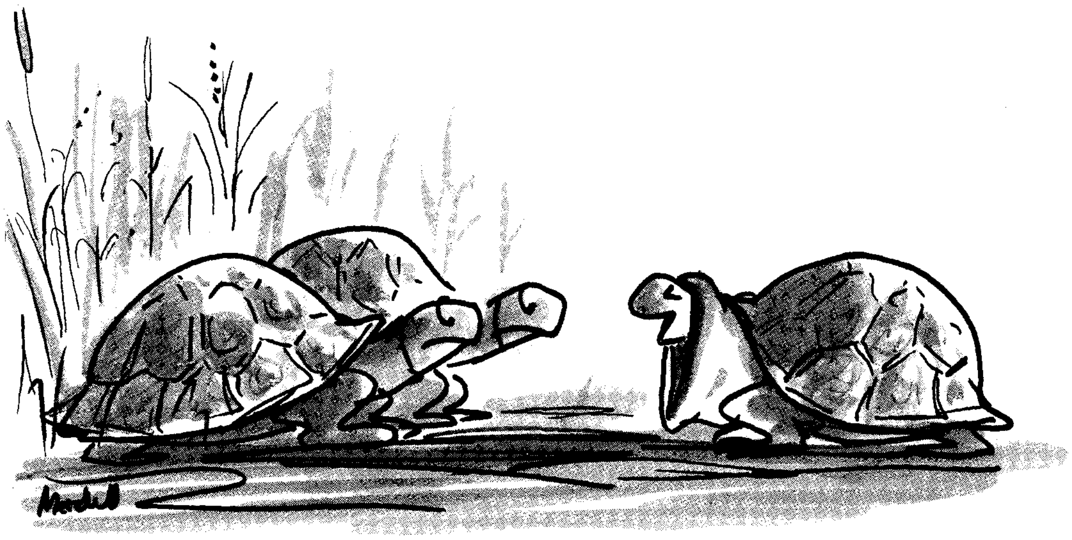

"This year I thought I'd go with a cowl neck, for a change."

of National Defense almost no real authority. But this was the best the President could get at the time, and he decided to accept it.

The National Security Act of 1947 had serious flaws. There was no chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, so the chiefs were left to quarrel among themselves without anyone except the President to settle their differences. The Secretary of Defense had no deputy and almost no staff. Nevertheless, the President felt, and I agreed, that this constituted an improvement over the system with which we had fought the Second World War. "Maybe we can strengthen it as time goes by," he said. In this hope President Truman was prescient. Despite its flaws, the National Security Act of 1947 was by far the biggest single step taken in the creation of the present-day national-security structure.

In choosing the first Secretary of Defense, the President decided to name the man who had been most opposed to the creation of the position, and had succeeded in weakening it—James Forrestal. It was a brilliant tactical decision, and one that had a profound effect on the future of the Pentagon. The President's motive in choosing Forrestal was simple: if Forrestal remained Secretary of the Navy, he would make life unbearable for whoever was Secretary of Defense; if, on the other hand, *he* was the Secretary of Defense, he would have to try to make the system work.

Despite his original opposition to the creation of the position, Forrestal accepted the appointment immediately. He was sworn in as the first Secretary of Defense on September 17, 1947, in an atmosphere of rising Cold War tensions. I think he sensed his dilemma as soon as he was offered the position: he now had to deal with the problems he had done so much to create.

In more than forty-five years in Washington, I know of no more dramatic metamorphosis than the one James Forrestal underwent in 1948. The process began almost immediately upon his moving to the Pentagon. Forrestal had to operate under the constraints that he himself had insisted on —a tiny staff, no deputies, and a very limited mandate. Understaffed and overworked, he had to do everything himself, relying on a few talented but also overworked personal aides. As early as March, 1948, after a four-day meeting with the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Key West, Forrestal asked the President to issue an executive order modifying his original instructions.

In our regular private breakfasts, Forrestal began to express increasing frustration at his inability to do his job. Then, in the summer of 1948, less than ten months after taking office, he made a startling statement to me. "Clark," he said, "I was wrong. I cannot make this work. No one can make it work." I knew how difficult it must have been for him to say that, even alone and to a friend. "You have done the very best you could, the best that anyone could have done," I replied. "You should go see the President and discuss with him what might be done to improve the situation."

But before Forrestal was ready to see the President he convened a series of evening meetings in his Pentagon office with high-level officers. For the first time, Forrestal told me, he was finding that he trusted some senior Army generals more than his former Navy colleagues; Eisenhower and General Omar Bradley, in particular, had risen in his estimation. After these meetings, Forrestal said he was ready to see the President.

The meeting, delayed because of a long campaign trip by President Truman, took place on October 5, 1948. It was a remarkable moment: Forrestal told President Truman that he had been wrong in 1946 and 1947, and that neither he nor anyone else could make the existing National Security Act work. He was ready to support its revision. His mood struck me as a strange combination of suppressed emotion, courage, and a sense of defeat.

President Truman accepted Forrestal's change of heart in a matter-of-fact manner, with no gloating. With the election only a month away, Forrestal, who had told me he believed Thomas E. Dewey's victory in the upcoming election was certain, may have regarded his discussions as academic. But the President asked him to head up a new legislative drafting team, and ten months later, on August 10, 1949, with Truman reëlected and after another round of arguments between the White House and Congress and, as usual, the Navy, the present Department of Defense came into existence.

James Forrestal's legacy to the nation also included the creation of the National Security Council, although not in the form he originally wanted. He had long advocated an interagency group to coördinate foreign and defense policy, and he quickly converted me to the idea. We worked together to insure its inclusion in the final version of the revised bill on unification. But Forrestal wanted the Na-

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tional Security Council to be part of the Pentagon. After examining the issue, I came to favor a National Security Council staffed primarily by civilians and responsible directly to the President. This meant another disagreement with Forrestal, which I regretted, but the stakes were high, and it was impossible to avoid choosing sides.

A meeting held on September 17, 1947—the day Forrestal was sworn in as Secretary of Defense—to discuss this matter was a star-studded affair, with all three service secretaries and the Chiefs of Staff, including General Eisenhower. As we had expected, Forrestal insisted that the N.S.C. report to him, and said that his decisions should be final and binding on the executive secretary. Forrestal also wanted the N.S.C. to be headquartered in the Pentagon and be staffed almost entirely by military officers.

At the meeting, I had no choice but to disagree with my friend. I said that the new N.S.C. system should not be used to circumvent the State Department or diminish the President's role. The State Department had to be centrally involved in decision-making, and the process had to be placed directly under the control of the President. I also opposed locating the N.S.C. staff in the Pentagon; the N.S.C. staff should be situated near the White House, I said, and not within the confines of any existing department. After the meeting, I asked Charles Murphy, a White House assistant who worked closely with me, to find space for the N.S.C. staff in what is now the Old Executive Office Building. He did, and the N.S.C. staff is still housed there today.

Thus was the National Security Council born, almost as an afterthought to military reorganization. President Truman wanted a small N.S.C. staff under his direct control, with its role restricted to coördination. When the Korean War began, this role expanded, but he still resisted a large staff, preferring to deal directly with his senior Cabinet officials. Over the next forty years, I watched the executive secretary of the National Security Council evolve into the national-security "adviser" and become a rival for power to the Secretary of State. That was clearly not our original intention, but it was an inevitable consequence of the growth of government, the desire of some Presidents to run the national-security structure personally from the White House, and the personal ambitions of several men.

An aura of mystery and controversy has surrounded the Central Intelligence Agency for most of the last forty years, but because its creation was a small part of the National Security Act of 1947 the struggle over the structure and mandate of the C.I.A. was obscured in the public eye by the noisy battles over the unification of the services and the creation of the N.S.C. Not that the C.I.A. came into being without fierce disagreement: for four months, between September, 1945, and January, 1946, a battle raged in Washington within the tightly knit but highly competitive intelligence community. This battle drew me into my first involvement with the world of intelligence—an involvement that was to resume later in my career.

President Roosevelt had given General William Donovan authority during the war to create the most romantic of all wartime organizations, the Office of Strategic Services, or O.S.S. But Wild Bill Donovan went beyond the legends he did so much to originate. His role in the creation of the modern American intelligence system cannot be overstated. In person, Donovan was not the dashing daredevil of legend, at least not when I came to know him. What he possessed in great measure was charm and effectiveness in bureaucratic warfare. Even before the end of the war, he proposed the creation of a permanent new intelligence agency, independent of both State and the military, and answerable only to the President.

Predictably, Donovan's plan enraged the State, War, and Navy Departments, all of which felt that it threatened their existing intelligence units. J. Edgar Hoover, who had feuded with Donovan throughout the war, objected strongly to the creation of a permanent rival to the F.B.I. Donovan replied that no existing organizations possessed the talent or the mandate to meet the needs that would arise after the war. Even though he was correct, his enemies won the first round, when Hoover leaked a copy of Donovan's plan to two of the leading conservative newspapers in the nation, the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News*, which called it the "Spy Director's Secret Plan" to create a "U.S. Gestapo." Amid the controversy, Donovan's plan foundered.

For reasons I never fully understood, President Truman didn't like Donovan. Perhaps he regarded Donovan as a self-promoter. On September 20, 1945, just weeks after the Japanese surrender, President Truman prematurely, abruptly, and unwisely disbanded the O.S.S., and directed Secretary of State Byrnes to develop a "coördinated foreign-intelligence program." Months of bitter argument within the intelligence community about how to replace the O.S.S. thereupon began.

By the end of the year, President Truman was becoming increasingly annoyed by the flood of conflicting and uncoördinated intelligence reports flowing haphazardly across his desk. Greater coördination of intelligence was essential. President Truman already had on his desk a revision of the Donovan plan that the wartime Chiefs of Staff had submitted to Franklin Roosevelt in late 1944, for a coördinating organization called the Central Intelligence Agency. The military plan vested joint supervisory authority in the Secretaries of State, War, and Navy. At the President's request, I urged the State Department to complete its own plan and to submit it with a copy of the Joint Chiefs' proposal and a detailed comparison of the two. The State Department responded, on December 27th, by proposing a National Intelligence Authority, or N.I.A. It recommended that State be designated the sole conduit of intelligence reports to the President.

The President listened to these conflicting views and rejected both. He agreed only to set up a loose coördinating group. He was not ready to create a new intelligence agency. Following his guidance, I prepared a directive establishing a National Intelligence Authority and a director of Central Intelligence. The President signed this executive order on January 22, 1946. It was the first postwar Presidential directive on intelligence. *Time* called it the end of our "historical innocence" in international intelligence.

Under this executive order, a director of Central Intelligence (D.C.I.) would coördinate a Central Intelligence Group (C.I.G.). We defined the C.I.G.'s functions so as to minimize friction with any of the other departments: the functions were "correlation and evaluation of intelligence relating to the national security," and the protection of foreign-intelligence "sources and methods."

We addressed directly what would become the longest-standing and most important controversy in American intelligence: operations within the United States. The directive that I drafted stated flatly, "No police, law enforcement or internal security functions shall be exercised under this directive. . . . Nothing herein shall be construed to authorize the making of investigations inside the continental limits of the United States." This prohibition made temporary allies of President Truman and J. Edgar Hoover, since Hoover wanted to keep any and all domestic-intelligence activities completely under the control of his F.B.I.

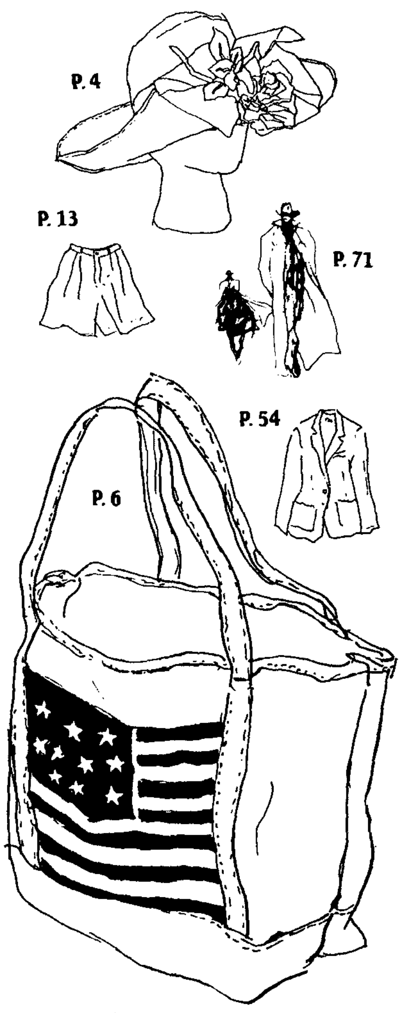
In June of 1946, Army Air Force Major General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, one of the most glamorous of a number of young aviators who had emerged from the Second World War, assumed the post of director of Central Intelligence. Less than a month after taking over, he sent me a far-ranging recommendation that the President ask for legislation creating a separate Central Intelligence Agency. Four days later, Elsey and I met with two members of Vandenberg's staff, James Lay and Lawrence Houston, who had drafted the proposed legislation. I found their description of the limitations of the C.I.G. and the N.I.A. quite persuasive. It was clear to me that the brief era of the Central Intelligence Group had run its course and something new was needed. To their pleasure, I told Lay and Houston that I would recommend the creation of a new, permanent intelligence agency, but only if they agreed to make four changes in the proposed legislation: first, to exclude the new intelligence agency from any involvement in domestic affairs; second, to keep the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. completely separate; third, to keep the F.B.I. outside the control of the director of Central Intelligence; and, finally, to preclude the C.I.A. from activities directed against Americans.

President Truman accepted my recommendations. He felt that he had given the C.I.G. concept a fair test and it had failed. As a result, Section 102 was now added to the National Security Act of 1947. It abolished both the National Intelligence Authority and the Central Intelligence Group, and established a Central Intelligence Agency. The director of the C.I.A. would continue to hold the title of director of Central Intelligence. In that capacity he would not only oversee the C.I.A. but also have authority over the rest of the foreign-intelligence community within the United States government. But in practice the military intelligence services resisted taking directions from the director of Central Intelligence rather than from their own chain of command, and to this day oversight of the intelligence committee by the director of Central Intelligence falls far short of our original intent.

Covert operations were placed under the new National Security Council through a carefully phrased "catchall" clause—Section 102(d)(5)—which provided that the C.I.A. shall "perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct."

I reviewed this critical sentence carefully at the time, but could never have imagined that forty years later I would be asked to testify before Congress on its meaning and intent. The "other functions" the C.I.A. was to perform were deliberately not specified, but we expected that they would include covert activities. We did not mention these by name because we felt that it would be injurious to our national interest to advertise the possibility of our engaging in such activities. We intended these activities to be separate and distinct from the normal activities of the C.I.A., and expected them to be limited in scope and purpose—hence the important limiting phrase "affecting the national security."

The National Security Act of 1947



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remains to this day the statutory authorization for covert activity. In the light of the continuing controversy over the role and the activities of the C.I.A., it bears emphasizing that it was by act of Congress that the C.I.A. was established and exists today: it was by act of Congress that covert operations were authorized.

During the seven years in the nineteen-sixties when I sat as a member and then as the chairman of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, I often reflected on the complexities of this problem. A great nation must have the capability to defend its own interests, and that capability includes a first-rate intelligence service.

I believed that a limited number of covert programs, tightly controlled by the President and the National Security Council, would be a necessary part of our foreign policy. But over the years covert activities became so numerous and widespread that they became in effect a self-sustaining part of American foreign operations. The C.I.A. became a government within a government, which could evade oversight of its activities by drawing the cloak of secrecy around itself.

My concern over this trend reached its height during the Iran-Contra scandal of the Reagan years. I came to the conclusion that we must reassess the very idea of conducting covert operations. Testifying before the House and Senate in 1987 and 1988, I expressed my concern:

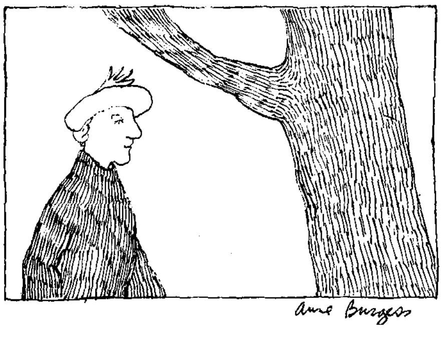
> If we are to continue with [covert operations] and gain any benefit from them, we must find a way to keep them consistent with the principles and institutions of the Constitution and our foreign policy. If we determine that this cannot be done, then again I say we are better off without covert activities entirely than with them out of control.

Some people mistook my statement for opposition to covert operations, but the fact is that I was simply supporting legislation (opposed by the Reagan and Bush Administrations) designed to prevent the recurrence of the outrageous—and, I believe, unlawful—activities of the C.I.A. in the Iran-Contra affair. On the advice of the C.I.A. and the Justice Department, President Reagan, ignoring existing laws, did not keep Congress informed of the C.I.A.'s covert activities in Iran and Central America. To avoid a repetition of this lamentable event, I supported legislation that tightened the requirements for the President to consult and inform the congressional intelligence committees. I urged that teeth be put into the law in a way that everyone could understand: criminal penalties for "knowing and willful" violation of the law.

THE strain on Forrestal had increased steadily during 1948. The debris of his personal life added to the pressures building up in him. The Forrestals seemed to live separate lives. His wife's behavior was an increasing mortification to Forrestal. At one dinner they gave, in honor of Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Forrestal did not come downstairs for over an hour after the first guests had arrived. Finally, she appeared, after too much to drink, at the top of their magnificent staircase, and, looking down at the guests, said loudly, "Good Lord, what in the world do all these people have to say to each other?" Randolph Churchill, who enjoyed drinking as much as anyone, found this remark amusing, but Forrestal felt humiliated by it.

On another occasion, I asked Forrestal if he would act as host on short notice for the President's poker game—something he felt greatly honored to do. Throughout that day, I learned later, Forrestal, worried that his wife might appear during the evening and create an incident, tried to persuade her to go to New York, on the ground that the Presidential poker evenings were stag affairs. When she refused, Forrestal became nearly frantic with apprehension over what she might do. Finally, just before the guests arrived, he persuaded her to go upstairs and not greet the guests. He was afraid throughout the evening, though, that she would emerge without warning and repeat her performance of the Churchill dinner. As time went on, her condition came to be an open secret around Washington.

Forrestal also became a target for some powerful journalists. For months, Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell, the two most widely read columnists of the time, attacked him as a tool of Wall Street, and, after his opposition to Israel became known, he was deeply upset by the charge that he "cared more for oil than he did for the Jews." He was not a man who could put a quarrel behind him and move on, an important attribute for longevity in Washington. He told me that the attack that had upset him the most was an accusation by Pearson that he had fled in fear when his wife was held up outside their Manhattan town house in 1937; the truth was that he had been asleep upstairs and unaware of the incident until after it was over. He expressed bitterness at this assault on his honor and personal courage. Finally, there were rumors in Washington that Forrestal, assuming a Republican victory in 1948, had been in secret contact with Dewey in the hope of staying on as Secretary of Defense. (I never knew whether these stories were true.)



Work had become Forrestal's life, or perhaps the sanctuary from the rest of his life, but by the end of 1948 he had begun to deteriorate. He was worn out from trying to make the 1947 act function. Often unable to sleep, he began calling his friends in the middle of the night just to talk. When he called me, I listened carefully, but with increasing puzzlement. Like most people in the nineteen-forties, my understanding of emotional disorders was quite limited, and I had no idea how serious an illness depression can be. I remember only one glimpse into the bottomless darkness of his internal crisis. Sitting directly behind him during a Cabinet meeting near the end of 1948, I noticed that he had scratched raw a spot on the top of his head with his fingernails. As the meeting progressed, he continued to scratch until it was the size of a half-dollar. I watched in silent horror as blood slowly oozed from this spot.

Symington and Forrestal, in the course of working together in 1947 and 1948, had argued bitterly over the size of the Air Force budget. In those days, Symington was a tenacious defender of air power, and he had given Forrestal a difficult time, adding to Forrestal's distress. In 1949, Symington, too, caught a glimpse of Forrestal's anguish. Forrestal called to ask for the name of a good lawyer, because, he said, he needed to change his will right away.

Though puzzled at the urgency of the request, Symington recommended Paul Porter, one of Washington's most prominent lawyers. A few days later, Porter called Symington and said, "This man is crazy. He is raving. He doesn't know what he wants." Despite our friendship, Symington did not tell me about this incident until it was too late. Something in our backgrounds, some combination of respect for Forrestal's privacy and inability to recognize the danger signals, kept us—and, it turned out, everyone else—from comparing notes and coming to his aid.

Forrestal apparently confided the extent of his distress to no one. Had the roots of his suffering been understood, his departure from office would, of course, have been handled differently, but at the time even his closest friends thought that he was simply exhausted.

In the second half of 1948, because the Presidential election had become my overwhelming preoccupation, I saw less of Forrestal than usual. Our private breakfasts were no longer as frequent. Forrestal, in contrast to Symington, was not the sort of person with whom one could disagree on issues without straining a friendship, and we had disagreed frequently over the N.S.C. and the role of the Navy.

The President respected the courage it took for Forrestal to admit that he had been wrong on military unification, but he was increasingly disturbed by Forrestal's indecisiveness. "Jim has trouble making up his mind," the President said to me in 1948. Treasury Secretary John Snyder, a friend of Forrestal's, told the President that Forrestal was behaving strangely. Vaughan succeeded in raising doubts in the President's mind about Forrestal's loyalty during the 1948 campaign. For all these reasons, and also out of a sense that it was time for a post-election reorganization of the Administration, President Truman, in March, 1949, asked Forrestal to resign.

On the day Forrestal left office, the President presented him with the Distinguished Service Medal. Unable to respond to the President's generous words of praise, Forrestal was led, speechless, from the room. It was suddenly clear to everyone that something was very wrong.

Arrangements were made for him to fly to the quiet, secluded resort of Hobe Sound, Florida, to rest. But demons were inside him, and rest could not

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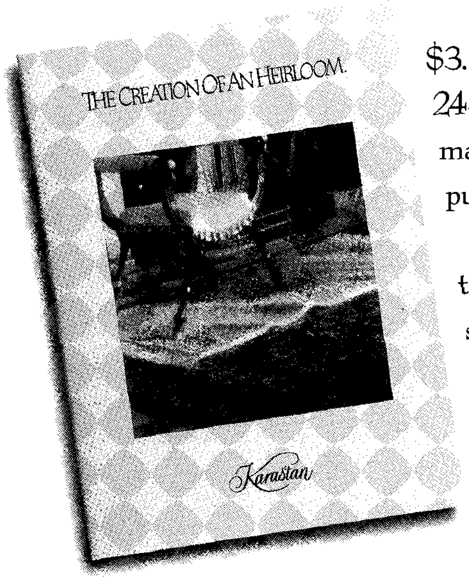

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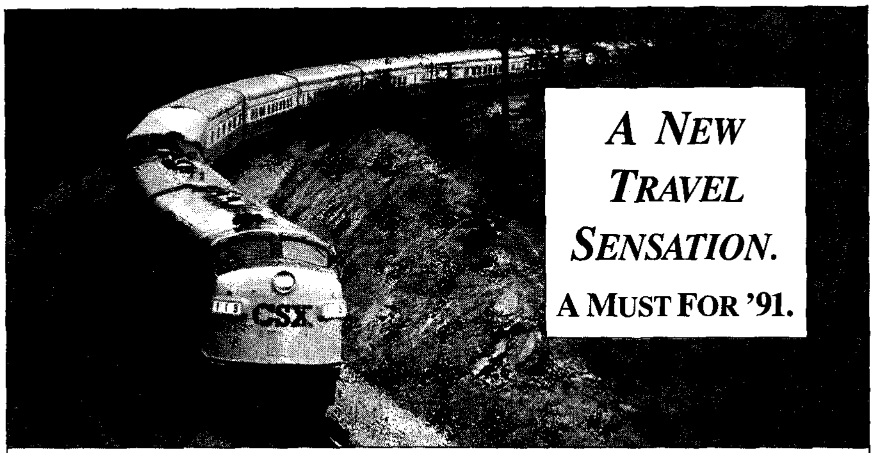

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quiet them. As Robert Lovett, the former Under-Secretary of State, told Symington and me later, he met Forrestal at the airport, prepared to take his mind off Washington with golf and swimming, but Forrestal quickly pulled him aside. "I must talk to you," he whispered. "The Russians are after me, the F.B.I. is watching me, the Zionists are after me." Lovett was stunned. At Lovett's house, Forrestal searched the closets and looked under beds for hidden microphones.

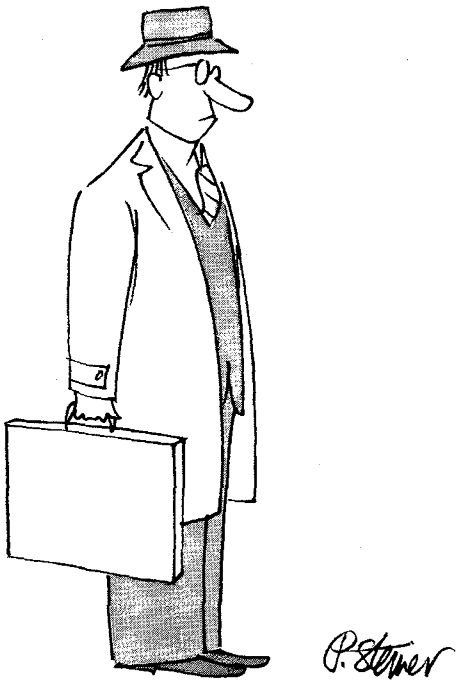
The famous psychiatrist Dr. William Menninger was flown to Hobe Sound to examine Forrestal. He saw at once that the man was desperately ill, and advised immediate professional attention. Too ill to make decisions for himself, Forrestal was flown back to Washington on a military plane. In a tragic error of judgment, the Navy, concerned that he might blurt out national-security secrets to the wrong people, vetoed suggestions that he be sent to the Menninger Clinic or another private facility specializing in mental disorders. With Mrs. Forrestal's assent, they insisted that he enter Bethesda Naval Hospital, a military facility whose staff lacked both the experience and the understanding to deal with his illness. Once there, he was assigned to the V.I.P. suite of rooms, on the sixteenth floor.

After he had been at Bethesda a month, his friends were told that he appeared more relaxed and was recovering. But on May 22, 1949, in the middle of the night, Jim Forrestal jumped out of an unguarded hospital window. On the desk in his room he left a handwritten copy of the Chorus from "Ajax," by Sophocles, in which the suicide of Ajax, a man gripped by insanity, is explained and lamented:

. . . Better to die, and sleep
The never waking sleep, than
linger on
And dare to live, when the soul's
life is gone.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S loyalty program got under way in 1946-47, and as I look back on my career in government my greatest regret is that I did not make more of an effort to try to kill at its inception this misguided and pernicious effort to eliminate "subversives" from the government. I did not pay enough attention to it, and by the time the full dangers of the program were evident it was too late: the Korean War had started, McCarthyism had begun to flower in America, and the Administration had lost its chance to control the issue.

The program had its beginnings at a time when the Soviet challenge was moving to center stage. As the Administration proclaimed the dangers of Communism abroad, conservative politicians, encouraged by J. Edgar Hoover, claimed to have found evidence of a subversive Communist threat on the domestic front. The search for "the enemy within" was not confined, as it should have been, to the search for Soviet spies, a legitimate and important function of the F.B.I. and American counter-intelligence; it spread into a twentieth-century witch-hunt for "disloyal" Americans. On the crest of this issue, a new generation of right-wing politicians, dominated at first by Senator Joe McCarthy, began its rise to national prominence; two future Republican Presidents, both from California, used the issue as their launching pad into national politics (Nixon as senator, Reagan as president of the Screen Actors Guild). At first, we in the White House paid insufficient attention to the politics of the issue, because more urgent and more serious matters constantly demanded the attention of the President and his senior advisers. This is an explanation, however, not an excuse for what happened.



BORN IN CAPTIVITY

The need for the nation to protect itself against Soviet espionage was made clear by the frequent exposure of Soviet spies within the American, Canadian, and British governments. President Truman supported F.B.I. and C.I.A. efforts to that end. But Hoover believed that the national security was threatened not only by Soviet agents but by anyone who expressed views that might be characterized as "pro-Communist" or "socialist," or even "leftist." He sought authority to dismiss from public service anyone whose views were politically suspect. The Truman Administration resisted Hoover's efforts to control the process throughout the federal government, but, in 1947, in the course of resisting them, it created a different structure, loosely called the federal loyalty-security boards. The intention was to prevent a concentration of power in the hands of the F.B.I. and its political allies, but the result was an unhappy one. The Administration, by compromising with its critics, created a poorly conceived and poorly executed program that satisfied neither the conservatives, who wanted a far more aggressive hunt for subversives, nor the liberals, who believed that any loyalty program was an infringement of the First Amendment.

J. Edgar Hoover was fifty-two years old in 1947. He had served in the Department of Justice since 1917, and had been the nation's chief domestic-intelligence officer since 1924. His hatred of Communism was genuine, and he felt that everyone in the Truman Administration was a novice compared with him, especially on this issue.

Thus began the attack of "the primitives," as Dean Acheson aptly called Hoover and his allies in Congress, who included a young first-term congressman from California named Richard M. Nixon. President Truman, a great optimist about his nation and its resilience, paid little attention to a possible threat from internal Communist subversion. He concentrated on what could be done to defeat Communism in those areas overseas where it might take root unless America acted to prevent such a thing. His attitude, and mine, could be summed up in a saying that became common around the White House as the primitives grew louder in the next two years: Communism was a threat *to* America, but not a threat *in* America.

The Republican sweep in the 1946 congressional elections emboldened Hoover and his allies. From that point on, they treated the Administration as a group of very lame ducks. Just days after the election, Hoover began pressing for a tough line on the issue of loyalty in the government, and shamelessly leaked information to his favorite columnists, most notably Walter Winchell. President Truman was in a trap. He did not like Hoover, but in 1947 the F.B.I. director was widely regarded as a genuine American hero, who had protected the nation against gangsters and Nazis. To a certain extent, those feats were skillfully manufactured public-relations myths, but they prevented the President from even thinking about getting rid of Hoover. Meanwhile, Attorney General Tom Clark, who shared Hoover's views, constantly urged the President to expand the investigative authority of the F.B.I.

On November 25, 1946, the President, yielding to pressure from Hoover and Clark, moved to take the initiative from the Republican Congress and established a Temporary Commission on Employee Loyalty. The commission, chaired by an assistant attorney general who was Hoover's stooge, was told to come up with recommendations for a permanent program. The result was Executive Order 9835, which was issued on March 21, 1947—only nine days after the Truman Doctrine speech—and established the loyalty program. It authorized the Civil Service Commission to conduct a loyalty investigation of every new federal employee, and set up in every department or agency a loyalty board empowered to recommend "the removal of any officer or employee . . . on grounds relating to loyalty." This executive order was drafted by the F.B.I. and the Justice Department, and went through my office before it was approved by the President. Hoover had wanted both investigatory and review power vested in the F.B.I., but the order put the Civil Service Commission, rather than the F.B.I., in charge of the investigations. As for the review process, the order left it up to the separate departments or agencies.

Although Executive Order 9835 was subsequently criticized by liberals for failing to protect the civil rights of government employees, the first assault on it came from the right, which raged at its "weakness." Hoover was infuriated, and concluded that the President was not serious about domestic subversion. He was particularly angry at what he regarded as two deliberate insults to the F.B.I.: assigning responsibility for examining new government employees to the Civil Service Commission, and leaving each agency in charge of its own loyalty review of its employees. Almost immediately, he publicly criticized the Administration, in fiery testimony before the new chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, J. Parnell Thomas, of New Jersey. From that point on, Hoover continually sought full control of the program.

Our efforts to resist Hoover's grab for power diverted our attention from the real defects of Executive Order 9835. The first was inherent in the word "loyalty." The word was vague and suggested the wrong intent. Since Communist espionage and subversion were the stated objectives of the program, it should have been called a "security program." Security can be defined; loyalty, however, is an intangible quality, defined differently by different people. The second defect in the program was more specific. An official charged with disloyalty was granted the right to an "administrative hearing before a loyalty board in the employing department," but the executive order allowed a loyalty board to keep details of the charges against the individual secret if it wished to do so for security reasons. Furthermore, no specific finding that the individual was a security risk was necessary for dismissal; all that was required was the government's view that "reasonable grounds exist for belief that the person involved is disloyal to the Government of the United States."

In late April and early May of 1947, as the Marshall Plan was being drafted and we fought to salvage the National Security Act from Congressman Vinson and the Navy, the backstage struggle between the Civil Service Commission and the F.B.I. over control of the loyalty program burst into open warfare—a struggle eventually won by Hoover, through intense lobby-

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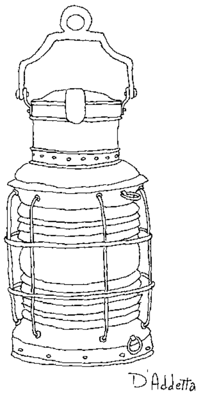
ing and public-relations efforts. On August 17th, the F.B.I. began fingerprinting incumbent government employees, and on October 1, 1947, the loyalty program was officially launched.

Thus began an era in which every aspect of a person's private opinions on political issues suddenly seemed open to public scrutiny. The loyalty program gave rise to myriad similar programs in the private sector, which were often run with even less justice or justification. One of the most famous, in Hollywood, led to the blacklisting of many prominent members of the film community, and brought Ronald Reagan into his first important involvement in politics. Even people's reading habits could cause their dismissal, and even an unproved accusation of attendance at a meeting sponsored by a leftist group could destroy a person's career. The State Department witnessed many of the most dramatic and most memorable battles of the era, including the tragic destruction of the Foreign Service Office careers of John Stewart Service, John Carter Vincent, and John Paton Davies. Not one of these men was a Communist, but each had made the mistake of frankly reporting why Communism was gaining strength, especially in China.



President Truman abhorred what was happening. But events took the issue out of his hands. The defection of a code clerk, Igor Gouzenko, from the Soviet Embassy in Canada generated enormous interest in the United States, and his testimony about Soviet espionage in the United States fuelled the right wing. The Alger Hiss affair began its long voyage through American history. In October, 1949, China fell to Mao. Four months later, Senator Joe McCarthy made his infamous speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, charging that the State Department was harboring Communists. Four months after that, the Korean War began. All the conditions for the right-wing assault on American civil liberties which we now call McCarthyism were in place.

The trend had begun to alarm President Truman well before the start of the Korean War. After the 1948 election, he indicated to me his growing dissatisfaction with both Hoover and the atmosphere that had been created. But never once did he indicate that he thought the loyalty program had contributed to that atmosphere, or even that it was a mistake; in his eyes, the program had been originally designed to prevent only the excesses that were taking place, and would not have become a problem if Hoover had not perverted it. He felt that without the loyalty program the political pressures from the right wing would have been much greater, and more difficult to resist. At the time, I agreed with him; later, I came to a different conclusion.

There has probably been no one, in my years in Washington, who amassed and abused power more shamefully than J. Edgar Hoover. As the disclosures of recent years have shown, his agenda for the F.B.I. was highly personal, and included vendettas against Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and a host of other people whose views or behavior had somehow offended him.

In the nineteen-forties, we could only suspect the dimensions of his megalomania. By the nineteen-seventies, evidence was beginning to emerge about some of his activities. But even today, I think, there is a great deal we do not know about the uses to which J. Edgar Hoover put his vast array of agents, networks, and resources. He was very close to being an American Fascist. It is unfortunate that the new F.B.I. headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington still bears his name.

HISTORY will always treat Harry Truman's "whistle-stop" campaign by train across America as the dramatic highlight of his stunning upset victory over Thomas E. Dewey, but it did not seem so at the time. I remember it as a miserable, ceaseless, exhausting treadmill. Months after the 1948 campaign was over, I still woke occasionally in the middle of the night from a nightmare that I was trapped on that train. Only later did any of us aboard realize that riding the rails with Harry Truman in 1948 had conferred on us the status that goes with participation in a mythic event—the centerpiece of the greatest political upset in American history, and one of the last Presidential elections conducted before television, jet travel, political consultants, modern polling and communications changed politics forever.

Many Democrats did not want or expect President Truman to run: they considered him an unelected usurper of F.D.R.'s mantle, with no chance against the Republicans. But I and many of my friends expected Harry Truman to run, and wanted him to run, even though his national campaigning thus far had been limited to an unremarkable run for the Vice-Presidency in 1944. Like everyone else, however, we were not sure he could win.

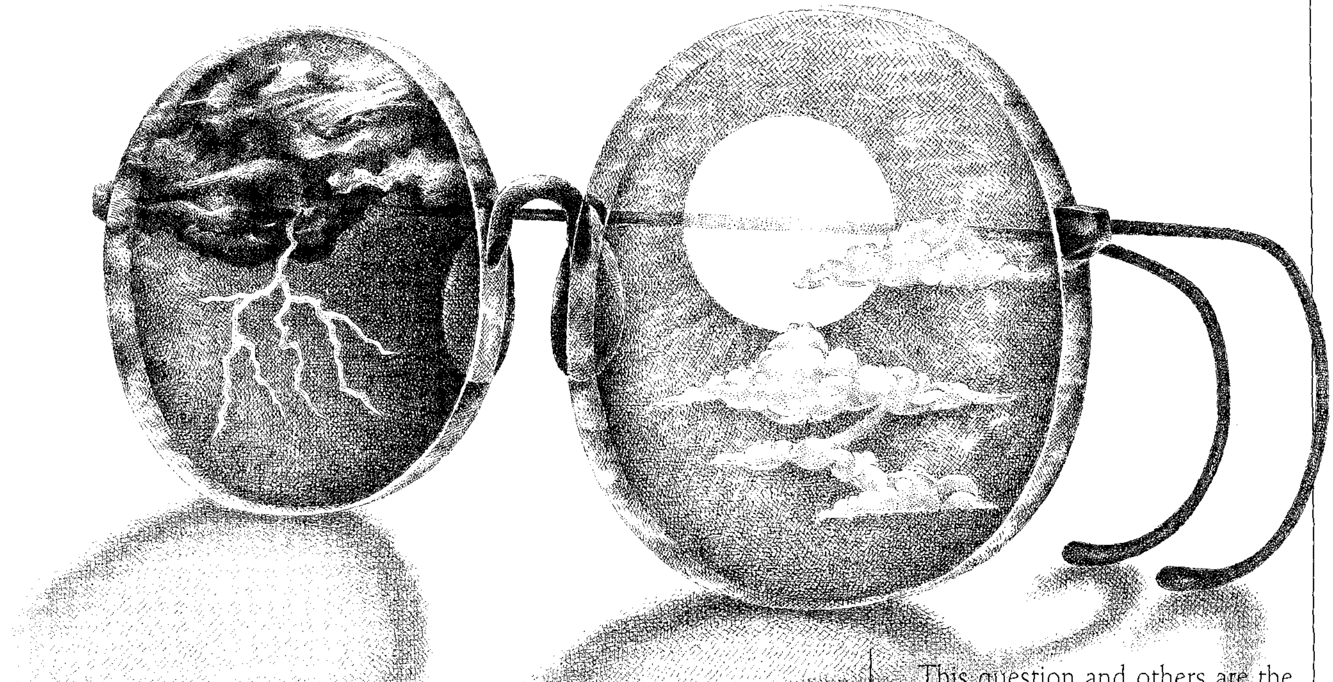
He was apparently not so sure himself, for in 1947 he secretly sent word to General Eisenhower that he would step aside if Eisenhower wanted the Democratic nomination. Neither President Truman nor anyone else had the slightest idea of Eisenhower's political views, and in the luminous aura that surrounded the war hero no one bothered to ask. Although Eisenhower declined President Truman's suggestion, the "Ike factor" was to cast a continuing shadow over the campaign until the very eve of the Democratic Convention. (Many liberal Democrats, including Hubert Humphrey, preferred Eisenhower to Truman.)

Of the President's secret offer to Eisenhower I knew nothing at the time. I am sure President Truman realized that I would have tried to dissuade him from such an action, so he simply did not tell me. The only occasion on which I heard the two men even touch on politics was during a luncheon that Eisenhower, then the Army Chief of Staff, gave President Truman at the Pentagon in early 1946. In a lighthearted manner, President Truman turned to Eisenhower and said, "General, if you ever want to go into politics, come to me and I'll sure endorse you." Ike just smiled his famous smile, and the conversation moved on. In any case, the possibility of Eisenhower's accepting the 1948 Democratic nomination (it was his for the asking) worried Truman for many months.

The obstacles to President Truman's reëlection were staggering. Roosevelt's coalition was fragile and in danger of breaking up. Both Houses of Congress were in Republican hands. Part of the South followed Strom Thurmond, then the Democratic governor of South Carolina, in a regional

OUR PERCEPTIONS OF RISK DON'T ALWAYS AGREE WITH THE REALITIES.

DO WE REALLY KNOW RISK WHEN WE SEE IT?



We are living longer and healthier lives than ever before. Yet, from airplane accidents to reports of "poisonous" apples, it seems we face new dangers every day. Are we the safest people ever, or are we the most at risk?

OUR PERCEPTIONS of risk affect where we live, where we work, even what we eat and drink. But how do we really know what is risky?

One way to judge risk is with probabilities. For example, the odds you'll be struck by lightning in the next hour are one in 600,000.

But most of us judge risk in a slightly less scientific manner. We see a news report about a fatal plane crash. So we worry about our next flight. Yet, in 1989, out of 7,625,000 commercial flights in the U.S., there were only 11 fatal crashes killing 278 people. Meanwhile, almost 50,000 people died from a form of travel few of us fear, the car.

Why? One theory is that we feel safer when we're in control. In a plane we are mere passengers. But in a car we're behind the wheel. We tend to forget the uncontrollable elements that make driving so dangerous—other drivers may be inexperienced, tired or even drunk.

Perceptions of risk like this affect the decisions we make not just as individuals but also as a society. From earthquakes to pesticides on our foods, do the things we worry about really pose a bigger risk to our safety than the things we don't worry about?

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revolt, and Thurmond would run for President on the States' Rights, or Dixiecrat, ticket. And Henry Wallace, still smarting from being fired from his position as Secretary of Commerce in 1946, was running as a left-wing third-party candidate.

By the summer of 1947, we knew we were heading into uncharted and difficult waters. We lacked any plan or over-all strategy for the campaign. As I talked over our strategy with my friends, I felt the need for a comprehensive approach to the election, and in November of 1947, after consultations with political experts in Washington who agreed with me that President Truman should run as a liberal and reassemble the key elements of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal coalition, I submitted to the President a forty-three page memorandum offering seven major predictions about the coming campaign and suggesting a strategy for victory. (The memorandum was an extensive revision of a draft originally prepared by James Rowe, one of the most brilliant political thinkers of the New Deal era. Unfortunately, President Truman disliked Rowe, and had refused to read the draft, suggesting that it be given to me. Since President Truman would have refused my memorandum, too, if he had known that it was associated with Rowe, I did not refer to his role in its drafting.)

In the light of history, I am struck now by both what we got right and what we got wrong. Our predictions were, as these things go, surprisingly accurate: six out of seven right—enough on which to base a winning strategy.

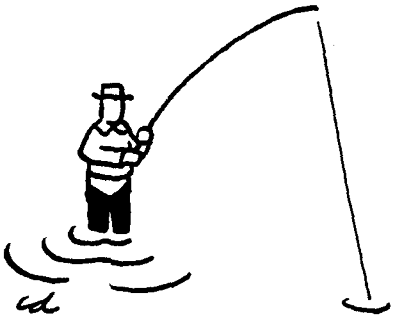
Our most serious error was taking the South for granted. We did not anticipate the Southern revolt that would lead to Strom Thurmond's fourth-party candidacy. I can only smile ruefully when I reread my assessment of the South: "As always, the South can be considered safely Democratic. And in formulating national policy, it can be safely ignored."

Since Reconstruction, black Americans had favored the "party of Lincoln." F.D.R. had broken the Republican lock on the black vote, and it could go either way in 1948. Anticipating a major effort by Dewey to win black votes, we recommended "a determined campaign to help the Negro (and everybody else) on the problems of high prices and housing," explaining, "Unless there are new and real efforts . . . the Negro bloc, which, certainly in Illinois and probably in New York and Ohio, *does* hold the balance of power, will go Republican." What a sense of the passage of time these words evoke! In recent years, it has been the black vote that the Democrats have taken for granted, while white voters in the South have usually voted overwhelmingly Republican in Presidential campaigns. We did not realize how quickly Southern whites would abandon the President if he supported equal civil rights for all Americans.

With that important exception, the memorandum was surprisingly accurate. We called "the Winning of the West" our "Number One Priority," and planned a special campaign targeted at farmers. That turned out to be a critical decision: it was President Truman's success in the Farm Belt that provided him with the cushion he needed to withstand the shock of the loss of the South.

The memorandum identified several groups besides farmers which would require special appeals. They included independents, progressives, labor-union leaders and members, Catholics, Italians, Jews, and "liberals." This last group was up for grabs between Wallace and the President. While the liberals were numerically small, they were "far more influential than mere numbers entitle them to be," we wrote. "The businessman has influence because he contributes his money. The liberal exerts unusual influence because he is articulate. The 'right' may have the money, but the 'left' has always had the pen."

I assumed that the key foreign-policy issue would be United States relations with the Soviet Union. Relations would get worse, we predicted, and the worsening would strengthen the President, who was "comparatively invulnerable to attack because of his brilliant appointment of General Marshall" as Secretary of State. But the major issue of the 1948 election, we predicted, would be the high cost of living, heightened by a continuing housing shortage. This prediction led to the most important recommendation of the memorandum:



> The Administration should select the issues upon which there will be conflict with the majority in Congress. It can assume it will get no major part of its own program approved. Its tactics must, therefore, be entirely different than if there were any real point to bargaining and compromise. Its recommendations—in the State of the Union Message and elsewhere—must be tailored for the voter, not the Congressman; they must display a label which reads "no compromises."

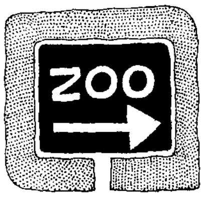
It was in this brief and blunt passage that the glimmerings of a strategy for the campaign first emerged. The President would run not against his opponent but against the Republican Party's record in Congress.

Style is always a vital part of campaigning. Harry Truman was never comfortable with actions that seemed self-serving or phony. He had a tendency to let members of his Cabinet claim the limelight when some major announcement was made. I felt that this tendency, while admirable, was not politically effective. We urged the President to adjust his style to reflect a stronger sense of personal leadership.

At the end of the memorandum I wrote, "The campaign of 1948 will be a tough, bitterly fought struggle." I had no doubt about that. Things did not seem as bleak in November of 1947, however, as they became by the middle of 1948, and as I gave the President the memorandum I had no idea of how tough and bitter the campaign would in fact become. He liked the memorandum, and kept it in his desk drawer throughout the campaign for handy reference. It received no further distribution.

ONE of the problems we faced in 1948 was the President's speaking style. He generally read poorly from written texts, his head down and his words coming forth in what the press liked to call a "drone." He waved his right hand up and down as if he were chopping wood. The contrast with the brilliant and compelling style of his predecessor made the problem all the more serious.

We had tried various devices to improve the President's speaking style, which even he realized was uninspiring. One, in late 1947, I found particularly memorable. I thought that perhaps the President's style would improve if he read from large cue cards, placed just out of sight of the cameras. I brought several large cards, about three by four feet, to a staff meeting in October. With a few staff members looking on, the President cheerfully agreed to try out the idea. He read the cards with interest when I placed them on his desk, but as soon as I moved them just three feet away he told us that he could not read them, despite their huge lettering. "My eyes have been like this since I was a boy," he explained, and that was the end of that experiment.



Ross, Charles Murphy, and I finally hit upon a successful approach: having the President speak extemporaneously. He agreed to try it, and with this new approach Harry Truman's natural, down-to-earth style emerged, complete with an informal ease that his prepared texts could not capture. For his Convention acceptance speech, in Philadelphia, we urged him to continue the experiment of speaking from just an outline. Many politicians would have considered that too risky, but he agreed, and asked me to pull the materials together.

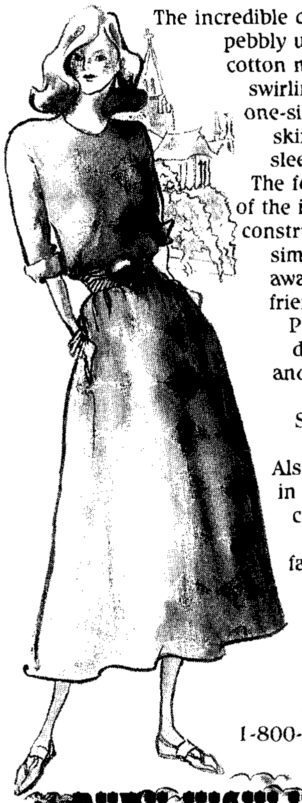
Our train arrived in Philadelphia shortly before ten in the evening. Some Southern delegates had already bolted the Party, because they considered Truman too liberal. "I'm just mild about Harry" and "To err is Truman" were common slogans even at the Convention. Unlike most subsequent national political conventions, where events have been carefully scheduled to attract the largest possible television audience, the 1948 Democratic Convention was a chaotic affair, run not by the White House but by Sam Rayburn, the House Democratic leader, and various Party officials. President Truman had expected to go directly to the convention hall to deliver his speech, in what would today be referred to as prime time. But the Southern walkout that evening delayed the President's speech. As the fractious Convention kept him waiting and the hour grew late, the national radio and television audience dwindled. President Truman had been offered a room at a nearby hotel in which to wait, but, underestimating the length of the delay, he had said he preferred to wait at the Convention. As a result, we were ushered into a small makeshift office, which in my memory resembled the Black Hole of Calcutta. There we waited for almost four hours in sweltering heat as the delegate voting process inched along. I worried about the President's energy level, and feared for his white linen suit, wilting in the humidity. Unknown to all but a tiny handful of the people around him, the President had been suffering for some hours from a gastrointestinal upset, and that added greatly to his discomfort. Finally, the heat became unbearable, and he went outside and sat on a ramp near the stage entrance overlooking the railroad yards.

Almost an hour after midnight, Harry Truman was finally nominated by the Democratic Convention, with 947½ votes. In a final insult to President Truman, those Southerners who had not walked out mounted a last-minute effort to nominate Georgia's Richard Russell, and garnered 263 votes, another indication of the crisis we now faced in the South. And no one moved that the nomination be made unanimous—the first time that traditional courtesy had ever been denied to an incumbent Democratic President.

It was about one-thirty in the morning when Alben Barkley was formally nominated for Vice-President. Rayburn suggested that the Convention adjourn for the night and hear the President's acceptance speech the next day, but some instinct in Harry Truman told him that he should seize the moment, despite the lateness of the hour, to deliver some fighting words to the deeply wounded Convention and Party. He told Rayburn he wanted to go on immediately.

I was gravely worried. The evening had been truly draining. At one-forty-five in the morning, Harry Truman and Alben Barkley, the Vice-Presidential nominee, came out on the stage. I followed them out into the vast crowd, taking a seat just below the speakers' platform.

Then occurred the incident I have often looked back on as the low point of the year. Just as Rayburn was beginning his remarks, a rather large national committeewoman from Pennsylvania named Emma Guffey Miller—she was described as "matronly" by reporters the next day—bustled over to the microphone and interrupted Ray-



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burn. With an air of great importance, she said she had the honor to present the President with a surprise tribute from the host city, a huge Liberty Bell made out of flowers.

It was a surprise all right. Inside the floral arrangement was a flock of forty-eight white pigeons, which Emma Guffey Miller referred to as "doves of peace." As she presented the Liberty Bell to the President, the birds—or, at least, those still alive—were suddenly liberated from the stifling quarters in which they had been cooped up all evening. At that point, they did exactly what one would expect birds confined to a tiny space for a long time to do: they went wild, flying into the rafters, getting caught in the bunting, swooping and dive-bombing the President and others on the platform. Worst of all, although the press delicately did not mention it the next morning, Emma Guffey Miller's doves of peace began, not surprisingly, to drop the inevitable product of their hours of imprisonment on any delegates who had the bad luck to be underneath them. Farmers in the crowd shouted "Watch your clothes!" and after the long hours of tension and animosity the hall seemed united in the childish glee brought on by the absurdity of the moment. Standing on the floor just below the speakers' platform, I saw one pigeon land on a large fan, where it looked as if it were about to be minced. To gasps and cheers, Rayburn snared it and threw it back out toward the crowd. Directly in front of me I saw my wife, Marny, struggling to calm one of the birds, which had landed in her lap. She eventually fashioned what she later described as "a dove diaper" to protect herself. Even as President Truman accepted his party's nomination for the Presidency of the United States a few moments later, after most of the birds were recaptured, I could see several of them still circling above us in the harsh spotlights. Marny held on to the one that had landed in her lap.

LATE NIGHT ODE

(Horace IV. i)

It's over, love. Look at me pushing fifty now,
  Hair like grave-grass growing in both ears,
The piles and boggy prostate, the hanged man's penis,
  The sour taste of each day's first lie,

And that recurrent dream of years ago pulling
  A swaying bead chain of moonlight,
Of slipping between the cool sheets of dark
  Along a body like my own, but blameless.

What good's my cut-glass conversation now,
  Now I'm so effortlessly vulgar and sad?
You get from life what you can shake from it?
  For me, it's g.-and-t.s all day and CNN.

Try the blond boychick lawyer, entry level
  At eighty grand, who pouts about the overtime,
Keeps Evian and a beeper in his locker at the gym,
  And hash in tinfoil under the office fern.

There's your hound from heaven, with buccaneer
  Curls and perfumed war paint on his nipples.
His answering machine always has room for one more
  Slurred, embarrassed call from you-know-who.

Some nights I've laughed so hard the tears
  Won't stop. Look at me now. Why *now*?
I long ago gave up pretending to believe
  Anyone's memory will give as good as it gets.

So why these stubborn tears? And why do I dream
  Almost every night of holding you again,
Or at least of diving after you, my long-gone,
  Through the bruised unbalanced waves?

—J. D. McClatchy

* * *

After Mrs. Miller's ludicrous pigeons of peace, I thought I was ready for almost anything. But I was not ready for the effectiveness of President Truman's speech. Facing an exhausted audience at 2 A.M., an exhausted Harry Truman unveiled a new and dynamic speaking style. Using some of the notes we had given him but ad-libbing more than half of his speech, his voice a high-pitched staccato instead of its usual drone, President Truman roused the sluggish audience, and to my amazement and pleasure it roared its approval and gave him a prolonged standing ovation at the end.

In President Truman's tone and manner that night I thought I saw the beginning of a new and different sort of leader, a man who, finally nominated in his own right to head the party of Franklin Roosevelt, was ready to come into his own, win or lose. Never once referring to his opponent, he focussed his fire entirely on the Republican Congress, as the November memorandum had proposed.

In the middle of the speech, President Truman revealed his secret punch—a special session of Congress for which I had been lobbying. In urging the President to proceed, I had said we were on our own one-yard line and needed some "razzle-dazzle" to break out of our defensive position. I think it was the disastrous events of the day that finally convinced him that he somehow had to seize the initiative, and that this was the best available idea.

He added a highly personal touch to his surprise announcement, a homespun phrase that took him back to his Jackson County farm-country origins: "On the 26th day of July, which out in Missouri we call 'Turnip Day,' I am going to call that Congress back, and I am going to ask them to pass laws halting rising prices, and to meet the housing crisis." President Truman later took pleasure in explaining that he had in mind an old Missouri saying, "On the twenty-fifth of July, sow your turnips wet or dry." Since July 25th fell on a Sunday in 1948, he simply moved the date for the special session to the following day.

The Turnip Session, as it inevitably

came to be called, turned out exactly the way we had hoped. On July 27th, the President went up to the Hill to tell Congress that his highest priority was to stop inflation and solve the housing shortage. The Republicans were not about to do anything on either issue, and they attacked virtually every proposal that President Truman sent up. When the session was over, I prepared a detailed list of all the proposals Congress had not enacted. We released the list in conjunction with a press conference, on August 12th, in which President Truman used for the first time an expression that we thought had punch and staying power, and it did indeed become part of the American political language. The Turnip Session, the President said, had been a "do-nothing" session—part of a "do-nothing Congress."

AT the time of the campaign, I had never met Tom Dewey. Later, when I came to know him personally—I even once spent a pleasant golfing weekend with him in California—I found him a decent and moderate man, though without much of a sense of humor. But in 1948 he ran an amazingly poor campaign, behaving as if its purpose were merely to ratify an outcome that was not in doubt. That was exactly the sort of arrogance the American electorate does not like, and it gave us an easy chance to poke fun at the stately procession toward the White House which Dewey thought he was leading.

The President almost never attacked his opponent directly. Dewey had been a decent governor, with an outstanding reputation as a prosecutor in cases of organized crime. But since he did not emphasize that record the President was also able to ignore it. At the same time, Dewey chose not to counter President Truman's highly effective attacks on the "do-nothing" Eightieth Congress.

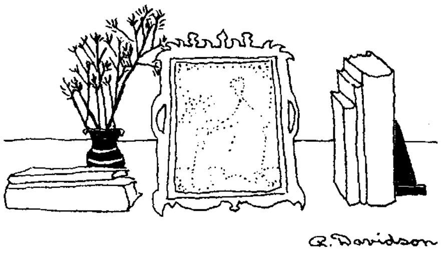
Dewey's speaking style was soporific, and his speeches, carefully prepared through a cumbersome staff process structured more for an incumbent President than for a candidate, were bland. By contrast, President Truman's speeches became steadily more animated and aggressive as the campaign proceeded. Dewey opted for fewer days on the campaign trail than President Truman, because he wanted to spend time in Albany as governor. President Truman ran as the underdog and outsider, and he eroded the image of inevitability that the press had woven around Dewey. A visitor from another planet might have reasonably concluded that Thomas Dewey was the incumbent, Harry Truman the challenger.

As I directed the preparation of drafts of the President's speeches, we focussed on four groups: labor, farmers, blacks, and veterans—which in today's terms would mean, to a considerable extent, consumers. (Because of Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrat candidacy, we assumed that the Deep South was lost.) A memorandum submitted to the President in August stated that our primary objective was "to win a large majority of the 15,000,000 independent voters who overwhelmingly followed the liberal leadership of the Democratic Party in the last four elections." In regard to the black vote, the memorandum urged the President to "speak out fully on his Civil Rights record," and noted, "His record proves that he *acts* as well as *talks* Civil Rights. The Negro votes in the crucial states will more than cancel out any votes the President may lose in the South."

The memorandum recommended several long train tours of the nation, targeting specifically the states that had been most closely contested in 1944—especially California. It also reviewed the main lessons we had learned during a "nonpolitical" June train tour. We needed advance men at every stop at least a day ahead of the President; this was a technique that became a routine part of all campaigning but until then had been used only for major occasions. We did not want empty halls or any confusion. Spring training is over, I thought. This is the big leagues now.

The first full-scale whistle-stop trip got under way on the morning of Friday, September 17th. George Marshall and Alben Barkley saw us off at Union Station. As we pulled out, Barkley yelled out, "Mow 'em down, Harry!" The President smiled and yelled back, "I'm going to give 'em hell!"

The train on which Harry Truman was to make history had sixteen cars, including a dining car that had been converted into staff office space, and a second that would serve as a travelling newsroom. The President's car, the Ferdinand Magellan, had been built for President Roosevelt by the Association of American Railroads. It was a heavy, bulletproof, armor-plated affair, which contained luxurious sleeping quarters for the President and his family, and also a bath, a dining room, and a wood-panelled sitting room. As for the rest of us, we slept in cramped quarters, and, as time went on, the question of how and when to get our laundry done became something of an obsession.



What was whistle-stopping like? September 30th was a fairly typical day. We had already been on the train for thirteen straight days, sleeping in far from stately staterooms—except for the rare and treasured night that we slept in a hotel in a major city. On this particular day, we stopped, and the President spoke, in Mount Vernon, West Frankfort, Herrin, Carbondale, Marion, El Dorado, and Carmi, all in Illinois; Mount Vernon and Evansville, Indiana; and Henderson, Owensboro, Hawesville, Irvington, and Louisville, Kentucky—fifteen speeches in all, twelve from the back of the train and three on quick visits into larger towns. Every stop required something new, something local, something to satisfy the politicians who usually boarded the train a stop ahead of their home town. And without telephones on board, almost every stop, no matter how short, meant a frantic race to call Washington to see if there was any business requiring Presidential attention. And so it went, for well over two hundred and fifty speeches.

As time went on, we developed a pattern for the typical stop. The President would emerge at the back of his car, make a few nice remarks about the town he was in, and then launch into an attack on the "do-nothing Eightieth Congress." He would ask the crowd "How would you like to meet my family?" and wait, with his head cocked, for the response. Then he would introduce Bess Truman, always referring to her as "the Boss." After that, he would present his daughter, Margaret (in the border states, "Miss Margaret"), "who bosses the Boss." Then, as the train started to pull away, Margaret

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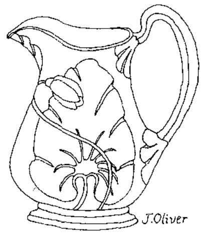
would toss a red rose to someone in the crowd.

My role during these short stops varied. Sometimes I worked feverishly to communicate with Washington about a breaking news event. But I often left this job to Elsey and wandered through the crowd to overhear what was being said about the President. We were not organized well enough to have a claque positioned at every stop, so the subtle assignment of stirring up crowd enthusiasm sometimes fell to the President's physician, Brigadier General Wallace Graham, and me. The show we put on so amused one journalist—Richard Rovere, of this magazine—that he described the two of us as "shills" in a political version of the carnivals that used to wander through small American towns. Of all the things I ever did in government, this may have been the least dignified, but, after all, we were shorthanded on the train and very far behind in the polls—and, to tell the truth, I enjoyed it.



Most of the major public-opinion surveys stopped polling long before the election, because, in the light of Dewey's large lead, further surveys seemed unnecessary. Elmo Roper stopped his sampling in early September—one of the classic errors in polling history. The Democrats did not have enough funds to conduct polls of their own, and the Republicans saw no need for any more. Instead of an expensive national poll, *Newsweek* decided in September to query fifty of the leading political journalists in America, and run the results in their October 11th issue. We awaited this article anxiously, since it included some of journalism's brightest names.

Early in the morning on the day the issue of *Newsweek* was due on newsstands, I slipped off the train at the first stop and found it. I opened the issue and received a huge shock: every single one of the fifty pundits predicted that Dewey would win.

I had to pass through the President's car to get back to my stateroom. The President was sitting on a sofa reading a newspaper, so I tucked *Newsweek* under my jacket and tried to slip by.

But the President stopped me. "What does it say, Clark?" he asked.

"What does what say?" I said, trying to look innocent.

"What have you got under your coat, Clark?"

"Nothing, Mr. President."

"Clark, I saw you get off the train just now, and I think that you went in there to see if they had a newsstand with a copy of *Newsweek*. And I think that maybe you have it under your coat."

Reluctantly, I handed it over. I hated to be the one who broke the bad news to the President.

He looked at the article for a while, and then handed the magazine back to me, seemingly unperturbed. "Don't worry about that poll, Clark," he said. "I know every one of those fifty fellows, and not one of them has enough sense to pound sand into a rathole."

Did I think that Harry Truman could win? I have been asked that question so often in the years since then that I am no longer sure exactly what I did think, and when. As the campaign unfolded, my hopes went up and down. At times, I thought the President was either fooling himself or putting up a brave front to keep *our* spirits up. But our job was to stay at it, no matter how hopeless things seemed. We did not have time to sit around and analyze our chances. This is how campaigns are: while the rest of the world argues over who is leading, at the center of the enterprise the staff staggers on, worrying only about the next event, counting down the days until, win or lose, it is finally over.

On Election Night, almost everyone thought the result would be settled early. The Democratic National Committee was so pessimistic that it had not even bothered to reserve a ballroom at the Mayflower Hotel, the traditional site for such affairs. By eleven, when it was clear the election would be much closer than anyone had expected, I went to the home of a friend who was among the first people in the neighborhood to own a television set, and together we settled down to watch.

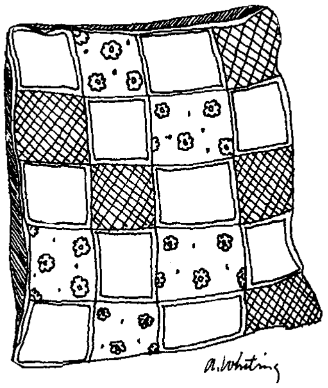
I planned to stay only about an hour. But as the election hung in the balance none of us watching could tear ourselves away from my friend's new toy. On chalkboards behind the commentators on the screen, the numbers indicated an incredibly tight race. Twice during the night, Herbert Brownell, Dewey's campaign manager, came down to the ballroom in New York's Roosevelt Hotel to claim victory for his candidate, but the race was not over; it was going down to the wire in four states that held the key to the outcome—Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and California. From Truman headquarters, at the Muehlebach Hotel, in Kansas City, no claims were made. At the nearby Excelsior Springs, the President, in one of the most remarkable examples of inner serenity that I've ever heard of, ate a sandwich, drank a glass of milk, and went to bed early. He woke around midnight, and, as he was to recount many times, heard over the radio the gravelly voice of the famous commentator H. V. Kaltenborn saying that, although the President was a million two hundred thousand votes ahead, Dewey would win when the farm vote came in. President Truman went back to sleep, and woke up again at about 4 A.M., to hear radio commentators still predicting a Dewey victory.

Shortly after 9 A.M., I got the most gratifying telephone call of my life. It was Harry Truman, just arrived at the Muehlebach. With jubilation, the President told me that Illinois and Ohio were going into the Democratic column. The victory was his.

What can explain an outcome so unexpected and so stunning? Certainly Dewey's arid personality and his passive, overconfident campaign gave President Truman an easier target than anyone had anticipated. And the defections of both Wallace and Thurmond gave President Truman an unexpected opportunity to present himself as the true heir to F.D.R.—but at a cost. Good weather and a grain-storage-bin shortage helped in the Farm Belt. Organized labor, after some initial ambivalence and internal bickering, had helped organize a vast effort on Election Day to get out the vote. Black Americans rallied to the Democrats in record numbers, and may actually have provided the margin of victory for the President in several key states. In short, the pieces of the puzzle for the most part fell into place in November of 1948 much as we had hoped when we prepared the strategy memorandum, a year earlier.

But one factor clearly transcended all others—Harry Truman himself. Without question, what rallied the nation was his tenacity, his indomitable spirit, his ability to keep himself and his supporters going through the bleak and seemingly hopeless campaign, and his unwillingness to give up. As he fought overwhelming odds, he gained America's respect. That respect turned into affection, and the affection turned into votes. Now he was no longer the man sitting in Franklin Roosevelt's chair. He was the elected President of the United States.

WHILE the surprise outcome of the 1948 election was, without question, the most satisfying political event of my life, even as we celebrated it, I was beginning to wonder how much longer I should stay in the government. Nearly five years had elapsed since I made the trek to the top floor of the Missouri Pacific Building, in St. Louis, to join the Navy. The price my family had paid was high. My three daughters were growing up without me. I was also facing growing financial pressures. (The annual salary of the special counsel to the President was twelve thousand dollars a year.) There was a third factor as well—less tangible but equally important. I was reaching the point of diminishing returns in my government service. I was worn out: I felt not the simple weariness that a week or two in Key West or some other vacation spot could cure but that penetrating fatigue which comes when one's intellectual resources have been depleted. I had always liked fresh challenges, but I could feel the excitement oozing out of the job. It seemed to me that my speech drafts for the President had all begun to sound alike.



What I felt intuitively in 1948 I now believe to be a basic rule. After four or five years of service in the same position at one of the higher levels of government, one begins to lose effectiveness. The time comes to either move on or move out.

After I left the White House, in January of 1950, and began practicing law in Washington, President Truman and I kept in close touch. He invited me to join him on some of his Key West vacations. He relied heavily on his staff for day-to-day assistance, and I was no longer part of it, but, at his request, I continued to arrange the poker sessions on the Williamsburg or at private homes.

By sheer chance, the timing of my departure turned out to be crucial. Barely nineteen weeks after I left the White House, the North Koreans attacked South Korea—a fundamental test of the Truman Doctrine, the United Nations, and the depth of America's commitment to its friends and allies. Had I still been in the Administration on June 24, 1950, it would have been impossible for me to leave before the end of President Truman's term.

IF President Truman could have picked his successor, he would have chosen Chief Justice Fred Vinson. On October 11, 1951, the President invited me to dine with him and Vinson at Blair House, where he was living while the White House was being refurbished. At the dinner, he promised Vinson his full support if he would run. Flattered by the offer, Vinson listened, but three days later he informed the President that he was not much interested in becoming a candidate. I was relieved, for Vinson—a decent and amusing person, whose friendship I valued—had hardly shown special leadership qualities either as Secretary of the Treasury or as Chief Justice.

What about Ike? The President still had a warm spot for General Eisenhower. Had Ike run as a Democrat, President Truman would have been delighted. Neither the President nor I realized at the time that Eisenhower had no intention of running as a Democrat, because he privately disagreed with much of both the New Deal and Truman's Fair Deal. When Ike finally made clear his party preference, and his availability for a draft, in January, 1952, President Truman felt tricked by Eisenhower's skillful evasions over the years, and he told many of us that he now felt a strong, new distaste for the General. Thus began a deterioration of relations between President Truman and General Eisenhower, which was never repaired, and which caused all of us around the President much anguish. Before the end of the 1952 campaign, it exploded in a particularly ugly manner.

The strongest Democrat now available seemed to be the governor of Illinois, Adlai Stevenson. President Truman spent some time in the early months of 1952 trying to persuade Stevenson to run, but after each meeting the President's opinion of the Governor declined. President Truman was plainspoken and direct, a nineteenth-century man of strong and simple values. Stevenson was almost his exact opposite: wealthy, divorced, cosmopolitan, elegant, even eloquent. The more the President pressed Stevenson, the more frustrated he became with Stevenson's elusiveness. I thought I saw in the Governor's style a deliberate pattern; he enjoyed the chase, and took on a leisurely, self-indulgent, slightly self-satisfied attitude as others told him what a fine President he would make. For President Truman, however, this act wore thin rather quickly, and it led to a lifelong feeling on his part that Stevenson was simply too weak and indecisive to be President. I had more respect for Stevenson's intellect than President Truman did, but, like my old boss, I became frustrated with a man who insisted on playing Hamlet in the face of such great issues. In normal circumstances, Stevenson's ambivalence would have denied him the nomination, but 1952 did not thrust up a natural candidate, and it went to Stevenson almost by default. Nevertheless, after Stevenson won the nomination Truman gave him public support—stimulated in part by several incidents that helped to destroy relations between President Truman and General Eisenhower forever.

The first of those incidents occurred in August, when President Truman offered both candidates a White House briefing from the C.I.A. director, Walter Bedell Smith, who had been Eisenhower's chief of staff during the Second World War. Eisenhower refused the offer. President Truman, deeply offended, wrote Eisenhower a bitter personal note, saying that in suggesting the meeting he had merely sought to insure "a continuing foreign policy," and adding, "You know that is a fact, because you had a part in outlining it." Rather regretfully, the President closed, "I am extremely sorry that you have allowed a bunch of screwballs to come between us. . . . From a man who has always been your friend and who always intended to be!"

Any chance for a post-election reconciliation between Presidents Truman and Eisenhower was doomed forever by the second incident—a dreadful mistake that Eisenhower made in early October. For the rest of his life, whenever Ike's name came up in conversation it was to this incident that President Truman turned.

Senator Joe McCarthy had attacked General Marshall several times in the previous year, charging him with, among other things, responsibility for the fall of China to the Communists. On October 4th, while campaigning by train with the Senator in McCarthy's home state of Wisconsin, Eisenhower, in deference to McCarthy, deleted from a prepared speech a paragraph praising General Marshall. During the rest of the campaign, in the face of continued attacks by McCarthy on Marshall, Eisenhower remained silent.

President Truman's fury at Eisenhower for what he regarded as an act of political cowardice was unrestrained. He felt that Eisenhower owed Marshall, who had chosen him as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe in the Second World War over many more senior generals, a special loyalty. When Eisenhower failed to stand up for his old boss, the President's reaction was immediate. "I never thought," he said, "the man who is now the Republican candidate would stoop so low" as to abandon his "great friend and benefactor." Furthermore, had Eisenhower stood up to McCarthy it might have resulted in McCarthy's defeat in the Wisconsin Senate race, which McCarthy won by far less than Eisenhower's margin in Wisconsin.

THE YEARS AFTER TRUMAN

I HAD liked Eisenhower. During the years in which we worked together on military unification and other issues, he and Mrs. Eisenhower had come to my house a few times for dinner. On at least one occasion, they joined a group of friends around our piano, singing old songs, and once or twice, when Ike was travelling overseas and my wife was at our summer house in Nantucket, I had escorted Mamie Eisenhower to Saturday-afternoon parties our mutual friend George Allen gave at Pimlico Race Track, in Maryland.

During our work together on the unification of the armed services, I had found Eisenhower a reasonable and thoughtful man. When he was nominated by the Republicans in 1952, I felt that, of all the possible Republican candidates, he was undoubtedly the best. His opponents in the Republican Party—most notably Senator Robert Taft—were much more isolationist than he was, and further removed from the great policymaking period of the late nineteen-forties. If the Democratic era was going to come to an end, it seemed to me better that it end with Eisenhower than with anyone else.

Looking back today on the nineteen-fifties, I still feel that way. Eisenhower had the stature for the Presidency, both at home and abroad. He was what the nation wanted, and perhaps needed, at that time. He left behind some solid accomplishments, and did not create any major international crises. Yet I was disappointed in his tenure. I do not think he ever understood either the potential or the dynamics of the Presidency. To be fair, it was unlikely that he could have. He had spent his entire life in the military, and taken little interest in politics. I felt that he allowed the nation to drift, and that, given his enormous popularity and the capacity it gave him for positive leadership, he took far too passive a stand on several key issues—especially civil rights and McCarthyism.

In any case, Eisenhower and I saw relatively little of each other during his Presidency. I shared President Truman's feeling that he had behaved badly during the campaign and afterward, not only toward General Marshall but also toward President Truman. I made no effort to maintain contact with him. He asked me to serve on one Presidential commission—the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Commission, which was established to consider what permanent memorial should be established in Washington in honor of F.D.R.—but that was my only official involvement with the Eisenhower White House.

THE first observation I would add to the enormous amount written about John F. Kennedy is that while he was alive no one imagined that he would, after his death, become a mythical figure in American culture and American history. When we first met, he was a young man of immense charm and political promise, the son of an overbearing and, to my mind, highly unattractive father. First, we were acquaintances; then I was his lawyer; and, finally, as a result of all we went through together, John Kennedy and I became friends.

As our relationship developed, Kennedy called on me for advice on a broad range of political, governmental, and personal matters. I knew Kennedy well, and I think I understood his character. As his lawyer, I saw him in situations of extraordinary professional and personal stress, and nothing that I ever encountered or learned made me question his fitness or his ability to be a superb President. (In some of the matters I handled for him, the constraints created by the lawyer-client relationship still exist today.) When I think of Kennedy now, I remember first his incomparable grace. This rare quality, hard to define but easy to recognize, was undoubtedly innate, but Kennedy enhanced it through his superb political skills. He knew how to win friends and charm people as well as anyone who has ever practiced the art. But behind his appeal and elegance lay a highly retentive mind, a quick intellect, and a useful pragmatic cynicism toward events and people. Unlike most politicians, he did not respond well to the excessive or empty flattery that is such a large part of normal political intercourse, and he looked for deft ways to deflate or deflect it. His wit, much of it highly sardonic, was justly celebrated.

Another quality, equally important, has been less remarked upon: it was his ability to approach events, even those directly involving him, with both an uncommon objectivity and something rare and valuable in politicians—a sense of irony. He brought more genuine intellectual curiosity into decision-making than any other President I have known, and perhaps more than any other President in this century. Where Harry Truman usually reacted spontaneously, and Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and Jimmy Carter personalized almost every situation, John F. Kennedy approached people and decisions with cool detachment and calculation. Where both President Johnson and President Nixon took North Vietnamese attacks on Americans as personal challenges, for example, President Kennedy saw such events as part of the dangerous game of international power politics: something to respond to, but not to take personally.

Kennedy was unusually successful in maintaining objectivity under pressure. I felt on occasion that as he dealt with personal or professional crises he was able to step away from himself and look at a problem as though it involved someone else. Sometimes, watching him during a discussion of some contentious issue, I felt as if Kennedy's mind had left his body to observe the proceedings with a detached, almost amused air. Something within him seemed to be saying, "This may seem supremely—even transcendently—important right now, but will it matter in fifty years? In one year? I must not permit myself to become involved to the point where my judgment is suspect."

This attitude may have run through his personal relationships as well. I believe that between him and the large number of men and women who were devoted to him and considered themselves his special friends there was a deeply impersonal factor at work. Perhaps this was no more than a protective layer, accumulated in response to unusual difficulties in his early life—his older brother's death in the Second World War, his own near-death in the Solomon Islands and his recurring medical problems, the death of one sister in an airplane crash and the mental retardation of another, the influence of his cynical and power-hungry father—but I felt that (aside from his unique relationship with his brother Bobby) he kept a very tight rein on his personal emotions, enjoying immensely the company of many people, from all walks of life, but never allowing intimacies to go beyond a certain point, and never losing control of his own emotions.

AFTER Kennedy entered the House of Representatives, in 1946, I met him socially on many occasions. But, while we were friendly, we were not close. This was probably my fault; in

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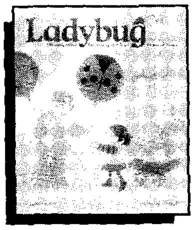

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the nineteen-forties and fifties, I associated him with his father, whose public opposition to the Marshall Plan had offended me, striking me as particularly inappropriate for a former Ambassador to the United Kingdom.

On the morning of Monday, December 9, 1957, Kennedy came to see me. He was very unhappy, and wanted immediate assistance. "Did you see 'The Mike Wallace Interview' Saturday night?" he asked. When I told him that I had not, he described to me an exchange between Wallace, whose weekly program, broadcast nationally on ABC, had already established him as America's leading television interviewer, and Drew Pearson, the most widely read political columnist of his time. Pearson had charged that Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning "Profiles in Courage" had been ghostwritten for him. Kennedy said he had come to me with the full knowledge and concurrence of his father, who was even angrier than he was. "I cannot let this stand," he said. "It is a direct attack on my integrity and my honesty." If Pearson's charge was not dealt with, Kennedy explained, he could see further consequences, including a possible withdrawal of the Pulitzer Prize.

I said he could sue Wallace, Pearson, and ABC for libel or slander, but that would be a lengthy process, with court proceedings and substantial publicity, which in itself could be damaging to him. The best solution, I said, would be to obtain a quick retraction from everyone involved, before the story grew and developed a life of its own.

Kennedy asked me to represent him with ABC. As we were discussing how to proceed, the telephone rang. It was Ambassador Kennedy, who, either by prearrangement or by coincidence, had found his son in my office. I could hear the old man yelling at Jack. Very calmly, Kennedy said, "I will let you talk to Clark, Father."

I got on the telephone. Before I could even say hello, Joe Kennedy said, "I want you to sue the bastards for fifty million dollars. Get it started right away. It's dishonest and they know it. My boy wrote the book. This is a plot to poison the well."

"Mr. Ambassador," I said, "I am preparing at this moment to go to New York and sit down with the people at ABC."

"Sit down with them, hell! Sue them, that is what you have to do—sue them!" he shouted in my ear. His son watched me with a faint air of amusement.

"Well," I said, "we may have to do that, but first we want to try to see if there isn't some other solution."

This did not soothe Joe Kennedy. He continued to demand that we sue ABC, Pearson, Wallace, and anyone else in sight. But, watching Jack Kennedy's calm countenance, I could see that he understood the desirability of a more restrained course of action. When I got off the telephone, he said to me, "Well, that's just Dad. Let's deal with this thing."

I asked Jack to assemble everything that he could find concerning the writing of "Profiles in Courage"—handwritten notes, notebooks, records, comments by anyone who had seen him working on the book. After he left, I set up a meeting with Leonard Goldenson, the president of ABC, for Thursday, December 12th, in New York.

The materials we needed in order to deal with ABC were assembled by a young man I had not met before—Kennedy's closest aide and adviser, Theodore C. Sorensen. One of the most thorough and precise men I have ever met, he did a splendid job of collecting every scrap of paper that could be located on such short notice, plus a list of possible witnesses who had observed Kennedy working on the manuscript.

The next day, I took a train to New York, and Kennedy and I plunged into a long and difficult day of meetings at ABC. We had agreed that we would stay at ABC as long as was necessary to get what we needed. The network executives called Pearson, who now identified the ghostwriter as one Theodore C. Sorensen. Kennedy and I produced Sorensen—he rushed over from a nearby hotel—and ABC finally agreed that a network vice-president would read a retraction of the charge at the beginning of the following week's "Mike Wallace Interview."

Afterward, I suggested to Kennedy that when things had cooled down a bit he invite Pearson to his office for a private chat, to see if he could take the venom out of Pearson's dangerous and influential sting, and Kennedy agreed to do so. Pearson's diary entry for the meeting, which took place January 14, 1958, gave a fine picture of the effect of Kennedy's dazzling personality and charm on even a cynical journalist:

> Talked to [Kennedy] for about an hour. He showed me his original notes, and unquestionably he did conceive the idea of his book *Profiles in Courage*. . . . Sometimes I'm a sucker for a nice guy who presents an appealing story. . . . He didn't ask for a retraction, but I think I shall give him one. He got a whale of a lot of help on his book. I'm still dubious as to whether he wrote too much of it in the final draft himself. . . . But he also showed enough knowledge of the book, had lived with the book, made the book so much a part of him, that basically it *is* his book. . . . "Ted [Sorensen] did an awful lot of work," he said.

Pearson's final judgment on where the credit lies for the book was, in my opinion, pretty close to the mark. Kennedy had help, and plenty of it, but the book was his.

True to his word, Pearson inserted a small item in his column about a month later crediting Kennedy with authorship of the book. Kennedy was delighted. Even his father indicated eventually that we had followed the right course—an acknowledgment that was as close as the old man ever came to an admission of error.

My success on his behalf had changed my relationship with Kennedy, and I began handling his personal legal affairs. He told me privately why he and his father had pursued ABC with such unusual vigor. He had definitely decided to seek the 1960 Democratic nomination, he said, and he felt that if the question of authorship of his book was not laid to rest immediately he would have to deal with it continually during the campaign. "It could have destroyed my candidacy," he said.

In the summer of 1960, Kennedy asked me to breakfast with him at his home, on N Street. He was not much interested in the losing Democratic campaigns of 1952 and 1956. "Tell me about the last one we won," he said, and we had a long and detailed discussion of the 1948 election. We then discussed the forthcoming campaign.

Kennedy said he wanted to use me in various ways during the campaign. Near the end of our conversation, he made a request that had no precedent in

American politics. “Clark, I’ve been thinking about one matter where you could be of special help to me,” he said. “If I win, I don’t want to wake up on the morning of November 9th and say to myself, ‘What do I do now?’ I want to have a plan. I want someone to be thinking about that between now and November 8th.” Would I, Kennedy asked, undertake the additional task of preparing a memorandum—“a plan of takeover,” to be ready on Election Day—that would outline the main tasks for the new Administration, if he won?

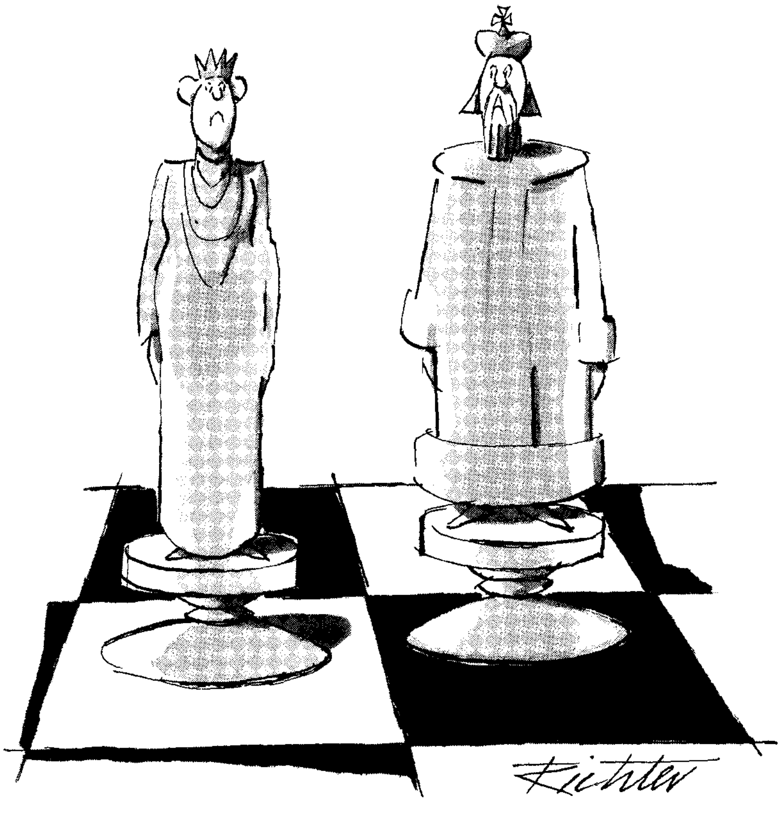
Kennedy also asked my assistance with regard to former President Truman, who disliked him because of his youth and his religion, and whose hostility toward him was well known and very damaging—especially insofar as it touched on the extremely delicate issue of Kennedy’s Catholicism. On July 1st, just before the Convention, President Truman had lashed out at Senator Kennedy in a remarkable and unfortunate manner. “Senator, are you certain you are quite ready for the country, or that the country is ready for you in the role of President in January, 1961?,” he asked, in a televised statement that rocked the Kennedy camp. “May I urge you to be patient?” Now Kennedy asked me to obtain public support from the former President. In a handwritten postscript scrawled across a letter to me on another subject he wrote, “Lyndon said the President [Truman] is in a difficult mood. Perhaps you could intervene as I should like to see him.” He felt that Truman’s support would be particularly helpful with Baptists and Freemasons (President Truman was a Thirty-third Degree Mason)—two of the groups that seemed most disturbed by the idea of a Catholic President.

Accordingly, Lyndon Johnson, Acheson, Governor Abraham A. Ribicoff, of Connecticut, and I all pleaded Kennedy’s cause—and the cause of Party unity—with President Truman. Ribicoff, an unusually gentle and subtle politician, visited Independence as Kennedy’s personal emissary. After some grumbling, the former President agreed to see the Democratic nominee, and the meeting was finally arranged for August 20th, at the Truman Library, in Independence. Leaving Stuart Symington, who had accompanied Kennedy, on the steps of the Truman Library, the former President pulled Senator Kennedy into his office with the words “Come right on in here, young man. I want to talk to you.” Forty minutes later, they emerged with the announcement that President Truman would campaign for the ticket. Truman was immediately badgered by journalists about his earlier statements that Kennedy was too young to be President, and the former President dismissed them with characteristic bluntness. He said the Convention had nominated Kennedy “and I am going to support him—and what are you going to do about it?”

ON November 9th, the transition memorandum that President-elect—or, as he preferred to be called until Inauguration Day, Senator—Kennedy wanted from me was ready, twenty-one pages long and bound in stiff covers. Within hours, a Secret Service courier came to my office to pick up the copies and take them to Hyannis Port. The arrival of the Secret Service reminded me instantly of the enormous changes that come over a man the moment he is elected President. Soon it would be “Jack” no longer but, rather, “Mr. President,” even to his closest friends, and, no matter how informal a relationship he tried to maintain, a curtain would descend between him and everyone else. The following day, November 10th, Senator Kennedy met with his advisers at Hyannis Port to discuss what to do with the seventy-one days remaining before the Inauguration.

Most historians view the 1960 transition as a dramatic change from all previous transfers of the Presidency. While they are right, the transition is also often described as setting the pattern for subsequent transitions. This statement is incorrect. Current transition practice is quite different from ours in 1960. In 1960, no public funds were available either for the transition or for members of the new Administration. Many of the future members who came to Washington early to prepare themselves, at Kennedy’s request, could ill afford the out-of-pocket expense. Later, when President Kennedy became aware of the problem, he asked Congress for a small appropriation for future transitions. Thus was born the Presidential Transition Act of 1963.

I strongly supported this act, but I never had in mind the vastly oversized “transition teams” that have become a periodic, but permanent, part of the Washington scene and a sorry example of the government’s penchant for self-indulgence at the taxpayers’ expense. The Presidential Transition Act unintentionally created a form of life that could originate only in Washington—a seventy-day monster that springs up overnight once every four years, has no purpose except its own



“Damn it, Gwendolyn, you knew when you married me I only moved one square at a time.”

existence, feuds with itself, and then on January 20th suddenly disappears, leaving nothing behind except empty cardboard boxes.

In 1960, my memorandum to the next President was based on a very simple premise: never again should a transition be handled as poorly as the transitions of 1932-33 and 1952-53. I foresaw a far easier transition than in 1952. "Much of the 1952-53 experience is irrelevant," I wrote, because "the Kennedy Administration will not be suspicious of or hostile to the Federal bureaucracy." Nonetheless, I stressed that "the President-elect should consolidate the reins of power and leadership in his own hands as soon as possible, and not merely rely on good will and experience." The new President would inevitably encounter "pockets of resistance" in Washington, and I urged him, as his top priority, "to get off the mark quickly with [the] New Frontier program."

A key question was whether a White House chief of staff was desirable for an activist, hands-on man like John F. Kennedy. Such a system had fitted the military style of Dwight D. Eisenhower, but, I concluded, "a vigorous President in the Democratic tradition of the Presidency will probably find it best to act as his own chief of staff, and to have no highly visible majordomo standing between him and his staff (and, incidentally, between him and the public)."

Just before noon on Thursday, November 10th, the President-elect called me from Hyannis Port. President Eisenhower had just phoned him and urged the appointment of a liaison with the White House on the question of transition. "Clark, I feel that you are qualified to handle this," he said. "Would you accept?"

I said that I would be happy and honored to do so, but that I had one condition. "I want you and your entire staff to know that my only function will be to assist you in the takeover of the government. After that, I will fade from the picture.

"Why is that?" Kennedy asked. He seemed genuinely surprised.

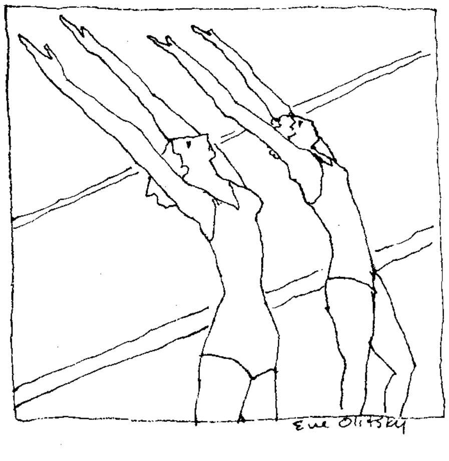
I said, "There will be a lot of tugging and pulling around you for jobs. I think I can be of more service to you if everyone around you knows I am *not* their competitor or enemy. It will be easier for the members of your staff to work with me if they know we are not in competition in any manner whatsoever."

Kennedy was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Well, that makes a good deal of sense. I will pass the word on to my staff."

It was clear that Bobby Kennedy would receive a major job. He had performed brilliantly during the election campaign, and he was, of course, the person closest to the new President. At the same time, there were suspicions about him in many quarters. Some people, having felt his wrath, saw him as ruthless and difficult. Others worried about his early association with Joe McCarthy. The question of nepotism also came into play: many people, including me, simply did not like the idea of concentrating so much power in the hands of members of a single family.

I had heard rumors from staff members that Bobby might be offered the post of Attorney General. At first, I could not believe it, since the idea seemed so farfetched. In a session with the President-elect in Palm Beach, beside a swimming pool, I made a little speech about the special role of the Attorney General, without mentioning Bobby Kennedy. I said that in several earlier Administrations, including those of Ulysses S. Grant and Warren G. Harding, politically selected Attorneys General had rendered a terrible disservice to their Presidents and left lasting stains on the history of those Administrations.

Later that day, Senator Kennedy took me into the house for another private meeting. "Let me tell you about the Attorney Generalship," he said. "My father wants me to appoint Bobby. My concern is that Bobby has never practiced law. Bobby says he does not want the job. He thinks it will hurt me. I would rather put him into the Defense Department as the No. 2 man, and then let him succeed to the top after a while. Or keep him around the White House to help me out. I have told my father that Bobby would create a real problem as Attorney General." As I listened in amazement, he continued, in a grave, low, intense voice, "My father said, 'That doesn't make any difference. I want Bobby to be Attorney General. He's a lawyer, he's savvy, he knows all the political ins and outs, and can protect you.' I agree with what you have said about the job. So does Bobby. I think my father might listen to you. He speaks highly of your contribution to the campaign and the family, and you have good standing with him. I'd like you to go to New York and talk to him about this."



"Of course," I said. But I thought, *This is truly a strange assignment*—the President-elect asking a third party to try to talk to his father about his brother. Only the Kennedys!

A few days later, I called on Ambassador Kennedy in New York. The meeting started pleasantly, with a discussion of the splendid occurrences of recent months. I steeled myself for the main event. "Mr. Ambassador, there is an important matter that the President-elect has asked me to raise with you," I said, finally. "That is the question of the appointment of Bobby to be Attorney General." Joe Kennedy said nothing, and looked at me with total concentration. I made a carefully prepared presentation of why it was not in the interests of the new President, the Kennedy family, the entire Administration, or Bobby Kennedy himself to become Attorney General. "Bobby is very valuable," I said. "He is young. He has time. Start him somewhere else, perhaps No. 2 at Defense. Give him the chance to grow. He will be outstanding." I was pleased with my presentation; it was, I thought, persuasive.

When I had finished, Kennedy said, "Thank you very much, Clark. I am so glad to have heard your views." Then, after pausing a moment, he said, "I do want to leave you with one thought, however—*one firm thought*." He paused again, and looked me straight in the eye. "Bobby is going to be Attorney General. All of us have worked our tails off for Jack, and now that we have succeeded I am going to see to it that Bobby gets the same chance that we gave to Jack."

I will always remember the pleasant and matter-of-fact tone with which he spoke. There was no rancor, no anger, no challenge. He did not resent my presentation, or my opposition to the appointment. He was simply telling me the facts. For a moment, I glimpsed the inner workings of that remarkable family, and, despite my admiration and affection for John F. Kennedy, I could not say that I liked what I had seen.

EISENHOWER'S chief of staff, General Wilton Persons, and I prepared carefully for the first Eisenhower-Kennedy meeting, laying out an agenda composed of items suggested by each side. We knew that this was an important moment; we did not want a repetition of the memorable sourness that marked the Hoover-Roosevelt and Truman-Eisenhower encounters.

I gave Persons a list of the subjects that Kennedy wanted to discuss. At the top were Berlin; the Far East, especially China; and Cuba. Kennedy also wanted Eisenhower's views on the National Security Council and on White House machinery, and advice on three important world figures with whom he would have to deal—British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, French President Charles de Gaulle, and West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

Arriving at the White House at the appointed time on the morning of December 6, 1960, the President-elect drove slowly up the driveway as a Marine band played "Stars and Stripes Forever." It was a moving and symbolic moment even for those of us who were used to such ceremonies—the first meeting between the youngest elected President in history and the seventy-year-old war hero, who was the oldest President up to that time.

The two men met alone for an hour and forty-five minutes, while Eisenhower's three senior Cabinet members—Secretary of State Christian Herter, Secretary of Defense Thomas Gates, and Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson—waited, with Persons and me, in the Cabinet Room. Then they joined us in the Cabinet Room, and we continued the discussion until after noon.

Watching them carefully, I felt that Kennedy had made a good impression on the old General. The conversation was easy and relaxed. Kennedy asked

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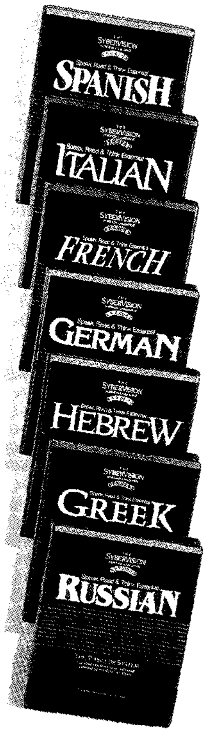

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Eisenhower if he could be available, from time to time, to serve the nation in some special capacity. Pleased by the request, Eisenhower replied that he would try to do so, but added that he thought he had earned the right, after many long years of service and "in view of my age," to limit the requests. He especially did not want to be asked to travel—"run errands," as he put it.

Later that day, Persons called to tell me that President Eisenhower, who had previously referred to Kennedy as a "young whippersnapper," had been "overwhelmed" by him. "What impressed the President most," Persons said, "was your man's understanding of world problems, the depth of his questions, his grasp of the issues, and the keenness of his mind."

I passed Persons' comments on to Kennedy. He was pleased, but he had not been similarly impressed by Eisenhower. He still felt that Eisenhower was a "non-President," with only limited understanding of the powers available to him, but he had been struck by the strength of Eisenhower's personality, and said that he understood Ike's success and popularity better now.

There was one last meeting between the two men before the Inauguration, and it had important historical consequences. It took place, at Kennedy's request, on Eisenhower's last full day in office—January 19, 1961. Herter, Gates, and Anderson were present once again, and this time the President-elect was able to bring their successors—Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, and Douglas Dillon. We met in the Cabinet Room. More than we could have realized, the agenda reflected crises to come.

At the top of Eisenhower's agenda was the situation in Laos. It may seem incredible today, but the outgoing President considered the fate of that tiny, landlocked Southeast Asian kingdom the most important problem facing the United States. The way Eisenhower discussed the issue that day made an important, and unfortunate, contribution to the development of American policy toward Indo-China, and especially Vietnam.

Eisenhower began with a dramatic statement. As though he had years left in office rather than only one day, he said that the United States was determined to preserve the independence of Laos. If Laos were to fall, he said, it would be "a great tragedy," and "just a question of time" before South Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and Burma collapsed. This was the grand design the Communists had for all of Southeast Asia, and it must be stopped in Laos. We could not let the Communists participate in any sort of coalition government in Laos—it would be fatal to American interests in all of Asia if that was permitted to happen.

We knew, of course, from intelligence briefings that a Laotian general named Kong Le had just staged a coup, creating a political crisis, but I was surprised to hear President Eisenhower link America's national security directly to the fate of Laos.

The mood in the room had turned from businesslike to grim. Herter made it even grimmer: if our efforts to achieve a political settlement failed, "then the United States must intervene in concert with our allies," he said. "If we are unable to persuade our allies, then we must go it alone."

Eisenhower concurred with Herter's astonishing remark. "If we permit Laos to fall, then we will have to write off the entire area," he said, with emotion. "We must not permit a Communist takeover. Unilateral intervention would be our last, desperate hope if we cannot get others to go along with us."

I watched Senator Kennedy. Calmly, he asked how long it would take to put an American combat division into Laos.

From twelve to seventeen days, Gates replied.

This discussion was a real turning point, I thought. This was the handing over of the baton; in a few hours, Laos—and everything else—would become the new President's problem. With no warning, his predecessor was raising the possibility of deploying American troops overseas. In April, 1954, Eisenhower had refused to intervene to save the French position at Dien Bien Phu in Indo-China, despite pressure from Vice-President Nixon, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (who had also advocated the use of nuclear weapons). But on his last day in office Eisenhower was taking a far tougher stand than at any time during his previous eight years in office.

The tone of the old soldier—on his last day of public service, half a century after entering the United States Military Academy—had a powerful effect on Kennedy, Rusk, McNamara, and me. None of us had been prepared for the seriousness that Eisenhower now attached to Southeast Asia. I did not then have enough knowledge of Southeast Asia to challenge Eisenhower's assessment of the situation, even if I had had the inclination to do so.

Before that January 19th meeting broke up, Eisenhower turned briefly to Cuba. He said we must support "to the utmost" anyone who opposed Fidel Castro. Without going into details, he added that the United States was helping to train anti-Castro guerrilla forces in Guatemala. It was the new Administration's responsibility, he said, "to do whatever is necessary" to make their efforts succeed. This understated presentation of the C.I.A.'s efforts to overthrow Castro was the first inkling I had had of the preparations for what was later to grow into the Bay of Pigs disaster.

In retrospect, I believe that President Eisenhower, while sincere, did a disservice to the incoming Administration. This new line in Southeast Asia—far tougher than he had taken on his own watch—cast a shadow over the early decisions of the next Administration, not only on Laos but, more important, on Vietnam and Cuba. In the first two months of his Administration, President Kennedy, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., later noted, "probably spent more time on Laos than on anything else." Sixty days after he became President, the Laos obsession reached its height with a remarkable nationally televised press conference. Standing before three maps of Laos designed to illustrate the advance of the Communist guerrillas, President Kennedy consciously echoed the theme we had heard from Eisenhower in the Cabinet Room on January 19th: "Laos is far away from America, but the world is small. . . . Its own safety runs with the safety of us all." Eisenhower himself had never said anything so strong in public about Laos.

Finally, the outgoing President offered Kennedy best wishes. He wanted us to know he would support—or, at least, not criticize—the new Administration in the area of foreign policy. There was only one issue on which he was taking an absolutely clear position in advance: China. If Kennedy recognized the People's Republic of China, as some liberal Democrats were urging him to, Eisenhower said, he would attack the decision and try to rally public opinion against it. Kennedy did not comment, but I had no doubt that Eisenhower's warning had its desired effect.

UNDOUBTEDLY the worst disaster of the Kennedy Administration was the invasion of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs. Launched on the morning of April 17, 1961, it was poorly planned, poorly executed, and heavily infiltrated by agents of Fidel Castro. Almost the entire invasion force was either killed or captured.

The Bay of Pigs changed the course of the Kennedy Administration. President Kennedy would never again accept anything that resembled conventional wisdom or bureaucratic momentum without intense questioning. He might make mistakes in the future, but they would be *his* mistakes, not someone else's. It had taken a catastrophe to turn the rhetoric about a new beginning into a harsh reality, but that had now happened.

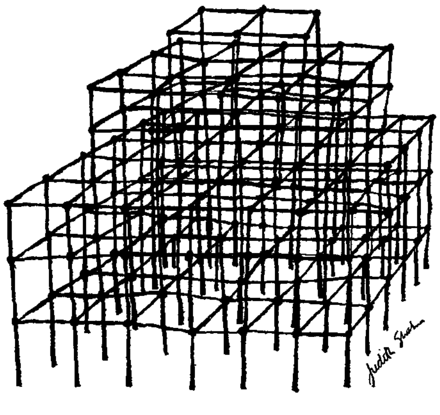
The moment I entered the Oval Office for the first time after the Bay of Pigs, I could see a change in the President. His mood was sombre, his normal grace concealed in a shell of regret, anger, and distress. I had never seen him so depressed. As he had already publicly stated, he accepted the ultimate responsibility as his own. But he was angry. He wanted to prevent such a tragedy from ever recurring.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "I have had two full days of hell. I haven't slept. This has been the most excruciating period of my life. I doubt my Presidency could survive another castastrophe like this."

He did not dwell on the details of the disaster. He knew that, like the rest of the country, I was well aware of what had happened: that, contrary to C.I.A. predictions, the people of Cuba had not rallied in support of the invasion force; that air cover for the invasion had not been planned properly; that Castro's agents had infiltrated the invasion force in advance; that the C.I.A.'s role in the invasion was going to be fully revealed; and that the whole operation had been ill conceived from the outset.

The President analyzed his predicament in precise, biting, angry words I will long remember: "I made a bad decision. The decision I made was faulty because it was based upon the wrong advice. The advice was wrong because it was based upon incorrect facts. And the incorrect facts were due to a failure of intelligence." He continued, "You were one of the main drafters of the legislation that created the C.I.A., and watched it develop since its birth. I want you to join a Presidential board to oversee the operations of the intelligence community." Referring to the condition I had set when I went to work on the transition, he said, "This is not a full-time job, and I consider it important that you participate as a member of this board."

Thus began almost seven years of service on one of the least-known and most sensitive organizations in the United States, the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, or P.F.I.A.B.—first as a member and then, for almost five years, beginning in April, 1963, as its chairman. I found the P.F.I.A.B., which still exists, though in greatly weakened form, to be one of the most rewarding governmental activities in which I had ever been involved. We met regularly, and reviewed hundreds of issues, ranging from satellite reconnaissance to every form of scientific and human intelligence. We made a hundred and seventy recommendations to President Kennedy in the space of only twenty-nine months, most of them relating to intelligence activities within the Department of Defense, the rest to those in the Department of State, the C.I.A., and other departments. The President approved a hundred and twenty-five of our recommendations, disapproved two, and deferred action on the rest. At the time of his death, eighty-five of the hundred and twenty-five approved recommendations had been carried out. The rest were completed under President Johnson, and we continued to make recommendations at about the same pace throughout Johnson's tenure. We felt that the era of cloak-and-dagger operations had more or less run its course. To be sure, there was still a role in the world for the daring agent operating inside another government, or in a closed society such as the Soviet Union. We did not advocate any curtailment of such activities, but we felt that Allen Dulles, the director of the C.I.A., was insufficiently alert to the importance and the possibilities of collecting intelligence by utilizing new technologies. Under the tutelage of two brilliant scientists who served on the committee—Edwin Land, the inventor of the Polaroid Land Camera, and William Baker, vice-president of research for Bell Labs—I became a strong advocate of "collection by technical means." These two men were our teachers, turning all of us on the committee into missionaries for the view that the United States should vastly increase its commitment to the finest state-of-the-art technologies in the field of electronic, photographic, and satellite espionage.



From time to time, President Kennedy called on the P.F.I.A.B. to investigate the performance of the intelligence community. He wanted case studies by the P.F.I.A.B. of major intelligence failures, and he hoped that such studies would reduce the number of times we were surprised by events. In this last hope Kennedy, and the nation, were sorely disappointed, but he deserves praise for his intentions.

SOME questions, even though they can never be answered, constantly recur, and deserve attention. That is true of a question I have been asked repeatedly since Dallas: Would Kennedy have handled Vietnam the same way Johnson did? Obviously, history does not allow us to test such alternatives; one must rely on one's instincts.

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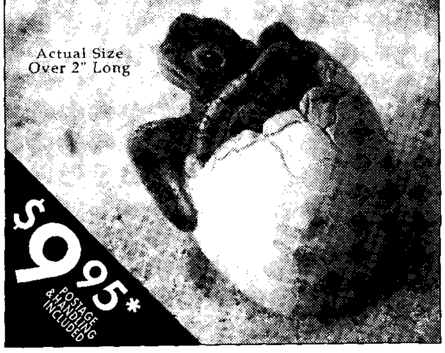

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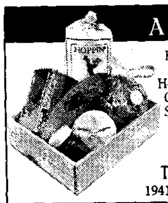

advisers and would have confronted the same situation. It is safe to assume they would have been given more or less the same advice. One can argue that, for these reasons, Kennedy would have followed the same policies that Johnson did in Vietnam. That is my conclusion in regard to the main events of the election year of 1964, when I believe that President Kennedy would have done more or less what President Johnson did. Those actions—the continuation of the advisory buildup, the effort to improve the South Vietnamese Army, the attempt to stem the infiltration from the North, and the effort to encourage political stability—were all consistent with the policies followed in 1963 by the Kennedy Administration. Even the controversial Gulf of Tonkin incident, in August, 1964, might have unfolded in much the same manner, given the fact that Bob McNamara, as Secretary of Defense, would have interpreted events in the Gulf the same way for either President.

But I do not believe that Kennedy would have followed the same course as Johnson in the all-important year of 1965, when the major decisions to escalate the ground war and start bombing North Vietnam were made. On the basis of personal intuition and a knowledge of both men, I believe that, because of profound differences in personality and style, John Kennedy would have taken a different path in his second term.

I often saw President Johnson personalize the actions of the Vietcong, interpreting them as somehow aimed at him. He reacted by thinking, They can't do this to Lyndon Johnson! They can't push me around this way!

President Kennedy, on the other hand, would, I believe, have treated the attacks as a problem in international affairs—a very serious problem, of course, but not something aimed particularly at him. Of the same events he might have thought, I don't like the looks of this. I don't like the smell of it. Sending more troops may just increase the costs. Let's hold off for a while and see what happens. I'm not going to get us more deeply involved.

I think President Kennedy, confronted with the decision to either send American ground troops to South Vietnam or risk almost certain defeat, would have looked at Vietnam with that detached eye of his, asked different questions, and reached a different conclusion. After the Bay of Pigs, President Kennedy was far more skeptical of official predictions, and after the Cuban missile crisis he was increasingly confident of his own instincts. I believe that his questioning of the military buildup would have been more intense than President Johnson's, and would have exposed the underlying fallacies of his advisers' recommendations.

ONE of my happiest memories of the Kennedy years concerns the annual Dinner of the Alfalfa Club. The Alfalfa Club Dinner, held in January, is similar to the Gridiron Dinner, but its members are businessmen, politicians, and private citizens, rather than journalists. Its distinguishing feature is that each year, amid much ribbing of the politicians present, it nominates its own "candidate" for President.

In 1961, the Alfalfa Club chose me as its candidate. The outgoing President, Stuart Symington, asked Bob Hope to make the traditional nominating speech. Among the guests that night were President Kennedy, former President Truman, most of the Supreme Court, Vice-President Johnson, and almost the entire new Cabinet. When President Kennedy spoke, he made a joke that I would always treasure:

> Clark Clifford is a wonderful fellow. He was enormously helpful during the campaign. After I was elected, he handled the transition. He picked the Cabinet, set up the command posts in the old Administration, and even rode a buffalo in the Inaugural parade. But after the election, when everyone else was seeking a reward for their contributions to the Democratic victory, he didn't ask me for anything. So I said to him, "Now, Clark, you've done so much for me. What can I do for you?" And Clark said, "Nothing, Mr. President. You can't do anything for me. But if you insist, the only thing I would ask is to have the name of my law firm printed on the back of the one dollar bill."

I sat next to Hope, just below the head table, and I recall at one point during the evening looking up with pleasure at a scene that I had long wished to see—the two Presidents I most admired, Truman and Kennedy, seated side by side, chatting pleasantly with each other.

—CLARK CLIFFORD
WITH RICHARD HOLBROOKE

(This is the second part of a two-part article. Further articles, dealing with Vietnam, will appear in future issues.)

THE THEATRE

Paterfamilias

WITHIN five minutes of the beginning of "The Substance of Fire," at Playwrights Horizons, it is evident that something of quality is on its way. The play, by Jon Robin Baitz, tells the story of a publisher, Isaac Geldhart (impeccably portrayed by Ron Rifkin), who is a refugee from Nazi Germany. As a child, he escaped the concentration camps, but the rest of the family did not, and he is haunted by the past. The first act is set in a conference room of his publishing house, where he is meeting with his two grown sons and grown daughter, who are stockholders. The company is in financial trouble, because Geldhart, intransigent, refuses to publish anything but books of the highest intellectual standing or investigations of various aspects of Nazism. One of his sons has brought to the meeting a popular novel that might be successful enough to rescue the business, but when Geldhart dismisses it out of hand as trash and refuses to consider it, his gentle daughter turns over her shares to her brother, and Geldhart, outvoted, has lost. Intransigent Geldhart may be, but he is not without affection, and not without his own barbed humor. When he enters, he hastily kisses the daughter, but he never stops teasing her or her brothers. She is an insecure young actress, who has a job on a children's television show, and he keeps referring to her as a clown entertainer at children's parties. One of the sons is a professor of landscape architecture at Vassar, and his father repeatedly calls him a gardener. The other son, a graduate of Wharton, is called a bookkeeper. Needle, needle, needle—the unseemly torture of the running gag—is the style, yet somehow Geldhart remains no less sympathetic than his children, and is even heroic.

The second act takes place three and a half years later. Geldhart, now retired, is in his apartment on Gramercy Park, its walls lined with books of the sort that we saw in his office—austere, multivolume sets. He is in a depression, and his worried children have sent a psychiatric social worker to see him. Up to his old tricks, he pretends to assume that she has come from Sotheby's to appraise his cache of autographed letters and, using that as an excuse, he shows her a postcard with an actual watercolor by the young Adolf Hitler, the most important artifact in his collection. As they talk, one sees that the connection between them is not as tenuous as it might seem—that the two acts belong in the same play. She, too, has been wounded, and by a corruption of another kind. She is acted with subtlety and grace by Maria Tucci, and it is a measure of Miss Tucci's strength that in their scene together Mr. Rifkin's marvellous characterization seems to deepen even further. All the performances, for that matter, are more than satisfactory, under Daniel Sullivan's meticulous direction. The play may have its weak spots, but the playing does not. Sarah Jessica Parker is the shy, tentative daughter, and Patrick Breen and Jon Tenney are her brothers. The distinguished sets and lighting were designed by John Lee Beatty and Arden Fingerhut, and the appropriate costumes by Jess Goldstein.

"THE LITTLE TOMMY PARKER CELEBRATED COLORED MINSTREL SHOW," a glorious play by Carlyle Brown, which is performed to perfection by the Negro Ensemble Company, will be running at the Master Theatre only through March 31st. The setting—a vivid one, by Michael Green—is a parlor car in Hannibal, Missouri, in the winter of 1895, and during most of the first act the conversation is reminiscence with an undertow of earned bitterness, interrupted by an off-the-cuff cakewalk contest, before the men black up to go on. The act ends with a report of an ominous episode. In the second act, there is heroism and tragedy, yet nothing can quench the humor and spirit of these wandering players. When it comes to shoptalk, minstrelsy has publishing beat every time. The show was directed by Douglas Turner Ward, who also appears in it, along with Helmar Augustus Cooper, O. L. Duke, Ed Wheeler, Kevin Smith, and Charles Weldon. Bill Toles composed and recorded the offstage banjo music. —EDITH OLIVER

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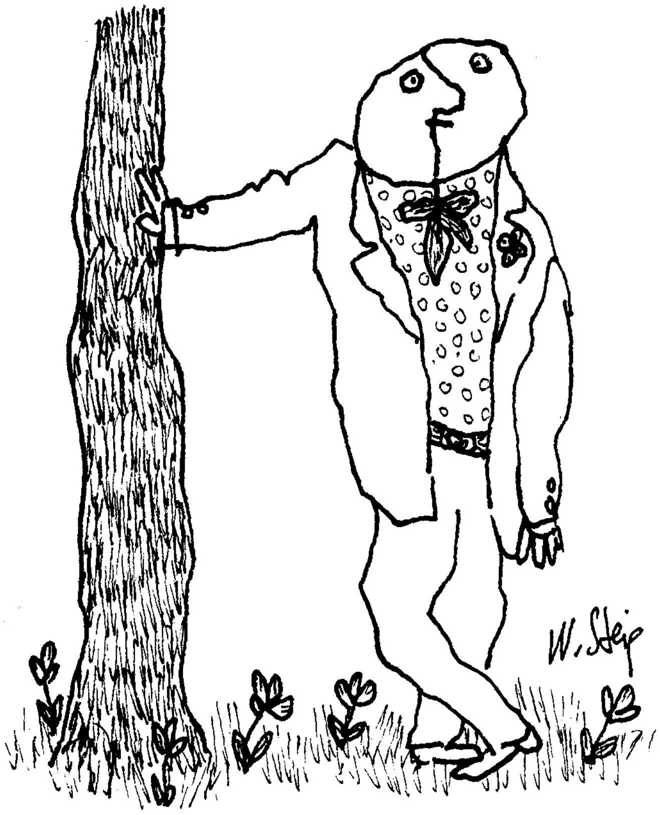
MUSICAL EVENTS

Chariots of Fire

MENDELSSOHN'S "Elijah" is a work that in youth I got to know well, piping its choruses and enjoying a recording with Isobel Baillie as the soprano and Harold Williams as the Prophet. It was possibly in my blood, too: my Novello vocal score had belonged to my grandfather, a bass in the Royal Choral Society, and had been sung from in many Albert Hall performances. But I had not heard the piece for decades when I went to a Philharmonic performance earlier this season. The familiar numbers passed by in sequence and meant little. Had the oratorio died on me, or I to it? Everything seemed to move at much the same gait and at much the same dynamic. I decided to blame not Mendelssohn but a stodgy performance, conducted by Kurt Masur. (Leonard Bernstein, the conductor originally billed, had died; a recording project had been cancelled; and three of the soloists initially engaged had withdrawn.) Then, last month, the Cincinnati Symphony brought a vivid, colorful, dramatic account of "Elijah" to Carnegie Hall, and I was reassured, rejuvenated. Carnegie, even with its by-restoration-spoiled acoustics, remains a good "Elijah" place. The second concert ever given there—on May 6, 1891—was an "Elijah," with Emil Fischer (a Met Wotan and Hans Sachs) in the title role and Andreas Dippel (both an Almaviva and a Siegfried) as Obadiah. Walter Damrosch conducted. The Cincinnati performance was conducted by Jesús-López-Cobos. Its splendor was the Cincinnati May Festival Chorus, a body a hundred and sixty strong, trained by Robert Porco. In New York, it is easy to forget what a world-class large choir sounds like. In the first choral number of the Cincinnati "Elijah," the tenors' "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone" had a lyrical beauty that moved the heart. The basses and the altos were firm; the sopranos shone without glaring. It was as if Mr. Porco had said to them all, "Don't force, don't push. Flow, keeping the tone beautiful!" Power was available in plenty, but when priests of Baal bawled angrily at their unheeding god the harmonies remained clear. Two numbers usually taken by soloists—the quartet "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" and the angelic trio "Lift thine eyes"—were assigned to the chorus, and one was glad of it, for the chorus was better tuned, verbally more intelligible, and often musically more sensitive than the soloists. Bernard Shaw, rather to his surprise, sat out an 1892 Albert Hall "Elijah" to the last note—"an act of professional devotion which was by no means part of my plan for the evening"—because Joseph Barnby had trained the chorus (perhaps including my grandfather) so well. What Shaw wrote can be applied to the Cincinnati singers:

> The tone from the choir was clean and unadulterated: there was no screaming from the sopranos, nor brawling from the tenors, nor growling from the basses. [Mr. Barnby/Mr. Porco] gets the high notes taken *piano* as easily as the middle ones; and the sharpness of attack and the willing vigor and consentaneousness of the singing . . . are all that could be desired.


Self-Discovery

Mendelssohn, a Lutheran, seems to have tackled his first oratorio, "St. Paul," as an act of filial piety: his father had advised him to abandon fairy matter and compose something serious, and, in a deathbed letter, had urged him to get on with "St. Paul." Mendelssohn did so. He contemplated following it with a "St. Peter," and drew up a scheme for the work. Then he decided on "Elijah," and sent a libretto draft to the theologian Julius Schubring, the librettist of "St. Paul," asking him to "write on the margin a great many beautiful arias, reflections, pithy utterances, choruses, and all sorts of things." The collaboration was not easy. Mendelssohn, the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, wanted a drama about the grandest and sternest of the Old Testament prophets; in Dusseldorf, he had conducted Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (with tableaux vivants in which Moses was prominent), "Judas Maccabaeus," "Solomon." But Pastor Schubring wanted Elijah to figure as a precursor of the Christians' Messiah (and he managed to sneak a few verses of Matthew into the libretto). Elijah's life was not operatically eventful except in one tremendous scene. As the Britannica puts it:

> The scene on Carmel is perhaps the grandest . . . in the whole of the Old Testament. As a typical embodiment for all time of the conflict between superstition and true religion, it is lifted out of the range of mere individual biography into that of spiritual symbolism, and it has accordingly furnished at once a fruitful theme for the religious teacher and a lofty inspiration for the artist. The false prophets were allowed to invoke their god in whatever manner they pleased. The only interruption came in the mocking encouragement of Elijah (I Kings xviii. 27), a rare instance of grim sarcastic humour occurring in the Bible. Its effect upon the false prophets was to increase their frenzy. The evening came, and the god had made no sign. Elijah now stepped forward with the quiet confidence and dignity that became the prophet and representative of the true God. . . . Once only, with the calm assurance of one who knew that his prayer would be answered, he invokes the God of his fathers. The answer comes at once.

This scene—it occurs early, in Part I—is the climax of Mendelssohn's oratorio, and he set it to grand effect. In Carnegie, Benjamin Luxon enacted it grandly. Mature—I first heard Mr. Luxon nearly thirty years ago, as the Tristram of Rutland Boughton's "The Queen of Cornwall"—he now has the Donatello looks and presence of an Old Testament prophet. He stood listening, quizzical, confident, while the chorus cried desperately on Baal, and turned a concert performance into drama. He was not one's ideal Elijah. (Friedrich Schorr, in his records of the big solos, is that.) More than once, he flung his voice out with cavalier disregard for precise pitch. But he brought the oratorio to life. "It is enough; O Lord, now take my life" was deeply moving. (In passing, one salutes his pronunciation of "Abraham" in a way that President Lincoln would recognize; Kevin McMillan, the Philharmonic soloist, Italianized the "a"s of the name.)

The action otherwise consists of the raising of the widow's son, the arrival of an indignant Queen Jezebel, and a strenuous travel schedule:

> Get thee hence, Elijah, depart and turn thee eastward; thither hide thee by Cherith's brook. . . . Now Cherith's brook is dried up, Elijah, arise and depart, and get thee to Zarapeth. . . . Arise, then, and hasten for thy life, to the wilderness journey. . . . Arise, Elijah, for thou hast a long journey before thee. Forty days and forty nights shalt thou go to Horeb. . . . Go, return upon thy way!

And so, after all this wandering, to the final journey, Heavenward in the fiery chariot with fiery, fiery horses, which Mendelssohn set in a memorable chorus.

The treble soloist, William Young, was pure. The alto, Florence Quivar, with her urgent enunciation sang words and phrases cogently, as if she meant every one of them. The soprano, Faye Robinson, mangled the text and mingled some shining sounds with others that were ill-focussed and impure. In the Philharmonic performance, Richard Leech had sung Obadiah's fine tenor solos with bright force and fervor, but too loudly; John Aler, in Carnegie, was monotonous, and unloving of the words. Mr. López-Cobos conducted the oratorio with warmth, firmness, a light tread but athletic rhythmic muscle, and a readiness to expand expressively in the emotional numbers. A word for Eric Kim's poignant solo cello in "It is enough"

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—coupled with a wish for ampler, bolder portamento.

MOST years, the Met around Eastertide plays "Parsifal." For twenty years, it did so in a satisfactory production designed by Robert O'Hearn and directed by Nathaniel Merrill. But now there is a new production, designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen and directed by Otto Schenk—the team that gave the Met its current "Tannhäuser" and "Ring." The choir in "Parsifal" is important. To train it, the Met engaged Norbert Balatsch, the Bayreuth chorusmaster—with excellent results. The choral tone was firm, sure, swelling at climaxes, purely tuned and beautiful in the quiet "supernatural" utterances that steal from above through the Hall of the Grail. The new production itself is decorative, picturesque, and hard to take quite seriously. Evident comedy, to be sure, is avoided until we reach the Good Friday meadow. There it breaks out in the form of a host of apparently spring-mounted novelty-shop daffodils studding tussocks of plastic turf. (The scene could have been designed by Ford Madox Brown, in his "Pretty Baa-Lambs" vein.) Though Gurnemanz, Kundry, and Parsifal trample the pretty blossoms, they leap back erect, vibrating, eye-catching. Gurnemanz's lines "Blades and flowers on the meadow perceive that today man's foot will not crush them. . . . Today man spares them with gentle tread" become wry, witty commentary. Earlier, there is absurdity in the spectacle of the ladies of the Met chorus fluttering in chiffons, pawing at Placido Domingo, the Parsifal, while twirling and carolling in waltz time. Flower Maidens are apt to be ridiculous; it was the thought of them in fleshly form that prompted Wagner's joke about needing to invent, after his invisible orchestra, an invisible theatre. But there have been directors—Wagner's grandson Wieland and Götz Friedrich among them—who have avoided absurdity and conveyed the emotional truth of the scene.

Act I in this new Met version is an Arthur Rackham forest with tinsel glints in the tree trunks. During the transformation music, the trunks become columns and regroup themselves as a Gaudí cathedral with a Pantheon aperture in the dome. The transformation—"Here time becomes space"—was magical, but in Act III it was simply repeated. At the moment of Consecration, in both acts, no dazzling ray from above fell on the Cup; a straggle of wispy ectoplasm descended from the flies, missing its mark. There was no Dove in the final bars—no symbolic indication of "redemption for the redeemer." Elsewhere, there were some unauthorized stagy effects: Amfortas lurched from his litter and, with his own hands, crashed open Titurel's coffin lid; Kundry's quiet expiry became a production number between her and Parsifal. For next year the Met has engaged a promising "Parsifal" cast: Siegfried Jerusalem, Waltraud Meier, and Kurt Moll. It might be better served by a performance in the previous production.

Mr. Domingo was singing his first Parsifal. The music lies well in his voice. He was clear, intelligible, earnest. If for two acts the dramatic requirements of the role seemed to embarrass him, as the mature, pious warrior of Act III, Scene 1, he was noble. The final scene, however, he merely trumpeted. Jessye Norman was singing her first stage Kundry. She was, predictably, majestic. She sang the role note by note, not in phrases, and turned it into a series of variously impressive noises. Robert Lloyd, the Gurnemanz, was the best of the principals—grave, stirring, engaging, beautiful of tone and in utterance. The Good Friday scene, despite the quivering daffodils, began to seem like a real performance of the opera. But in Act I Mr. Lloyd perhaps overdid Gurnemanz's tetchy moments when, Polonius-like, he added a touch of undignified caricature to his chiding of the ignorant youth. Ekkehard Wlaschiha was a powerful, if—by Hans Hotter and George London standards—more noisy than moving, Amfortas. Franz Mazura shouted Klingsor's music with intelligence but small vocal resource. James Levine's conducting of "Parsifal" seems to get slower and slower, to a point where along some phrases the music almost dies. Everything is heavily, expressively nuanced. Everything is eloquently and beautifully shaped. At climaxes the brasses blare out to drown the strings.

NEW YORK'S annual oratorio at Corpus Christi Church, presented by Music Before 1800, brings Lenten joy to the city. Music before 1700 provides the fare. After a long—and rewarding—exploration of Stradella oratorios ("Esther," "St. John the Baptist," "Susanna," and "St. Pelagia"), Louise Basbas, the director of the enterprise, has turned to the oratorios of Alessandro Scarlatti: last year "Hagar and Ishmael," and this year the first of his two "Judith" oratorios. The librettist of the earlier "Giuditta" (c. 1695) was Cardinal Benedetto Pamphili (who wrote "Il Trionfo del Tempo" for Handel). About five years later, Scarlatti set a "Giuditta" by Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni, Pamphili's friendly rival as both librettist and patron. Pamphili took a coolish view of the sensational Judith matter; no one comes to life as vividly as did Hagar, Ishmael, and Abraham. His "Giuditta" is an unemotional oratorio, concerned more with political issues than with vibrant personalities, and neoclassical to the point of signing off with a couplet from Euripides. And in the music we do not hear the Scarlatti of the early-eighteenth-century operas, who can move listeners so deeply. But the score is poised, graceful, and inventive, and it proved worth hearing.

Alexandra Montano, a mezzo going from strength to strength, sang Holofernes with a communicativeness and clarity of words and timbre that gave delight. The tenor role, Achior (its range in the fifths above and below middle C), was sung by Pamela Warrick-Smith in deep, firm tones that recalled those of the once famous recording artist Ruby Helder, "The Lady Tenor." In these days when men usurp roles that Handel wrote for women, Miss Warrick-Smith, a Met Schwertleite, might poach back and be an exciting Manrico. Marion Beckenstein (Judith), Susanne Peck (an Ozias swinging from his ears long inches of fashionable spangle—like those Leonie Rysanek so inappropriately sported as the Kabanicha of the Met "Kát'a"), and Robert Kuehn (the High Priest) completed the cast. The accompaniment was a period string quartet, a trumpet, two flutes, and Miss Basbas at a little organ. I grow impatient when Miss Basbas plods at a stolid one-two-three through numbers that should dance one-in-a-bar (such as Ozias's "La speranza del mio seno"), but love her for all the great music that Music Before 1800 has brought us.

—ANDREW PORTER

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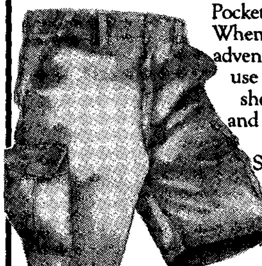

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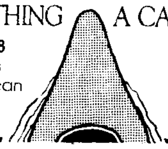

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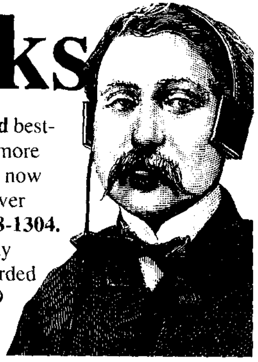

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REPORT FROM JERUSALEM

MARCH 20

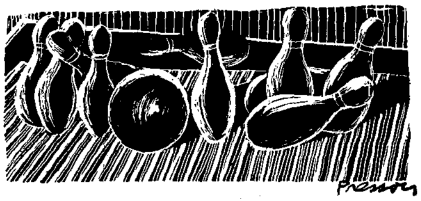
NOW that the Gulf War is past and Saddam Hussein's military machine—so demonized, so feared, but in retrospect so overrated—has crumbled, people here are pondering the meaning of this horrendous and chastening episode. Israeli armed forces stayed out of the war, the first since 1948 that hit the civilian population and caused appreciable physical damage. Millions of civilians awoke over and over again to an acute sense of their vulnerability.

Israel has been through six full-fledged wars in its short life, and many bloody skirmishes, but this war was perhaps the most political war it has ever been involved in. For the first time, an international coalition, led by the United States, delivered a devastating blow against one of this country's most powerful enemies. Wars are always full of situational ironies, and always have unexpected consequences. In this war, not only the United States but archenemies like Syria and Saudi Arabia were participating, however peripherally, in the defense of Israel against Iraqi missiles.

Now that it is over and people here have been told to dismantle their sealed rooms and pack away their gas masks, the place is once again full of political uncertainties. People wonder what the future will bring. Some are grim and angry. Many are worn out by the endless tension, and disgusted by a banal, uninspiring government and by an often equally unappealing opposition; but, living, as Israelis do, under a curiously obtuse electoral system, at the mercy of self-indulgent party machines and unaccountable fringe groups, they are incapable of translating their disaffection into political action. Speculation and wild rumors abound. Israel has always been a country of spasms and upheavals, moving in fits from one crisis to the next. Undoubtedly, many Israelis would now be glad to see President Bush's vaunted new world order materialize. But I suspect that few really believe they will see any such thing. "A new order, that's something you believe in once in your life," I heard a middle-aged Jerusalem man say the other day. "Never twice."

The Gulf War was far away and, at the same time, very near. Almost every other night, the sky was lit by sudden, obscene glares as Scud missiles came in and Patriot missiles rose to disarm or deflect them, and the combined debris crashed into populous residential areas. Late one night, moments after air-raid sirens sounded and an Army spokesman on the radio instructed us to put on our gas masks, I happened to look out of my bedroom window. The sky was starless and pitch black. There was a sudden flash of yellowish light. A heavy boom, like distant thunder, made the windowpanes vibrate. All during the war, the radio never disclosed the exact location where missiles had hit, so as not to help the Iraqis improve their targeting. But I soon learned through the grapevine that this missile had crashed into a Tel Aviv garden suburb twenty-five miles from here, levelling half a dozen houses and damaging seventy-five others but, fortunately, killing no one and wounding only five. For the next few days, even Jerusalem, which was not hit during the war, was a half-dead city. People were frightened, and kept their gas masks with them all the time. In the daytime, traffic was sparse; at night, it was practically nonexistent.

The missile attacks traumatized many people. Each evening, tens of thousands of people in the greater Tel Aviv area fled before dark. Entire apartment blocks in north Tel Aviv, a comparatively affluent section, were said to have been almost totally evacuated, as thousands moved out of town to stay with relatives and friends in the country, or in kibbutz guesthouses. Wealthy families and their Filipino nannies settled into the five-star tourist hotels in Jerusalem, which had been practically deserted since the Gulf crisis began. One hotel operator in the Red Sea resort of Elat was quoted as saying, "First, Saddam Hussein chased away our tourists. Now he is bringing them back." And as the sirens wailed in the small hours of the morning people across the nation put on their gas masks and staggered from their beds into rooms sealed haphazardly—and probably insufficiently—with plastic sheeting and masking tape. When a day or two passed without a missile attack, the tension mounted almost palpably; people complained in the morning of "Saddam Hussein jet lag." The stationing of American Patriot missile batteries on the outskirts of the main cities early in the war calmed the deep sense of insecurity, but only temporarily. However "smart" the Patriots were said to be, they could not render harmless any Scuds that were still in the stratosphere or so far from urban centers that they could do little damage.



Three and a half weeks into the war, Defense Minister Moshe Arens went to Washington to try to convince President Bush that Israel should be allowed to retaliate, and that for this purpose a corridor should be cleared for Israeli bombers through Saudi Arabian airspace. He was probably being overdramatic when he said in Washington, "We see sights of destruction in Israel that have not been seen in a Western country since World War II"; still, the destruction was bad enough. A Scud missile may be clumsy and imprecise, but as it crashes into a built-up area at the speed of sound the effect can be devastating. I walked through some of the areas in and around Tel Aviv which had been hit by Scuds. They looked as though they had suffered a serious earthquake. Deep craters marked the places where the missiles had landed. Roofs were ripped out, floors had caved in, walls and balconies had collapsed, and all windows within a half-mile radius of the point of impact were smashed.

Nearly nine thousand houses were damaged in the Tel Aviv metropolitan area, and about a hundred and twenty were destroyed. Miraculously, only one person died from a direct hit. Two hundred and thirty-nine people were wounded, according to an Army spokesman. Seven hundred and five others were treated for light injuries. The Scuds were reported to have caused fourteen "indirect" deaths, from heart failure or through suffocation resulting from the improper adjustment of gas masks by people putting them on in haste. The extent of moral and psychological damage was the subject of much public discussion. Israel is known for its abundance of mental-health services and psychological-first-

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aid stations. All such services were kept functioning around the clock during the emergency, and were reported to be flooded with requests for help by anxiety-ridden people. After walking past a row of run-down houses in a suburb of Tel Aviv that had been hit by an Iraqi missile, a well-known literary critic and university professor named Dan Miron observed sadly that the homes of Tel Aviv residents might as well have been made of only "sawdust and glue." Other cities, he wrote in a widely discussed article in the newspaper *Ha'aretz*, conveyed a sense of strength even in ruins, but the houses of Tel Aviv were merely "tents of whitewash and mildewed plywood, sun-roasted and rotten from the rain." The crumbling structures, he suggested, reflected the wretchedness of the nation's "pasteboard" military and political strategists, exposing their shallowness, their self-importance, and their dubious military and political scenarios.

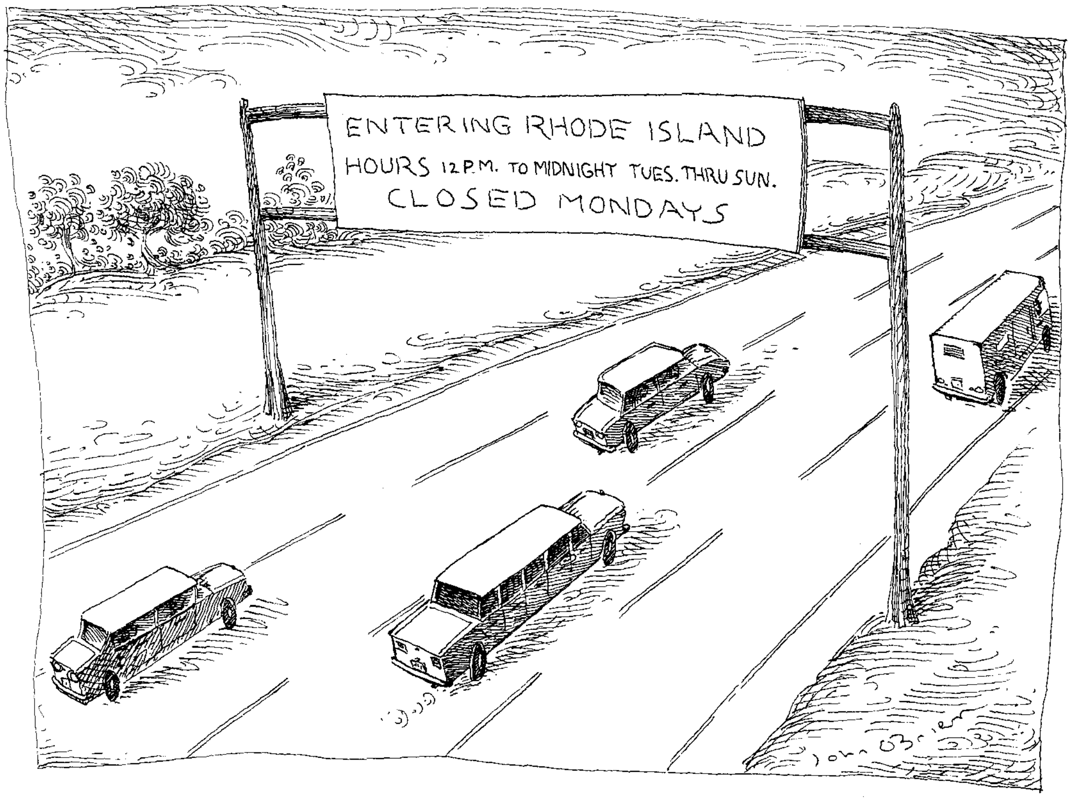
Opposition leaders chastised the government for scuttling the peace process in 1989, and thus enabling Saddam Hussein to make political capital out of the unresolved Palestinian issue. Had Israel started peace talks with the Palestinians *before* the Gulf crisis erupted, they said, Israel might even have become a full-fledged partner in the anti-Iraq coalition, instead of remaining a bystander, whose presence the coalition members found disconcerting. The government's response was that the Palestinians, by identifying so wholeheartedly with the "Butcher of Baghdad," were showing their true colors. Had Israel withdrawn from the occupied territories or allowed the establishment of a Palestinian state, government spokesmen argued, that state could have allied itself with Iraq and made it possible for more accurate and even more devastating short-range missiles to be launched from its territory, with not even the current four or five minutes' warning time. Right-wing radicals urged the government to defy the United States and intervene in the war. The endless stream of assertions by ex-generals that retaliation against Iraq was inevitable and by politicians that it was imminent multiplied the tensions generated by sleepless nights, and left the country in a nerve-racked state. Many people complained of chronic headaches and insomnia, and of obsessive urges to smoke or overeat.

Within the government, pressure in favor of an independent attack on Iraq mounted constantly. One member of parliament announced that he had been assured by a "top psychiatrist" that if Israel did not strike at Iraq immediately the national morale would "collapse." (Public-opinion polls showed, however, that most people approved of the government's decision to stay out of the war and allow the Americans to destroy the Iraqi war machine.) Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, to protect his flank, pushed his Cabinet farther to the right—under cover of the war—by taking in as a new minister a politician notorious for his support of the expulsion of all Palestinians from the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. But Shamir successfully resisted all demands that Israel intervene in the war independently.

As United States airplanes operating from Turkish bases continued to bomb Scud-missile launching sites in western Iraq, it became clear that the number of Iraq's mobile missile launchers had been grossly underestimated by American and Israeli intelligence. Many of the launchers were hidden in the dunes, and Iraqi missiles continued to fall on Israel until the last days of the war. The country sometimes appeared almost paralyzed as a result. During the first few days of the war, the government itself asked people to stay home. Later on, it was unable to bring the country back to any kind of normality. Cafés and restaurants were deserted. Schools were shut. Tel Aviv University postponed examinations and closed a week before the end of the winter term. Tel Aviv promotes itself as a "city without pause," and before the war it was not uncommon to meet heavy traffic jams there at 3 A.M. During the Gulf War, the streets emptied as soon as it grew dark, and buses stopped running. The city seemed at times like a Palestinian town in the occupied territories under military curfew.

ALTHOUGH the Israelis had been, in a general way, warned against such a war, they were unprepared for it when it came. There were not enough gas masks. And, according to the State Comptroller's office, a third of the gas masks distributed were substandard. Conventional bomb-proof air-raid shelters were few, and most of them were so far apart that a lot of people couldn't reach them safely in the four or five minutes between the time they were aroused in their beds and the time the missiles fell. Many of the shelters were in a bad state of repair. They had been built decades before, to provide protection against bombs dropped from relatively slow-flying aircraft, which could be detected in time by radar. In this war, missiles were shot into space from fixed or mobile launchers more than three hundred miles away and came down on their targets with lightning speed.

It was a war unlike any other that Israelis had known. The alleged purpose of the Iraqi missile attacks was to terrorize Israel into widening the Gulf War into an Arab-Israeli war, thereby presumably breaking up the American-led alliance. Use of poison gas was an Iraqi threat. Poison gas had previously been employed widely against troops and sporadically, in Third World countries, against civilians, but this was probably the first time that an entire nation was on the alert against a possible attack by nerve and mustard gas. It was the first time that on a single command an entire nation put on gas masks—clumsy, elephantine rubber contraptions—and that an entire nation saw to it that enough gauze pads, sodium bicarbonate, burn remedies, and atropine injectors were kept always on hand. Babies were secured in cumbersome devices that looked like incubators or transparent tents. Small children were made to put on see-through hoods with battery-operated air pumps. After the schools reopened, schoolchildren went about every morning carrying gas masks. In class, they were drilled to throw themselves on the floor in the event of an attack and, if necessary, give themselves atropine injections in the thigh. At home, children were told of warheads carrying cholera bacteria. Five-year-olds learned to ask after an attack whether it had been "conventional" or "chemical." No one can say what the effects of all this will be on the young or how they will connect it to the faceless "Arabs" they hear of or to the Palestinians they may see every day and will have to live close to all their lives. That the experience tainted



the children to some degree is probable. A few days after the war broke out, the novelist David Grossman wrote, "In the land of the Jews, long before children learn the facts of life we must tell them the facts of death."

Revelations in the German press that German manufacturers had sold poison-gas technology to Iraq and that German engineers may have helped Iraq to increase the range of Soviet Scud missiles—enough to reach southern Israel from western Iraq—unleashed a wave of protests in both Israel and Germany. Survivors of Nazi concentration camps associated the German involvement in Iraq with their worst memories of the Second World War. Delegations of breast-beating German visitors, headed by Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher and Bundestag Speaker Rita Süssmuth, descended on Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Genscher awarded the nation grants totalling six hundred million dollars, mostly to buy submarines and other war machinery from Germany, and German mayors handed out lavish gifts to Israeli cities. Halfway through the war, there were so many prominent German politicians in Israel that a reporter for the Hamburg newsweekly *Der Spiegel* wrote that Jerusalem's King David Hotel seemed "almost like the Bundestag."

It is not difficult to imagine the emotional power of the word "gas" in Israel. Israeli schoolchildren learn about the gas chambers of Auschwitz as Japanese schoolchildren learn about Hiroshima. Before and during the Gulf War, Saddam Hussein threatened to "incinerate half of Israel." He spoke of an Islamic Armageddon, a "mother of all battles." Throughout the Gulf War, and especially during its last three or four days, the looming use of chemical or biological weapons as a final spasm of Iraqi defiance cast an apocalyptic spell. It was widely believed that in the event of a chemical or a biological strike Israel would retaliate with nuclear weapons. General Dan Shomron, the Israeli chief of staff, changed the standard formula "Israel will not be the first to introduce nuclear weapons" to "Israel will not be the first to use nuclear weapons." Two weeks after the war began, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney warned Iraq openly of such a possibility. We will probably never know whether these threats actually deterred Iraq from using chemical or biological weapons or whether Iraq had been bluffing and was incapable of using them. Toward the end of the war, Uzi Benziman, a columnist in *Ha'aretz*, wondered what the long-range effects of this verbal escalation might be, and whether the Shamir government had seriously weighed the consequences of making such threats. Benziman had asked such questions earlier as well. It was characteristic of the public apathy on this issue that at war's end he was still the only journalist raising probing questions concerning the nuclear threat.

Through all the sombre threats and counterthreats, immigrants from the Soviet Union continued to arrive in Israel. They came in by special El Al charters; other airlines had suspended flights to Tel Aviv because of the war. Even as the missiles were falling in the first weeks of the war, some fifteen thousand Soviet immigrants landed at the Tel Aviv airport. Though twice as many had arrived in December, the number of those arriving during the war was still high enough to illustrate the continuing eagerness of Russian Jews to become Israelis, or their desperate desire to get out of the Soviet Union, even though it was to a place where the first thing they were given upon landing was a gas mask. One planeload of Russian immigrants approached the airport during a missile attack and was turned back in midair. It went to Budapest, and the passengers disembarked for the night. When it turned around the next morning, according to a newspaper report, no one had dropped out, and forty new passengers had joined the flight. On television one saw immigrants kissing the ground as they stepped off the plane. One said, "I thank God for being here, for you being here, for us being here." Another, when he was asked by a television reporter if he was afraid of Scud missiles, smiled broadly and said in a thick accent, "No, things made in Russia don't work." It was noted that a surprisingly high number of Russians were bringing in poodles and other pedigreed dogs, presumably to sell in Israel. One immigrant offered the explanation that "grand pianos are more cumbersome to transport, and, frankly,

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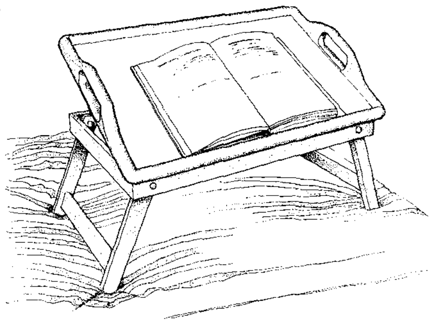

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there isn't anything else to buy nowadays in Moscow."

The continuing immigration was a boost to morale. But as missiles kept falling the proud self-image of an Israel protected by a tough citizen Army adept at practicing the Biblical doctrine of "an eye for an eye" was overshadowed for many by an older image, that of the helpless Jew—now huddling for protection in a gas mask, in a poorly sealed room. And the sight of American soldiers manning Patriot missile batteries on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, Haifa, and Jerusalem was sobering, if also reassuring. Ever since Defense Minister Moshe Dayan announced, on the eve of the 1967 War, that he did not want American soldiers to fight Israel's wars, Israel has been proud of its self-sufficiency, at least on the battlefield. A few imaginative spirits were able to see something hopeful in the presence of American troops in Israel. Perhaps, some suggested, it would pave the way for an American-Israeli defense treaty, which might give Israel the courage to relinquish the occupied territories. Others expressed a faint hope that people who had been confined to their sealed rooms so often and for so long would feel more empathy in the future for Palestinians in the occupied territories, who are routinely locked in their homes for weeks at a stretch during the frequent curfews imposed by Israeli Army commanders. In Haifa one night, just as the novelist A. B. Yehoshua and his family were putting on gas masks they heard on the radio that at that very moment people in Riyadh and Bahrain were doing the same. Yehoshua described his sense of wonder at "this strange community of fate with Saudis and Bahrainis, devout Muslims, with a fine per-capita income." The stereotype of "a one-dimensional Arab world, monolithic and menacing, has been destroyed," he wrote, somewhat optimistically.

Inevitably, there was humor, too, and a spate of excellent satire on television. And, frightening though some of the missiles were, especially during the multiple bombardments of the first week, the fireworks in the sky attracted many spectators. Thousands climbed the flat roofs of Tel Aviv during alerts to watch the missiles shoot in, and many of them called a local radio station to describe what they had seen. Teen-agers painted their gas-mask boxes psychedelic colors. "Designer" bags for gas masks were on sale at many supermarkets. Some bore inscriptions, such as "Love" or "We'll get over this, too." Despite restrictions on public gatherings, several symphony orchestras continued to play, for rather small audiences, in the afternoons. Once, in Jerusalem, the air-raid sirens sounded while Isaac Stern was in the middle of Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 3. Stern and the orchestra withdrew to their sealed dressing rooms. Most people in the audience put on gas masks. But after a few minutes, with the alert still on, Stern returned to the stage without a mask and played a Bach saraband to a charmed but still largely masked audience. There was also a wave of jokes of the gallows-humor variety. They merely accentuated the general sense of gloom, which continued well into the postwar period. The war was widely seen as a foretaste of what Israel might face in the next war. Next time, there might be many more missiles, more accurate and more powerful.

There was general awareness that only a fluke—an "incredible piece of luck," in the words of a civil-defense spokesman—had kept the casualty rate so low. The Scuds that hit low-density suburbs might have hit high-density areas—schools, hospitals, high-rise apartment houses. A great number of people might have been killed, as happened in Saudi Arabia, when an Iraqi Scud hit an American barracks, killing twenty-eight soldiers. Apart from chemical and biological warheads, the greatest concern of the civil-defense authorities was mass casualties by conventional means.

THE Palestinians in the occupied territories supported Saddam Hussein, but they were probably the last people who "wanted" a war in the Gulf, for they feared it might spread to neighboring Jordan. Their leaders hoped to exploit the Gulf crisis politically—but, of course, they feared that the war might serve the Israelis as a pretext for expelling thousands of Palestinian militants. On Jordanian television, which can be seen on the West Bank, Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yasir Arafat was frequently shown, embracing and kissing the Iraqi leader. He, too, may have hoped that there would be no war. He should have known better, but he did not—thus confirming once more the old adage that the Palestinian leadership never misses a chance to spoil its case or to lose an opportunity.

"If the P.L.O. had remained, like Jordan, on the sidelines, it would have survived the war unharmed," a senior American diplomat in Israel told me. "If the P.L.O. had remained neutral, it might have been able to negotiate after the war from a position of strength. If it had joined the American-led Egyptian-Saudi-Syrian coalition, it might have established a Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza within a year or two." But Arafat sided with Saddam Hussein. Halfway through the war, Arafat declared, "These are days of glory and pride and steadfastness of our Arab nation. . . . The real aim of the treacherous American aggression is not to enforce compliance with U.N. resolutions but to destroy Palestine and the Arab nation [and make a place for] three million Russian Jews in a Greater Israel [stretching] from the Nile to the Euphrates."

Palestinian support for Saddam Hussein was nurtured by grief and by rage—grief over the failure and weakness of generations of Palestinians, rage at Israel and at the United States, the demon thought to have made Israel's humiliation of the Palestinians possible. The rage was a kind of poor man's revenge. The weak may not be able to defeat the strong, but they can drive them crazy. A few weeks before the war, on a day when the walls of East Jerusalem were covered with pro-Iraqi and pro-P.L.O. graffiti, and Palestinian newspapers were filled with expressions of sympathy for Saddam Hussein, I asked a Palestinian militant how such identification with Iraq could possibly help the cause of Palestinian self-determination. He said, "Israel refuses to talk to us and has left us no other choice." He was aware, he added, that Saddam Hussein was "a bloody tyrant," and even "guilty of genocide." He readily granted that Saddam Hussein probably did not care for the Palestinian cause and was merely exploiting it to undermine the anti-Iraq alliance. But Saddam Hussein was breaking the ground rules in the Middle East which for Palestinians had become unbearable. "I don't idolize Saddam," he insisted, but in the crisis that Saddam Hussein had generated, which he still thought would not lead to war, he saw a potential for changing "the unacceptable status quo in Palestine." Another Palestinian, a professor at Bir Zeit University, which the military government closed more than three years ago, at the beginning of the *intifada*, said, "What have we to lose? Most of our leaders are in jail. Those who are not in jail are refused permission to go abroad. Those who are not abroad are under house arrest. Our cities are shut by curfews. People cannot work. Tens of thousands on the West Bank have lost their livelihood." When I visited the professor, he had just finished holding an illegal seminar in his living room for some of his students. "I am trying my best to keep them intellectually alive," he said.

On the eve of the Gulf War, *An-Nahar*, the pro-Jordanian Palestinian daily paper published in East Jerusalem, defied the Israeli military press censor and printed a long paean to Saddam Hussein on its front page. The homage, rendered with heavy-handed sarcasm, was in the form of a free-verse poem. Here is a rough translation of some of the lines:

> Kill him! For being the
> Arab nation's hope and symbol!
> Kill him! For battling
> the desert tribes of Arabia,
> for not worshipping the almighty dollar,
> for not bowing down to America!
> Kill him! For battling to unite all Arabs
> and give them a forbidden power.
> Go ahead and kill him
> for defending honor,
> which America trampled,
> for singing freedom's song,
> which Britain stifled,
> Russia buried,
> and Europe renounced.

When the first missiles fell on Tel Aviv, Israeli newspapers reported that Palestinians were "dancing on the rooftops" for joy. The phrase has since become a political and journalistic commonplace. For more than a month, I have been looking for anyone who saw with his own eyes the "dancing on the rooftops." I have found no one, and have come to suspect that this may be one of those famous myths of war which capture the imagination of a people because they confirm deeply ingrained prejudices in the political culture, like the widespread stories of rape and other atrocities in Belgium during the First World War. Myth is often transformed into "history." The lights of Tel Aviv are clearly visible from many Palestinian villages in the Judaean and Samarian foothills, and certainly Palestinians did climb up on their roofs to watch the fireworks generated by the flying Scud and Patriot missiles. But so did thousands of Tel Aviv residents. True or false, "dancing on the rooftops" has become a key phrase in the arguments now being used against withdrawal from the occupied territories. It does seem likely that many Palestinians welcomed the destruction caused in Tel Aviv by Iraqi missiles. After a Scud missile hit the posh garden suburb where Defense Minister Arens lives, a Palestinian lawyer from Ramallah whom I met in East Jerusalem said to me, "God bless Saddam Hussein. Finally, we have a man who fights back and brings the *intifada*, like a boomerang, to the streets of Tel Aviv. Tel Aviv is now as deserted as Ramallah. No cinema and no concerts." One evening in Jerusalem, I heard Yasir Abed-Rabbo, a prominent P.L.O. member, say on Jordanian television, "The missiles on Tel Aviv emphasize the link between Kuwait and Palestine." Immediately afterward, Jordanian television showed a documentary about American atrocities against Iraqi children, "seekers of truth, justice, equality, and peace." An Iraqi soldier, making the "V" sign, cried out in Arabic, "See you in Jerusalem!"

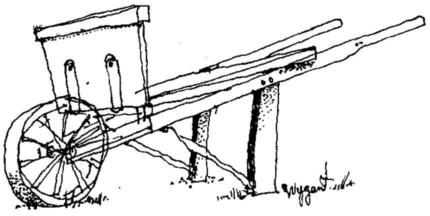
East Jerusalem and the West Bank were alive with rumors of American defeats in the Gulf, and other odd tales. One East Jerusalem newspaper reported that Saddam Hussein's face had been seen in the moon. An old woman assured an acquaintance of mine that during the night she had seen an Iraqi missile flying over Jerusalem, and that it had hovered for a moment above the Haram al-Sharif, from which Muhammad had climbed to Heaven on a ladder of light; after tipping its wings in a salute to the mosque, it had continued on its way to Tel Aviv.

Faisal al-Husseini, the son of a famous Palestinian guerrilla leader who died in the 1948 civil war between Palestinian Jews and Palestinian Arabs, has often been described as the P.L.O.'s chief representative in the occupied territories and as a possible successor to Yasir Arafat. Husseini heads a research institute in East Jerusalem and is frequently interviewed by local and international journalists. During the first week of the war, Israeli radio quoted a statement he had made on BBC radio deploring the bombardment of innocent civilians in Tel Aviv. He was subsequently reported to have received so many threats to his life from Palestinian extremists that he issued a firm denial, claiming that the broadcast was an Israeli attempt to distort his words for propaganda purposes. A few days later, however, he elaborated on his BBC statement, explaining to a reporter for the Israeli mass-circulation tabloid *Yediot Ahronot*, "I don't want to see Baghdad destroyed. I don't want to see Tel Aviv destroyed. I want us to finish this war so we can start building a Palestinian state alongside (and at peace with) Israel." Dr. Sari Nusseibeh, another well-known P.L.O. supporter, published an article in an East Jerusalem paper entitled "Saddam Smashes the Six-Day War Myth." Soon afterward, he was accused of being an Iraqi spy and was put under administrative detention. On the eve of the Muslim feast celebrating Muhammad's journey from Mecca to Jerusalem and his ascent to Heaven, Baghdad radio announced a special "holiday gift" from President Saddam Hussein to the valiant Palestinian people. That night, two missiles fell on the Tel Aviv metropolitan area.

After the ground war began and it became obvious that Iraq would suffer a devastating military defeat, Palestinian militants I spoke with began to sound slightly occult, insisting that, on the contrary, as Saddam Hussein was losing the war he was actually *winning* it. Dr. Mahdi Abdul Hadi, a former high official in the Jordanian government who now heads a Palestinian think tank in East Jerusalem, told me, "The Western mind will say, incorrectly, that Saddam committed suicide. The Arab mind will say he died a martyr. Saddam will become a shining legend. He will bring about another pan-Arab awakening."

The East Jerusalem press never reported the full extent of the Iraqi Army defeat in the field, nor did Jordanian television. On Jordanian television one never saw the long lines of haggard, starving Iraqi soldiers surrendering to the allied troops, or the wreckage of the Iraqi war machinery littering the desert. Many Palestinians took their cue from Jordan's Prime Minister Mudar Badran, who told the parliament that there was no rout but, rather, a well-organized and orderly redeployment of Iraqi armed forces. According to reports in the East Jerusalem press, the war ended in a standoff, and was even a kind of victory for Iraq, in that it had been able to withstand a treacherous attack by nearly the entire world. I asked a Palestinian editor why his paper was not reporting the whole truth. "What is truth?" he said bitterly. "The Palestinians have been betrayed by most Arab governments and humiliated by Israel for a generation. For us, truth is what gives strength and hope to face a hard future." The so-called General United Command of the Intifada claimed, in a leaflet distributed after the war, that the firm stand of the Iraqi Army had compelled the aggressors, headed by the "criminal" Bush, to call a ceasefire.

There was a tendency in some quarters to interpret Iraq's defeat in near-eschatological terms. Jonathan Kuttab, a prominent civil-rights lawyer in East Jerusalem and a Christian, told me that he had watched a tape of the entire CNN interview with Saddam Hussein. "For the first time in my life, I felt I could relate to Islam," he said. "He seemed like a prophet. His message sounded almost like liberation theology." I asked Kuttab what that message was. "Saddam took a position in the name of Islam to confront Western duplicity, materialism, and corruption," he said. "Saddam spoke of social equality and the evils of Saudi consumerism. Arab intellectuals, with their borrowed Western ideas—capitalism or Marxism—have no roots in Arab society. Islam does have roots. I am a Christian, but, as an Arab, I now recognize my Islamic roots. Secular Arab nationalism died in this war. Saddam Hussein's message, in two simple words, was '*Allahu Akbar*'—God is great. God is greater than Bush, stronger than his devastating bombs, stronger than the Israeli occupation of our land. Israel and America should be worried. Saddam's victory will be obvious to everyone five years from now."



FOR many years, the Arab-Israeli conflict has been like a Greek tragedy: the clash is not between good and evil, between right and wrong, but between two rights, two kinds of justice. After each act, the curtain falls on a stage strewn with corpses. In the words of the Israeli writer Meron Benvenisti, after the fifth or sixth act the spectators cry, "Wait a minute! Where is the catharsis in this tragedy?" But the catharsis never comes. The tragedy only gets deeper and deeper. A week or so ago, at the end of the play's most recent act, Secretary of State James Baker entered the stage here amid speculation that he might actually, at long last, like some deus ex machina, begin to make peace between Israel and the Arab states, and between Israel and the Palestinians.

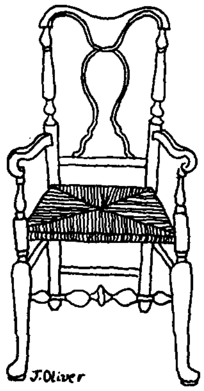
He was here on the penultimate leg of a tour of the Middle East, and one of his main purposes was to lure both sides, Israelis and Palestinians, out of their mutual claustrophilia. The defeat of Saddam Hussein, the weakened position of Yasir Arafat, the success of Egypt (which had made peace with Israel) in regaining its position of leadership in the Arab world, the near-brush with chemical and nuclear weapons, the destruction caused by the war and its crushing economic cost—all these were seen as propitious opening conditions for political, military, and economic settlements. In addition, the Machiavellian "reversal of alliances" during the recent war might have raised possibilities never before seen. As an amateur psychiatrist in Jerusalem pointed out, it should not be difficult to reconcile two enemies as long as a third is available whom they may jointly hate.

Baker's initiative elicited new hopes in some and old fears in others. Baker did not come with a blueprint but, rather, as he put it, with a number of "ideas." Peace might be attainable, but in exchange for territory. On this issue Baker found the Israelis as sharply divided as they have always been.

Doves and hawks both considered their views vindicated by the events of the late war. Doves argued that the missiles fired from such great distances rendered the old notion of "secure borders" obsolete. During the Gulf War, early warnings on missile attacks had come not from radar stations on the West Bank but from an American satellite broadcasting to Washington via a relay station in Australia. The best thing that could come from this war, according to the doves, was for Israel to gain a sense of its true size and strength. Hawks argued that strategic depth was still vital. Even if such depth gave no immediate protection against missiles, it was still the only protection against ground attack. Even the mighty American expeditionary force, with its smart weapons and overwhelming air power, had to wage a ground war to defeat Saddam Hussein. Israeli troops must remain where they are, they said, and the United States should block the rush by Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Syria to acquire more armaments.

Housing Minister Ariel Sharon addressed an impassioned appeal to Baker. He urged Baker to bear in mind the devious mental outlook of the Arabs, and declared that they had not yet given up on their murderous designs. Rather than succumb to a "strange and obsessive preoccupation" with the Palestinian question, Sharon said, "Assad-led Syria's venomous fangs must be removed, and those of Qaddafi's Libya as well."

Yossi Beilin, a Labor member of the Knesset and a former Deputy Finance Minister, told Baker, "If you meet someone in the Middle East who claims he understands the mentality of the Jews or the mentality of the Arabs, know that you are meeting someone who is against peace! In this area, everyone understands the mentality of the other side but not his own." Several previous American peace initiatives had foundered on procedural wrangles. Beilin warned Baker, "If someone tells you that procedural questions are very serious, be aware of a trap! Procedure is the last resort of the enemy of peace. There will not be peace without Israeli withdrawal from most of the occupied territories, which would eventually revert to Arab rule—Palestinian, Jordanian, or joint Jordanian-Palestinian. Evacuated areas would have to be demilitarized." Every peace proposal since 1967 had been based on this or on a similar vision, he went on, and "every Israeli politician knows this, and this is the reason that some Israeli politicians during the last twenty-five years have supported such a settlement and others topple every proposal on procedural grounds—in order not to be put on the spot and refuse a reasonable offer of peace."



The day before Baker's arrival, a man from the Gaza Strip—often referred to as Israel's Soweto—murdered four Israeli women on a West Jerusalem street, as "a message for Baker," he told the police after his arrest. Astonishingly, he was a male nurse, trained to heal; he, too, cried out "*Allahu Akbar!*" with each thrust of a long kitchen knife. Palestinian leaders on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip unanimously condemned the murderer as a psychopath, but they remained divided on whether or not they should meet with Baker, in view of the United States' treacherous attack on Iraq. After much going back and forth, the moderates prevailed, and Arafat authorized the meeting. A delegation of local Palestinian leaders, headed by Faisal al-Husseini, met with Baker in the American consulate. Outside, Israeli right-wingers protested the meeting with signs saying "Baker Go Dance on the Rooftops with Husseini" and "Give Texas Back to the Mexicans." Baker apparently assured the Palestinian delegation that, while the organization headed by Arafat might have suffered a serious setback as a result of its identification with Saddam Hussein, the need to resolve the Palestinian problem was more urgent now than ever before. He asked whether they could move without Arafat and the P.L.O. The Palestinians assured him that they could not and would not. The P.L.O. remained the one and only representative of the Palestinian people, they said. They appeared shocked when Baker told them that not one of eight Arab Foreign Ministers he had spoken with in Riyadh would talk with Arafat. Whether the local Palestinian leaders will be able to become less dependent on Arafat and on warring P.L.O. factions in Tunis remains an open question. The Saudis and the Egyptians have been urging them to do so. At this writing, Arafat is still very much a central figure. He has always been a consummate survivor, and he renewed in Jerusalem his dialogue with Washington, which the United States had broken off last year in Tunis.

The Israeli government sent Baker on a helicopter trip to underline Israel's need for strategic depth. He was flown over the Golan Heights and the famous "narrow waist" of central Israel, where the country is only ten miles wide. It is doubtful that what he saw from the air made him change his tactic on the ground or his line of reasoning. Baker's main point in his talks with government leaders here was that geography alone is no guarantee of security and security does not grow out of military force alone. He did not threaten and he did not press. He warned against missing a "historic opportunity." In his talks with the eight Arab leaders in Riyadh, he said, he had encountered important signs of change. There was "new thinking" and a willingness to move toward Israel, but, for that willingness to ripen, Israel must indicate a readiness to trade territory for peace and show greater flexibility on the Palestinian issue. Whether he had brought with him concrete offers from the governments of Saudi Arabia and Syria is not known—an unusual event in this city, where nearly everything said at Cabinet meetings is generally leaked within a few days. Also unusual is that for the time being neither party was saying no to Baker. One Israeli diplomat said, admiringly, "Baker has started a Middle East contest: Who will be the first to say no? Israel certainly does not want to be the winner. For this reason the negotiations will go on and on."

But if the key to any accord was territory, other observers here were wondering whether the present government, under Shamir, would ever be willing—and, if willing, able—to relinquish any. Past Israeli governments, almost as a rule, outlasted American Secretaries of State, and even American Administrations. Shamir may well hope to survive the current one, as his

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predecessors have survived others. The peace-for-territory debate between Israel and the United States is not new: in one form or another, it has been going on since 1967. What new rigors and inducements was Baker planning to apply now? He said that he would soon come up with specific proposals, in the hope that old stereotypes could be broken. He and Shamir had a long tête-à-tête. There was speculation here that an Arab-Israeli peace conference chaired by the United States and the Soviet Union was discussed, and also a series of mutual Arab and Israeli humanitarian gestures. President Bush will probably visit Israel and the Arab countries later this spring to promote agreement, as Jimmy Carter did on the eve of the 1979 Egypt-Israel peace treaty. Bush, unlike Carter, is not propelled by a kind of religious fervor to bring peace to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, but he is the victor in a war, and that may give him more leverage than Carter ever had. There was speculation that Bush might try to persuade Israel to cede some territory on the Golan Heights in return for peace with Syria. But Syria is not likely to budge without progress on the Palestinian issue. It is hard to see any movement anywhere without some progress on the Palestinian issue, unless the Palestinians can be talked into being content for an interim period with some kind of limited autonomy rule. They were offered autonomy in 1978 but refused. A few Palestinians now concede privately that if they had accepted autonomy the vast Israeli settlement program on the West Bank might not have taken place, and perhaps by now they would have had an independent state. Admittedly, it's a very big "perhaps," and, anyway, the past cannot be undone, and the Palestinians have not become less militant. Israel, in turn, will relinquish "historic" or "strategically important" territory only when enough people in power in Jerusalem begin to feel that the West Bank and Gaza are not military assets, or religious or historic icons, but an unbearable burden. That is not the case now.

—AMOS ELON

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Newton* (*Mass.*) *Graphic*]

MAN CHARGED WITH
LIFTING LEGS OF LAMB

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 22

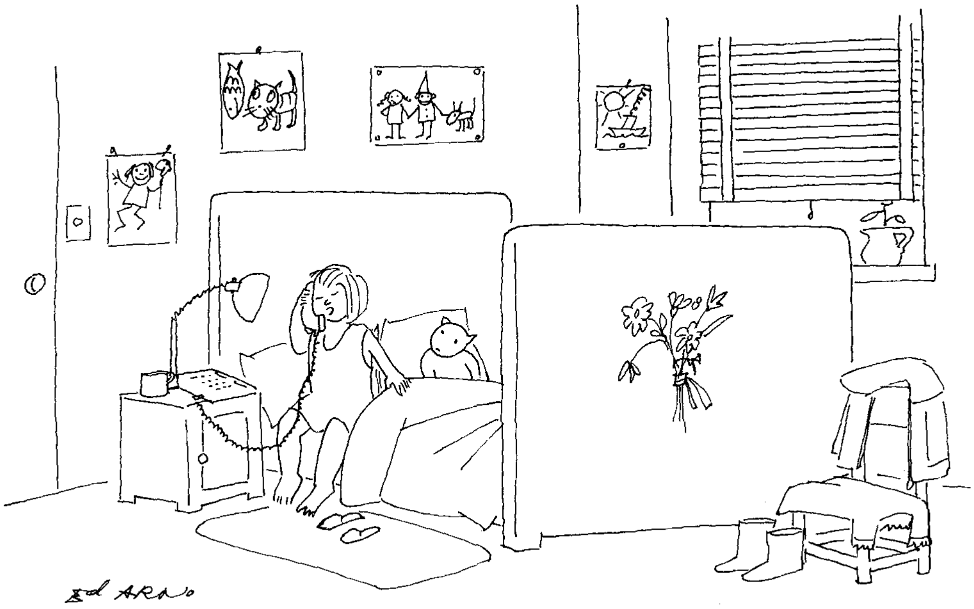
WASHINGTON is still shaking itself out from the Gulf War. The feelings of letdown (whether or not one favored the war), and even disorientation, are widespread. The war consumed so much of people's thoughts and time and so focussed attention that its end produced confusion as well as great fatigue. The sudden drop of adrenaline left a lot of people depressed. When they finally could switch off their television sets, the silence left them with time they had forgotten what to do with. It's with a certain reluctance that people here—from the President on down—are turning to more mundane matters, such as housing and transportation policy, the S. & L. bailout. In fact, the war remains the big topic, as a great deal of time goes into trying to figure its political effects here at home as well as its ramifications in the Middle East. And, of course, the war won't quite end.

Everyone knew that some brutal domestic politics would follow the end of the war, but, as is often the case, the reality is more intense than anticipated. Most Democrats are very glum. They sense that—barring some exceptional reversal of Bush's fortunes—whatever slim chance they had had before the war of ousting Bush in 1992 is now gone. They fear the ramifications for members of Congress seeking reëlection. The Democratic lawyers and consultants and hangers-on waiting for a chance to win big government jobs or to profit from access to power now believe that the wait has been extended for at least another four years. Those Democrats who had voted in January to continue sanctions rather than grant the President the immediate authority to use force—by far most took this position—knew that they would have to account for their vote if the war went well and was politically popular, but they don't appear to have been prepared for the full force of the storm they have encountered.

Both sides knew at the time that the vote was, as a congressional aide said to me, a potential "career killer." Many Democrats who voted to continue sanctions are outwardly calm, and have a public explanation of their vote down pat, but most aren't seeking out opportunities to explain their vote just now. A senior Democratic strategist has advised them that this isn't yet the time to make their case. In both the House and the Senate, anxiety among Democrats runs deep. In the current climate, it's hard to remember that when the vote was taken the country was, by various measurements, about evenly divided over the question of whether to give sanctions more time or to proceed to the use of force. It's even hard to remember the atmosphere in which the debate and voting took place: solemn, dignified, with a number of people on each side voting with mixed feelings and thinking that the other side had a point. A few Republicans, had they been free of feelings of loyalty to Party and President, might well have voted the other way. (Not long before the vote, even Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole was saying publicly that more time should be taken to find a peaceful resolution of the crisis.) Those Democrats who now say that the vote was an "act of conscience" have it only partly right. For some it was also the result of political calculations: If the war went badly, Bush, and not they, would have to shoulder the blame. Some wanted to have Bush stuck with troops in the desert in the election year, and have the war, if any, then. (As things turned out, this wasn't a brilliant idea.) Also, there was strong antiwar sentiment to be recognized. Shortly before the vote, a Democratic consultant said that no one who supported the use-of-force resolution could get the Party's Presidential nomination.

Virtually no one expected the result to be so few American casualties. (There are now increasing questions as to how straight the Administration was with Congress in estimating Iraqi military strength—though no one says that an estimate more in line with reality would have changed his or her vote.) Moreover, a significant number of former military officials, Secretaries of Defense, and other hawkish former officials had opposed the war, and predicted it could be long and bloody and have negative long-term effects in the region. Most Middle East experts were against the war. A few very conservative commentators were also against resorting to force. Some Democrats pointed to evidence that the sanctions were hurting Iraq, especially its military; and even now, in the face of clear evidence of how much Saddam Hussein was willing to put his country through, some say that sanctions might have worked, or "We'll never know." Some Democrats point out that the resolution they backed did reserve the option to go to war if sanctions failed, but at the time that section of their resolution seemed more an act of self-protection (futile) than of intent.

Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman Sam Nunn, of Georgia, has been taking quite a beating for his role as a leader of the sanctions faction. The Administration and its allies are gleeful at the sight of Nunn—who had long been sacrosanct in this town, and had



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given them a hard time on some big issues, and who might have run for President—on the defensive. Nunn has a rationale for the position he took. “There were two roads that we had the choice of going down,” he told me. “One was the one we went down, and it was full of minefields; the other—letting the embargo play out—had minefields, too. I thought the road the President took had more minefields. I'm not sure there was a right road and a wrong road. I always felt that if we squeezed Iraq hard enough we might have got a new leader there, and we wouldn't have had as severe an aftermath problem.” Representative Lee Hamilton, of Indiana and the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Middle East Subcommittee, says, “It's flawed logic to assert that if one strategy proved successful the other strategy was wrong.”

The vehemence of the attacks upon the backers of sanctions seems to be without modern precedent in the aftermath of a war, not to mention a successful one. There is, of course, an unseemliness in the attacks on Democrats that have been unleashed by, among others, Senator Phil Gramm, Republican of Texas, and Representative Newt Gingrich, Republican of Georgia, but seemliness may be going out of style. Gramm argues, with some justification, that if the war had gone badly the Democrats would have used its supporters' votes against them; but the question isn't whether the vote on the war is a valid issue but how the issue is used. There seems to be a familiar pattern at work here: Gramm and Gingrich play the attack dogs while other Republicans, including the President, lie back. Recently, Nunn warned on “Face the Nation” that, while the vote is a “legitimate issue about judgment,” if the President doesn't head off the “bloodbath” it will be hard to get bipartisan support on other issues. Just as Bush largely left the Willie Horton issue to others in the 1988 election (and could have put a stop to its use), he won't have to make much—or any—mention of the Democrats' vote on the war. The President can float along in the aura of the victor while others do the dirty work. The President's top political advisers say that the January vote is absolutely fair game, and express disdain for Democrats who seem to be suggesting that it should be treated differently, as an “act of conscience.” One Bush adviser says, “Why in hell is somebody's voting record off limits? That's like saying you can't criticize someone for voting for a tax increase. The Democrats are taking some attitude that it's illegitimate or unfair to call attention to a guy's voting record, or what he said on the floor, because it's said to have been sincere. Does that mean that the other things he did or said weren't?” When I asked Peter Teeley, formerly Bush's press secretary and still a close adviser, how much hay the Republicans could make from the vote, he said, “More than the Democrats would like to admit.”

Some Democrats say that the public won't cotton to the politicizing of an event it feels good about. They cite some poll evidence—but at this point their thinking seems largely born of hope. Even some Republicans say that Gramm and Gingrich may be going too far, and risking a backlash. Gramm, who is head of the Republican senatorial campaign committee, sent out a mailing six days after the vote asking for contributions, on the ground that “appeasement-before-country liberals” were attempting to undercut President Bush. (A Republican congressman says that a fund-raiser had suggested to him that he use the issue of the war vote to raise money, but that he, like other colleagues, declined to do this.) Other key Republicans made some forays while the war was going on: In late January, Clayton Yeutter, who had just been designated the new Republican Party chairman, said that the Democrats were “vulnerable” because they had “picked the wrong side.” In late January, Senator Thad Cochran, of Mississippi and the new Senate Republican Conference Chairman, said as he came out of a White House meeting of the President and the Republican congressional leadership, “The fact of the matter is most of the Democrats voted to the left of the United Nations.” When Bush was asked at a press conference about Yeutter's comments, he said that the voting wasn't “a partisan issue.”

But the real shooting started shortly after the war was over. Gramm and Gingrich fired strong volleys upon emerging from a White House meeting on March 5th, a few days after the

President declared the suspension of "offensive combat operations," and kept it up for several days. Gramm, in various appearances, pointed out that all the Democratic leaders voted against the use-of-force resolution. He said, "If this is a partisan issue, the Democrats made it partisan." In an appearance on "MacNeil/Lehrer," Gramm said, "The Democrats were stuck back in the nineteen-sixties. They did not realize that the nation had gone on to the nineteen-nineties." Around the same time, Gingrich, for his part, said, "You know, if Norm Schwarzkopf had to report to the Democratic Congress, we'd still be unloading the first five tanks and debating over which way they should point." He also said, "The last time that we had a Democratic President they could not get eight helicopters across the desert. . . . I hope that our colleagues on the left in this House will decide that maybe they should be a little more pro-defense and maybe being strong and saving American lives is a good idea." A few days later, on "This Week with David Brinkley," Gingrich asked, "Why is it so hard for the Democrats to say 'We ought to rethink our foreign policy and our defense policy—we may have made a mistake'?" (In January, not long after the vote, Gingrich had said, "I don't think that one vote by itself will mean anything. I think that was a vote any reasonable member could have said, 'I'm not going to vote to give the President authority.' " He did go on to say that the Democratic Party has "consistently believed that too much force is dangerous, that too much military strength is dangerous.") Also in early March, at the same time that Gramm and Gingrich were attacking, Roger Ailes, Bush's media adviser (he used to be Reagan's), said on the "Today" show that "there's a danger of Republicans trying to make too much" of the vote, and added, "I think people know that the Democrats are the ones who brought you appeasement in the Gulf." On the same program, White House Chief of Staff John Sununu said, of the issue of the vote, "We're not going to bring it up out of the White House, but I can't believe that they're going to expect everyone to ignore the vote they cast on the most important issue this country has had to deal with in about forty years."

Recently, I talked about this matter with Representative Vin Weber, of Minnesota and Secretary of the House Republican Conference, a conservative activist and friend of Gingrich's. Weber said to me, "Republicans and Democrats alike understand that the politics of the Gulf has turned out in a way that is advantageous to Republicans. The question is *how* advantageous and how to handle it." Weber expressed concern that Gingrich and Gramm were "overreaching." He added, "Most Republicans are reluctant to see us go down that path." Weber said that it would be perfectly valid to "develop a legitimate issue against the Democrats on foreign policy and defense, and say 'Congressman X is fundamentally wrong on the issue of national security.' " But of Gramm's and Gingrich's efforts he said, "Most Republicans are nervous about what they're doing. They're starting so early that if it's kept up until the election it'll be seen as exploiting, and could debase the President's achievement. You risk cheapening it. The way the issue is handled makes all the difference in the world for Republicans."

Numerous Democrats and Republicans I have spoken to concur on one point: that in and of itself the vote on the use of force will probably not be enough to wreck a congressional career, but as part of a pattern of voting against a "strong" defense and for various liberal positions it could be damaging. It's to be remembered that in the 1990 congressional elections many incumbents saw their reëlection margins shrink, and the Gulf issue doesn't make them any less apprehensive. (For these reasons, reform of the campaign-finance laws is said to be going nowhere in the House in this Congress.) At the same time, most incumbents run virtually unopposed, and constituents who feel they know and like their congressman aren't necessarily going to hold the Gulf vote against him. (They may have favored that position themselves.) Some Senate Democrats may be in more jeopardy—but not just because of the Gulf vote. In 1992, the Democrats have twenty seats at stake, several of them won in 1986 by narrow margins or over weak Republican incumbents. (Republicans have fifteen seats at stake.) Everyone seems to agree that if the Democrats nominate a weak,

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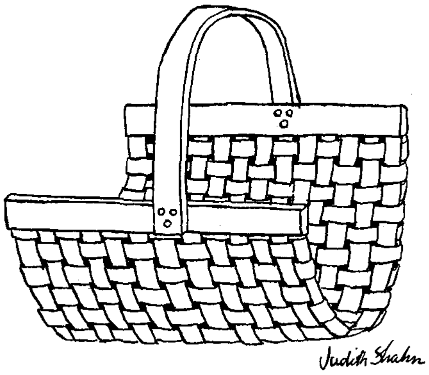
not to mention disastrous, candidate for President, there could be a debacle down the line. Though some Democrats solemnly say that it's too early to call the 1992 Presidential election over, it's difficult to find any who think their party has a chance next time.

Where the Democrats are vulnerable, both in the race for the Presidency and in elections down the line, is in having cast a collection of votes that can be depicted as showing that the Party is "out of touch" with mainstream Americans. This is a mine the Republicans have been working since Richard Nixon, and the Democrats have contributed a good deal of ore. Pressured by their interest groups and their purists in Congress, and moved by some admirable sentiments, Democrats manage to vote for a number of things that may have their merits but put a number of their members in jeopardy. Whether it is a vote against capital punishment, for a civil-rights bill that is characterized as a "quota bill," for funding for the National Endowment for the Arts, or on other issues, Democrats compile a portfolio that a great many Americans reject. Recently, I have sensed a rising resentment among moderate Democrats, or progressive Southern Democrats, at the votes that are forced upon them by the Party's interest groups and more ideological members. In seeking purity, these people and groups are risking the loss of some people they badly need—and putting at risk their Senate majority. Republicans have become quite adept at setting the Democrats up on these issues, and at demagoguing them—but some Democrats collaborate. At the same time, Democrats haven't found a coherent way of addressing America's declining economic position in the world, or the fact that real wages for American workers have been falling. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, said to me recently, "I think we're wiped out this Presidential round." He went on, "A party of working men and women that just can't grasp the idea that average weekly earnings are lower today than they were the week that Eisenhower left the Presidency is a party that has lost touch with its constituency." (Moynihan is referring to real wages, after Social Security taxes are deducted; he is once again trying to reduce the Social Security tax.) It has become increasingly easy for Republicans to portray Democrats as "out of touch" with the views of mainstream Americans. The war vote is one more brick on this load.

SINCE the end of the war, Democrats have tried various approaches to Bush's popularity and to their own political problem. The Democratic congressional leaders' invitation to Bush to speak to a Joint Session on March 6th was prompted by the urge to join the parade, to invite him to do something he was probably going to do anyway, and also to try to write "finis" to the postwar celebrating and change the subject. The latter effort, of course, was futile. The event itself was rather ersatz, with the President having little to say—except when he turned to the subject of his new effort to try to arrange a peace in the Middle East. The Republicans, in trying to turn the event into a campaign rally—with flags and buttons—demeaned it. (At the last minute, the Democrats managed to get hold of some flags, but no one seemed to know when it was time to wave them, and by the end of Bush's speech the flags had gone largely unwaved.) The idea that Bush would use the occasion to make a major push for action on domestic legislation was a misreading of him. He's really not very interested. There are numerous signs that he and his people want to perpetuate the glow of the Gulf success, and keep the focus on Bush as a commanding foreign-policy President. Domestic policy has never held much charm for Bush, and he doesn't enjoy tangling with a Democratic Congress that seeks to one-up him at every turn. Most of his advisers believe that there is little point in having Bush struggle with the Democrats over domestic issues; last year's bruising battle over the budget remains a painful memory. Also, when Reagan lost a legislative battle with the Democrats he could often win the rhetorical war; Bush's advisers know they have no such weapon at hand. Bush will use the veto when necessary, and "inoculate" himself on certain issues—so that the Democrats can't argue he did nothing about them—but that's about all. Bush didn't propose much in his State of the Union address five weeks earlier, in which his most memorable line on domestic policy may have been "If you've got a hammer, find a nail."



In his postwar speech, using the gimmick of "if our forces could win the ground war in a hundred hours, then surely the Congress can pass" certain legislation in a hundred days, Bush called on Congress to pass a new crime bill and highway legislation within that time. A White House aide says that those were picked because they were the most likely to be enacted in that period. The crime bill, like much that Bush will push in this Congress, is designed in large part to set up the Democrats: they are likely to oppose, as they did last year, the imposition of the death penalty for additional federal crimes, and a slicing back of civil liberties. (Bush ran against the American Civil Liberties Union in 1988.) The crime legislation has little to do with the local street violence that worries most Americans. The President's energy proposal—such as it is—will take a long time while Congress struggles over the competing regional and economic interests that have always made it difficult to draft a coherent energy policy. Even some people in the Administration feel that the President blew an unusual opportunity by proposing energy legislation that was long on production and short on conservation; a more comprehensive and balanced approach, proposed by his own Energy Department, was denuded of its conservation measures by Sununu and by Richard Darman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget. Some other Bush advisers are dismayed. In 1988, after all, they positioned Bush to run as a Teddy Roosevelt conservationist. Sununu is said to be particularly delighted with the politics behind the proposed free-trade agreement with Mexico. It sets the Democratic Party's Hispanic constituency against its labor constituency, which opposes the agreement as costing jobs. And the debate over civil rights and "quotas" is about to start all over again.

The Democrats, still fumbling around, decided just after the President's speech to portray themselves as pleased as Punch at the new opportunity to work with the President on domestic legislation. They had been warned by their consultants that the time hadn't yet come to take the President on on domestic issues (or anything else), and advised not to say such things as "If we could make a smart bomb, why can't we . . ." They were warned not to sound sour about the war. It's all right to mention the war and a domestic proposal, the consultants said, but not in the same sentence. Democrats still hope to put Bush on the defensive on domestic issues, but most feel that such a possibility, if it exists, is some time off.

THE Administration is now in a dicey, though not unpredictable, situation with regard to what is going on internally in Iraq. The United States and its allies want two contradictory things: they want stability in Iraq, and also a change of government. Having failed to get Saddam Hussein dislodged by the time the war ended, they continue to seek his overthrow—at the same time hoping to avoid chaos or a splintering of the country. Before and during the war, the Administration had a nice, tidy goal for postwar Iraq: it wanted a stable country, its territory intact, that wouldn't be a threat to its neighbors—or threatened by them. The trouble is that, through ruthlessness, Saddam Hussein's autocratic regime held together a nation of disparate factions. About a week after the war ended, amid clear signs of a rebellion by both the separatist Kurds and the Shiite majority against the Sunni Ba'athist central government, a senior Administration official said to me, "Nobody wants the place to break up, because that raises the possibility of new wars among the Iranians, the Turks, the Syrians, and the Iraqis. We don't want to turn the place into a new casus belli."

The Administration certainly doesn't want Iraq to become a Shiite state—which would be the ultimate ironic outcome of the long and somewhat checkered history of the United States' seeking a balance of power between Iran and Iraq. It also doesn't want Shiite-dominated southern Iraq to become part of Iran. The Administration's hope had been—and apparently remains—that someone from the military might seize power, since someone else from the Ba'athist ruling circles might not be much of an improvement over Hussein. Many officials seem aware that they are dealing in very tricky matters, ones that have a tendency to backfire. In the final days of the war and the first couple of days after it, according to information received by the Administration, members of the Ba'athist inner circle discussed the necessity of getting rid of Hussein, but then, as the uprisings grew, concluded that if he went they might go, too. There is also some question as to how distinct the top military is from the Ba'athist ruling circles. Aside from the military, which the Administration thinks might move because it has borne the brunt of Hussein's follies, there are understood to be sitting in London, Los Angeles, and Lebanon other candidates for taking over—but, the Administration believes, not serious ones. And the émigrés don't have a much clearer picture of what is going on in Iraq than anybody else.

There are a number of signs that the Administration is having more difficulty extricating itself from the Gulf region than it did intricating. When asked if we are involved in helping to turn Saddam Hussein out of office, officials give somewhat hedged replies. (Apparently, our wartime allies are funnelling money in to make sure that the Shiites don't prevail, and Iran is reportedly sending weapons to the Shiites.) The Administration has taken certain actions to make it more difficult for Saddam Hussein to put down the rebellion—by saying that if he used chemical weapons against the insurgents we would resume bombing; warning against the use of helicopters (but being ambiguous about our recourse); threatening to shoot down any Iraqi combat aircraft that took off—and shooting two down this week. In fact, the Administration, in uncharted waters, has seemed to be making it up as it went along. The strategy appears to be one of trying to help the rebels to the point where there may be such chaos that the military would step in. Officials say our troops will be withdrawn from the region shortly after a formal ceasefire takes effect, but a stiff ceasefire proposal—calling for, among other things, destruction of Iraq's remaining nuclear, chemical, and biological material, and its missiles, and for

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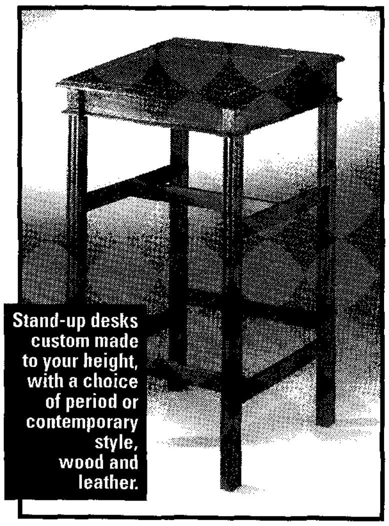

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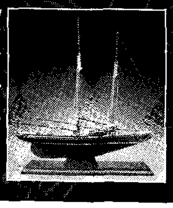

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reparations—is still being discussed among the members of the U.N. Security Council, and will have to be accepted by Iraq. Also, once our troops leave it will be harder to curb Hussein's actions in putting down a rebellion. Defense Secretary Dick Cheney and others at the Pentagon reportedly want to use the current opportunity to establish something closer to a permanent presence in the Gulf than others in the Administration think politically wise. The domestic arguments about what the Gulf War means for our role in the world—whether or not we are, de facto, "the world's policemen"—and what we need to play that role are likely to go on for some time.

There is also some division within the Administration about whether it was wise for the President and Secretary of State James Baker, as soon as the Gulf War ended, to go on the line for solving the other long-standing Middle East problems. To some extent, this division has to do with Presidential politics of 1996, if not 1992: Dan Quayle and his allies are perpetually suspicious of Baker's motives, and wary of what they see as his constant jockeying for supremacy within the President's entourage. Other members of the White House staff aren't inordinately fond of Baker, either. Various White House officials, including Sununu and others whose role it is to protect the President's image, felt that Baker, in taking his recent trip to the Middle East, was preëmpting the President, who was considering a trip there in late April. They felt that Bush should have been the first to go to Kuwait, and even to Israel—where neither Baker nor Bush had been since Bush became President. (But Bush would be the first to see the Emir of Kuwait back in his country, since—to the dismay of many Administration officials—the Emir didn't return until fifteen days after the end of the war. All is far from well in Kuwait—there are new reports of Kuwaiti torturing of Palestinians—and the Administration has tried to impress the Kuwaitis to, in the words of one official, "act in a way that will bring credit to them.")

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These officials were concerned that Bush's popularity would be risked on such a seemingly intractable problem as the Middle East. It's not clear what they want Bush to spend his popularity on. Quayle and the Defense Department wanted to give priority to nailing down long-term security arrangements in the Gulf (which Baker did deal with on his trip) and to the implications for defense programs of the Gulf victory. Quayle is eager to see a reinvigoration of the Strategic Defense Initiative. Brent Scowcroft, the President's national security adviser, is also said to have had misgivings about laying so much on resolving long-standing Middle East problems.

But from every sign the President himself is intent on working on those problems. And Bush and Baker seem to feel that the Administration needs to emphasize positive diplomatic efforts in the region now, and has an obligation to take advantage of this moment. Baker and his people—as well as some others in the Administration—believed that the situation at the end of the Gulf War provided an "opportunity" to try to pry the Middle East out of old attitudes. Baker met with positive attitudes—or the appearance of positive attitudes—on his trip, and he and the President are believed to be trying to build toward a regional conference, perhaps to be announced in the course of Bush's tentative trip to the region. But now, because of the turmoil in Iraq and Kuwait, and because the President may not have any definitive Middle East progress to report, the trip is uncertain. In the course of Baker's trip, the Administration deliberately didn't propose a plan for the nations of the Middle East to shoot at—officials pointed out the difference between this approach and that of the Reagan Administration in 1982. And it was careful not to ask any country to take the first step. The idea, apparently, is that there will be concurrent steps by more than one country, perhaps on more than one problem. The first steps might be small ones—"confidence-building measures." It's too soon to tell whether anything basic has changed in the Middle East, and there seems to be no harm in trying. But there is also the rest of the world to be considered. Of course, the longer Bush stays focussed on the Middle East and other international matters, the longer he keeps the spotlight on himself as the international leader and Commander-in-Chief, and the less he has to focus on dreary domestic issues. —ELIZABETH DREW

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Red Cabbage Café, by Jonathan Treitel (Pantheon; $19.95). The author's bio states that he is "a physicist and a published poet"; the novel is pleasingly and precisely one that a physicist and poet would construct. The narrator, Humphrey Veil, is an American engineer who in 1919 enlists in the cause of Marxist revolution by helping to design the Moscow subway. He falls in love with Sophia, a maker of waxwork figures, for whom history and politics are no more than a put-up job. She has modelled the czar, and eventually produces a stand-in for Lenin, while Humphrey provides the voice for it on the wax of a phonographic cylinder. Sophia's other lover—"from each according to his ability, to each according to his need"—becomes the body on exhibit in Lenin's tomb. Humphrey's fellow subway planners disappear one by one, but he remains a fervent booster of the Communist faith, even when his own arrest and likely execution are scheduled. Humph, who has the literalism of his profession, is also as absent-minded and impractical as a poet. His last name is pronounced "File," as in the kind of thick record where all your virtues are held against you. A magnet for irony, he *is* a poem, of an excruciating and peculiarly rich kind.

GENERAL

Sleepwalking Through History: America in the Reagan Years, by Haynes Johnson (Norton; $24.95). This thoughtful retrospect sees Ronald Reagan as a powerful President, committed to his ideological goals, who "truly altered the condition of the country and affected the way people thought about it." Mr. Johnson, who writes for the Washington *Post*, has deftly added extensive research to his own first-hand observations as he argues that our economic decline and social failures were created or aggravated by Reagan's success in achieving his purposes. Several disturbing themes wind through the narrative, among them the author's conviction that members of the Reagan Administration from top to bottom felt free to disregard or circumvent laws with which they disagreed; in his reading of the nineteen-eighties, the Iran-Contra imbroglio, however flamboyant, was by no means exceptional.

Baghdad Without a Map, by Tony Horwitz (Dutton; $19.95). There seems to be emerging a school of travel writing that produces evocations of remote places which, far from instilling in the reader a desire to go there, make him glad he is staying home. This high-spirited and entertaining book, by a young journalist who free-lanced for two years in the Middle East, falls into that genre—anti-travel writing, one might call it. In search of newsworthy stories, Mr. Horwitz managed to be in Iran for Ayatollah Khomeini's funeral and in Iraq in the early days of Saddam Hussein's takeover of Kuwait, but mostly he concentrated on the ordinary people he met, and the lives of hopelessness that most of them lead. In Yemen, which he says is one vast black market in arms, the men spend the afternoons getting stoned on khat; in Libya, he found the people too listless to engage in trade in their marketplaces; of Egypt he says, "Fatigue and fatalism have so corroded the culture that Egyptians have simply stopped caring"; and his chapter on the Sudan is an amplification of the bitter Sudanese proverb "When Allah made the Sudan, Allah laughed."

Note: "Lasting Impressions," a collection of critical essays by V. S. Pritchett, has been published by Random House ($19.95). Some of the reviews originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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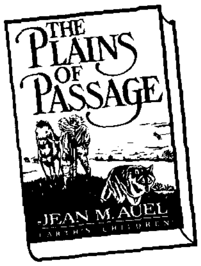

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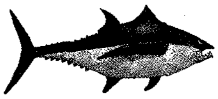

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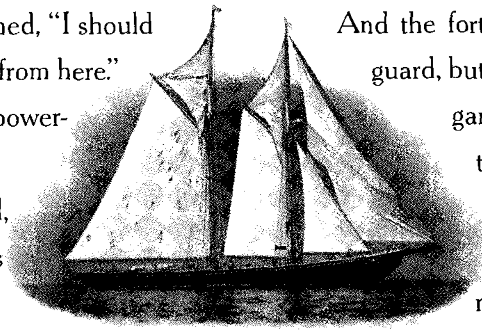

Though the powerful British soon caught wind and, flintlock muskets flailing, corps-a-corps, were determined to bid Louis' good chaps adieu.

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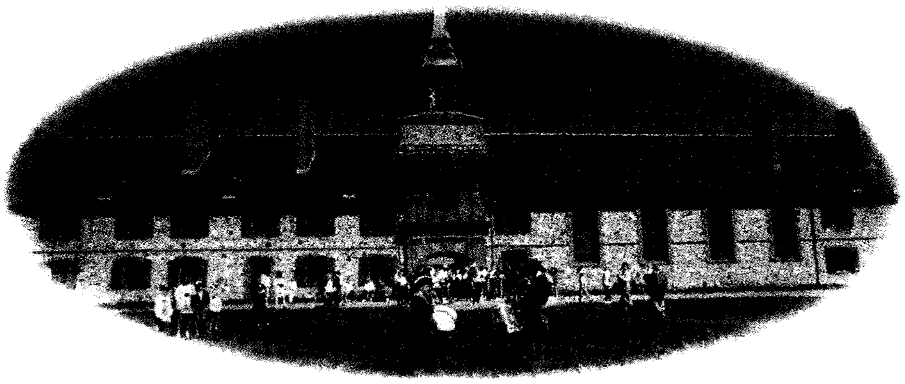

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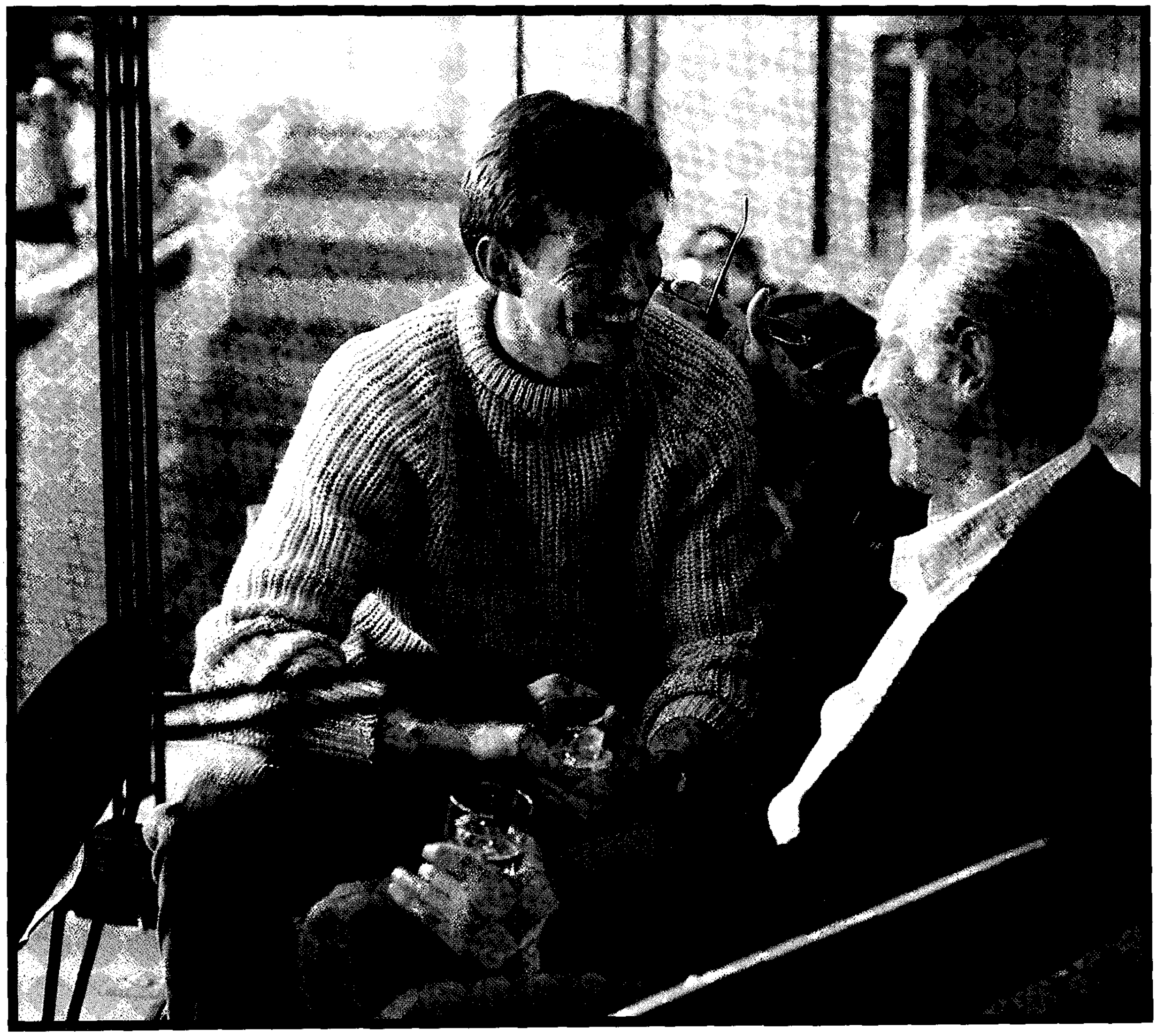

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